

# DRUMMER

ISSUE 102

THE TWO SIDES  
OF SCOTT  
TUCKER

INTERNATIONAL  
MR. LEATHER

FEATURING WORK BY  
JOHN PRESTON

HANK TROUT

JOHN ROWBERRY

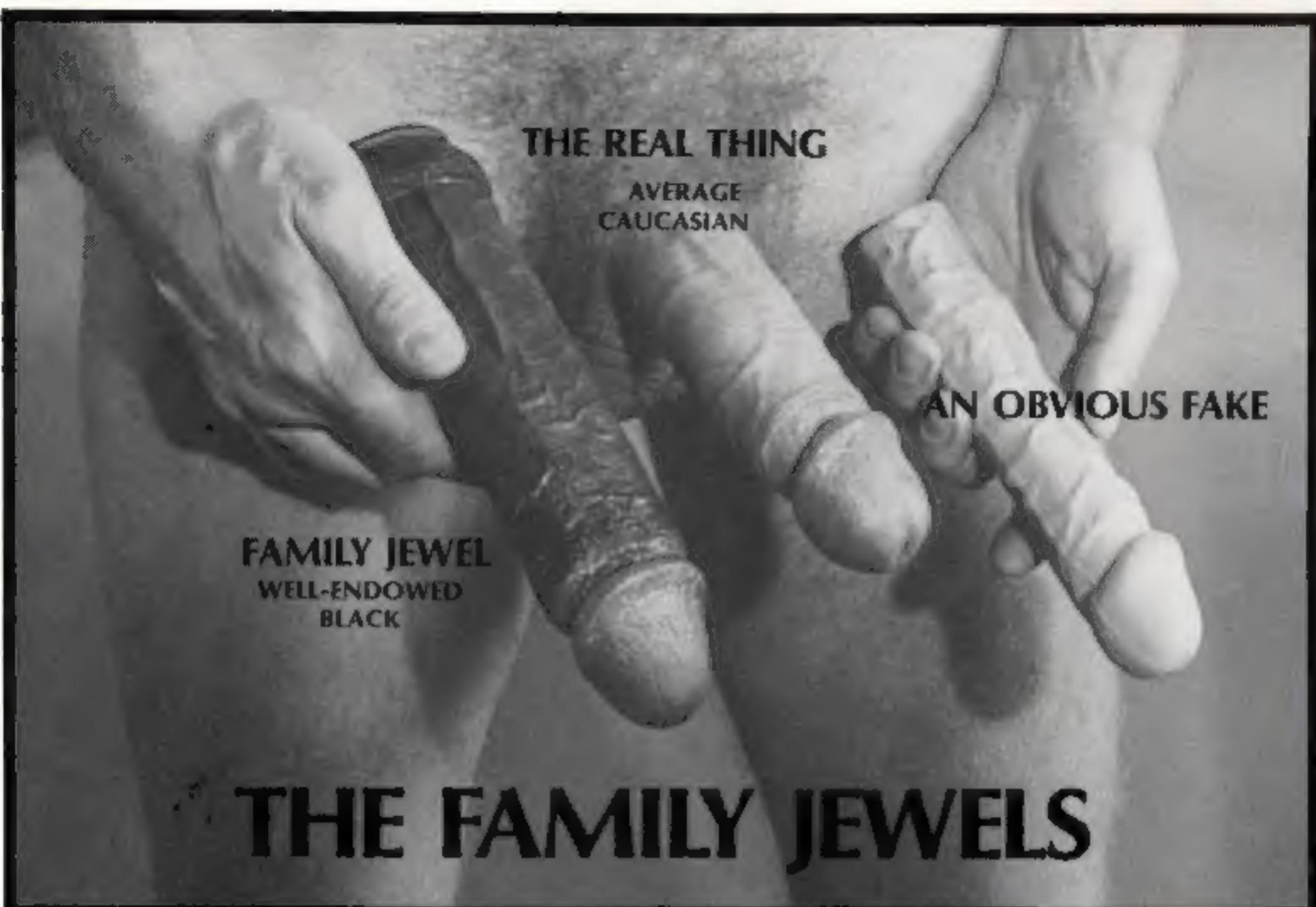
LARRY TOWNSEND'S  
WHITE POWER

UNFRIENDLY  
PERSUASION

SCOTT  
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THE MEN OF ZEUS

MR. LEATHER  
NEW YORK  
CONTEST

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# DRUMMER

ISSUE 102 JANUARY 1987

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

## DRUMMER

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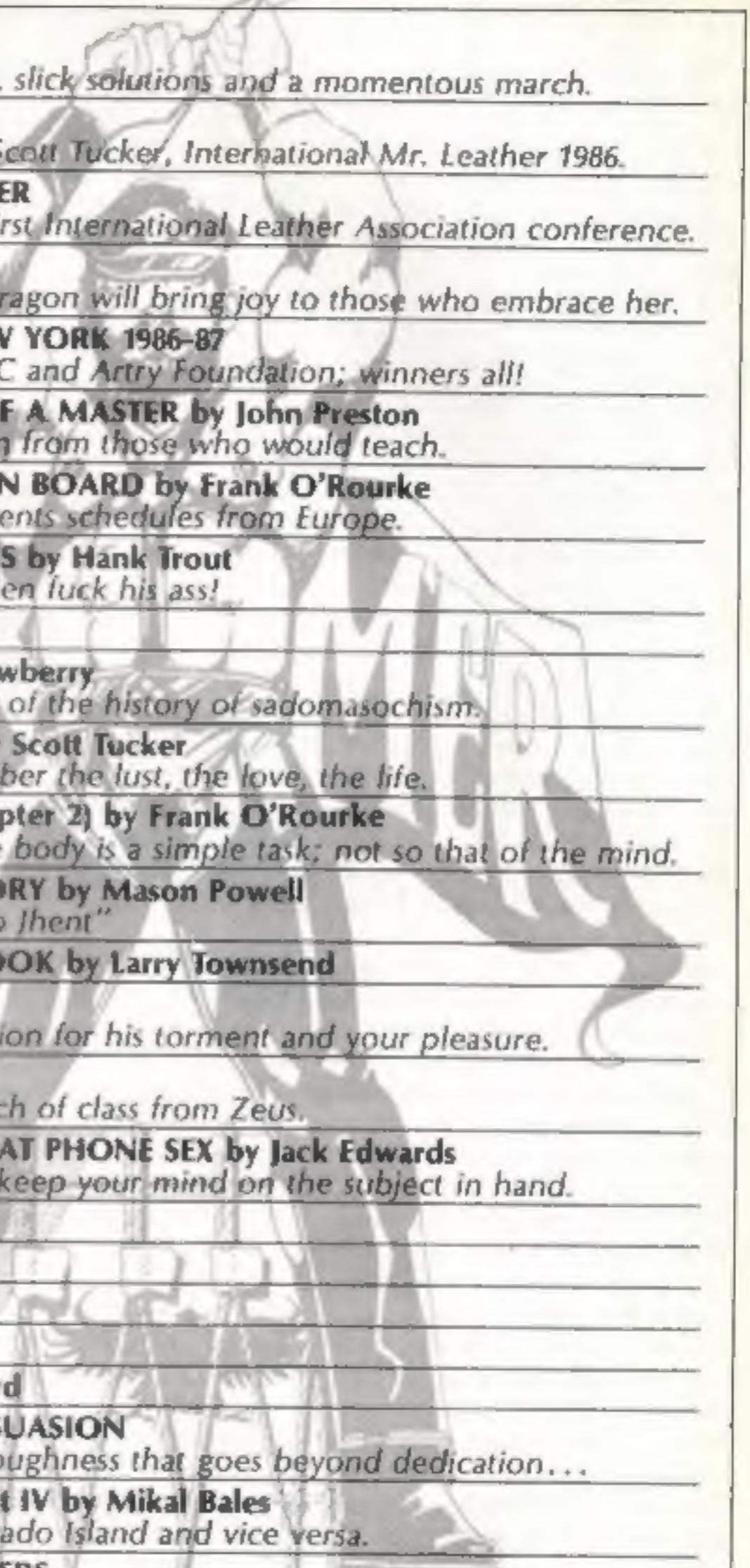
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**Cover:** Scott Tucker, International Mr. Leather 1986, will take you there and back if you have the guts to try him. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

**Back cover:** If you're man enough, all you need is the key to his mind to bring out the other side of Scott Tucker. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

**CAUTION:** Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers. While Drummer hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain. Words of

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Fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only.

In other than fictional pieces we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities, and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-

and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of Drummer, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in Drummer, or from other Desmodus Inc. products.

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DRUMMER, DRUMMER FORUM, DRUMMER DADDIES, DRUMMERS, DEAR SIR, DRUM, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, LEATHER REPORT, MALECALL, GETTING OFF, IN PASSING, TOUGH SHIT, AND DRUMMERMAN are registered trademarks of Desmodus Inc.

# OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

## Shipping and receiving

The three issues of *Drummer* for which I have so far been responsible (99, 100 and 101) have been shipped to all distributors, retailers and subscribers within four days of receipt from the printer/binder. There is no delay in shipment from our offices. However, I know that it took two weeks for the trucking company to get the copies of *Drummer* 100 to our major New York distributor and that some subscribers on the East Coast did not receive their copies through the mail until three weeks after we had delivered them to the post office. UPS, which, despite all its problems, is infinitely more efficient than the U.S. Postal Service's handling of bulk mail, delivers to most of the retailers who buy directly from us. This is why you will often see the magazine in a shop before you receive your subscription copy.

For these reasons, and to insure greater privacy for your subscription, we are now offering the option of subscription delivery by first-class mail. This option is available for \$20 over the regular U.S. bulk-mail subscription. Thus, to receive *Drummer* in your mail box every month, you pay \$50 (via bulk mail to U.S. addresses); \$70 (via first-class mail to U.S. addresses and to Canada); \$100 (via "air, printed matter" to other countries). If you wish first-class delivery of your *Drummer* under a Leather Fraternity membership, add \$20 to the \$85 Leather Fraternity membership.

If you want to convert an existing subscription to first class it is most convenient to do so with a renewal. Send your renewal at the new rate and \$1.50 for each issue still due on your current subscription and we will convert if for

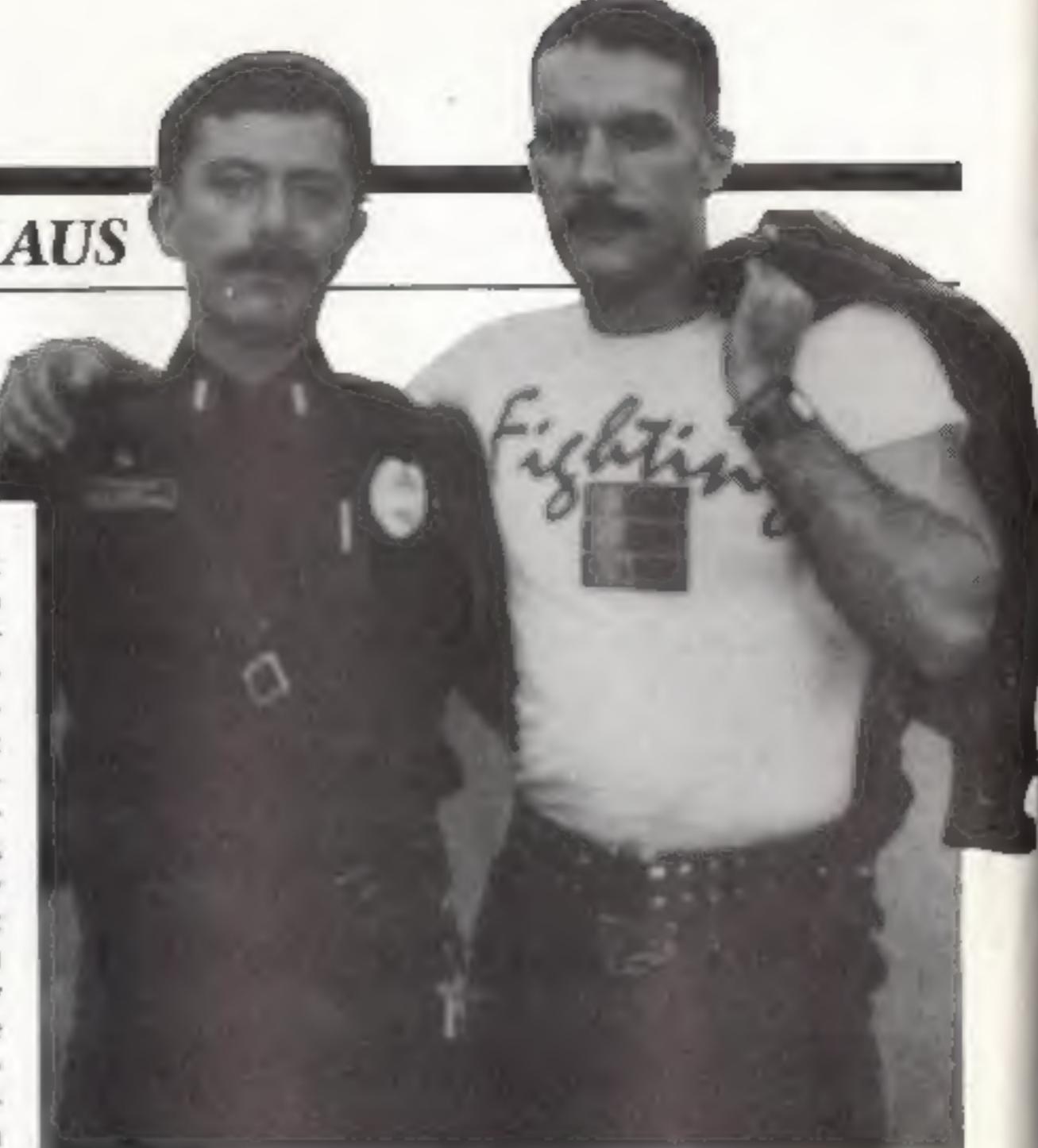
you. If you want to convert at this time but do not want to renew yet, you can send \$5 + \$1.50 for each issue still outstanding on your current subscription. Thus, if you have six issues to go on a current subscription, you may send \$70 + \$9 to receive the next 18 issues by first-class mail, or you may send \$14 to receive the next six issues by first-class mail. If you are interested and don't know how many issues you have coming on your current subscription, phone (415) 864-3456 and ask for Ken; he can tell you.

Our other three magazines are also available via first-class mail at the following rates: *DungeonMaster* (\$21), *Mach* (\$26) and *FQ* (\$20).

## Slick is not necessarily better!

The main reason for using the glossy coated stock in a magazine such as this is that it is supposed to give you better photo reproduction. If you will look at issues 99, 100 and 101, you will see that the photos on the slick pages have often not been up to the standards we want. We have been complaining to the printer. We are told that there is often too much black in the photos for them to reproduce well. We have pointed out that it is difficult to shoot black leather in any color other than black! And that by their very nature our photos must be quite dark.

We are looking forward to seeing what the issue you have in your hands looks like. If we are again dissatisfied with the quality of photo reproduction on the glossy stock, your next issue may be all uncoated stock (which incidentally is a considerably better grade than "newsprint," which it is often mistakenly called). I see



Steve Maithol, president of the National Leather Association, and Scott Tucker, International Mr. Leather 1986 and Drummer columnist, at the first Living in Leather Conference. Photo by Robert Fodor.

no point in paying higher prices for "better" paper which produces poorer results. If such a change occurs it will be temporary until we can find a printer who can do a satisfactory job with our kind of material, or we will stay with uncoated stock and pass on what savings this may entail in the form of more pages or a color center spread.

Your comments and suggestions on these problems would be appreciated.

## March on Washington—against

The Living in Leather Conference sponsored by the National Leather Association and held last Columbus Day weekend in Seattle has as a major topic of discussion ways of getting leather and/or SM lifestyles more generally accepted by our nonleather gay/lesbian brothers and sisters. The following is a news item that has just come to my attention regarding a major development in this effort:

An organization has been established to coordinate another March on Washington by gay men and lesbians

scheduled for Columbus Day weekend of 1987. It is obvious that we need to stand up and make ourselves noted again. Thanks primarily to the work of members of GMSMA in New York, the march coordinating committee has included leather/SM as one of the several special-interest groups insured of representation on the governing committee.

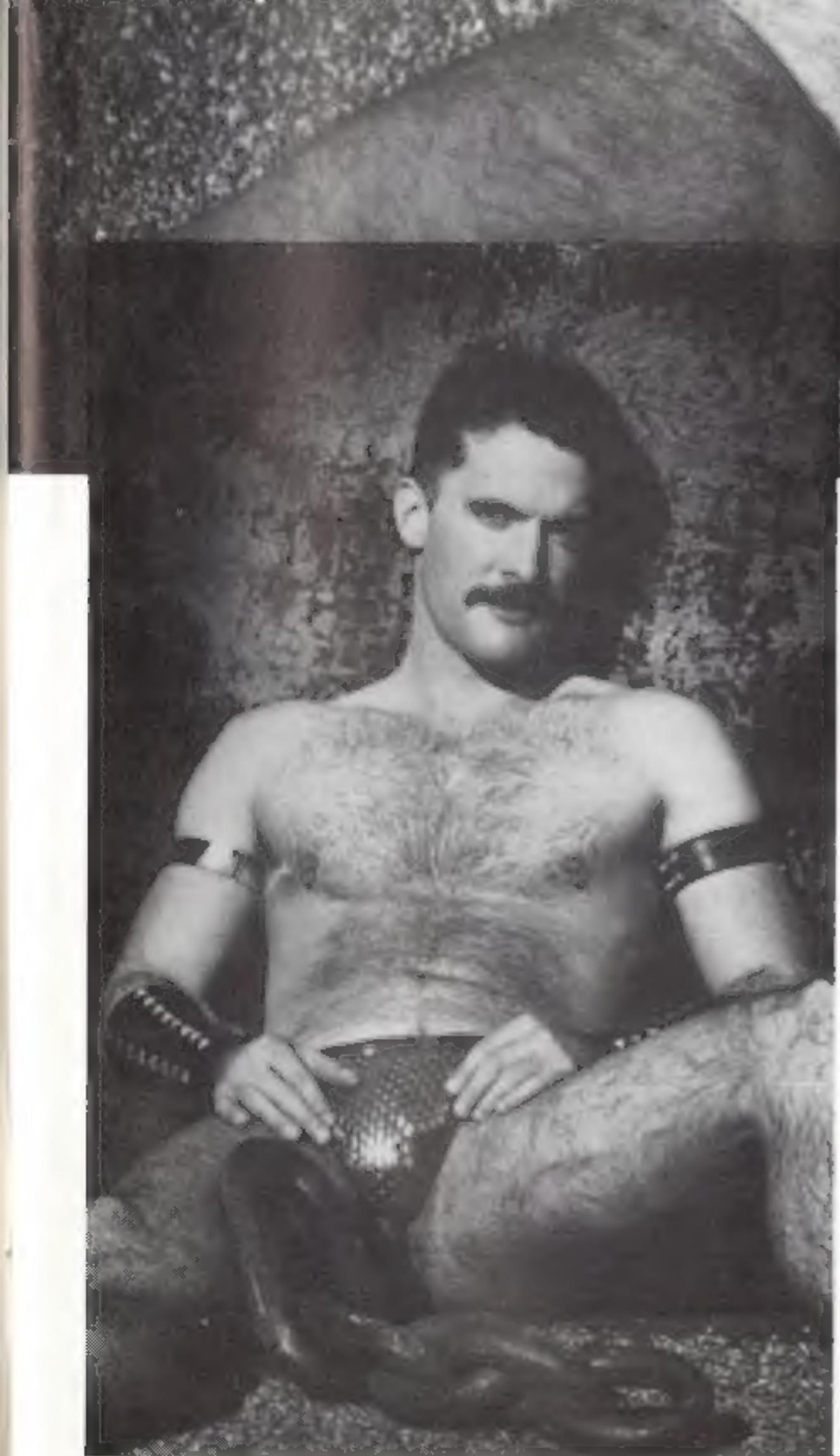
To my knowledge this is the first time that a gay/lesbian political activist group has specifically designated leather as a recognized subset whose input is specifically included in planning and activities. In these days when many gay/lesbian "political leaders" seem to wish that anyone wearing leather or chains would just disappear and cease to be an embarrassment, this recognition by the march coordinating committee is a major step in the right direction.

I offer thanks to GMSMA and others who worked for this and I look forward to receiving further information for distribution to *Drummer* readers. □

# DRUMMER MAN

## THE TWO SIDES OF SCOTT TUCKER

Photos by Robert Pruzan



**F**or what seemed like hours the twenty-eight contestants posed for photos and nervously checked out the competition, awaiting the number draw for the International Mr. Leather Contest. My number was 24; the significance didn't hit me until later in the weekend. Peter Gallo pulled number 25 and a quiet, rather unassuming little guy got number 26...Scott Tucker.

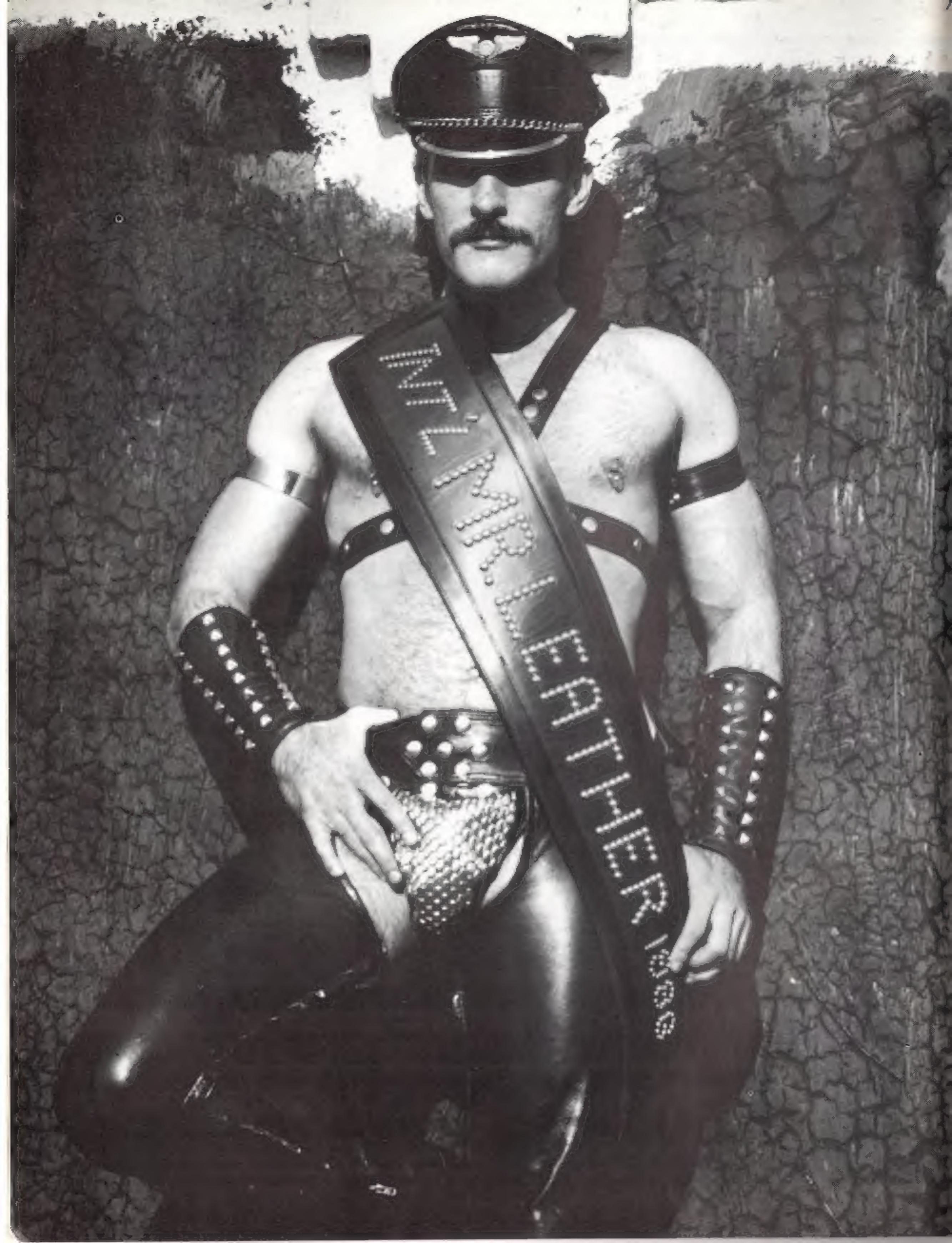
We spent three days lined up numerically for one reason or another and managed to exchange a few thoughts when not preoccupied memorizing speeches, checking the leather and chrome or mentally insuring that our "image" didn't slip while one of the judges was present.

Competitive egos being what they are, we really didn't begin to talk to one another until the night of the finals. Peter in nervous apprehension, myself out of curiosity of the competition, and Scott with casual compliments and self-assured, intelligent questions.

Scott was taken totally unaware when, after second runner-up, number 24, and first runner-up, number 25, were called, International Mr. Leather 1986 was announced as number 26, Scott Tucker. The guy had been so overawed by some of the other contestants, the crowds, etc., that he didn't even think he had placed...much less won the coveted title.

The group of contestants scattered immediately after the contest, winners to the graces of demanding photographers, the nonwinners to lovers or friends or the hoards of fans at the local bars.

I only saw Scott for a few moments the next day before our respective plane flights and invited him to San Francisco for our gay pride day. During the next few months we traveled together across the country to benefits, fund raisers, contests, parades and photo sessions.





Scott Tucker turned out, frankly to my surprise, to not be just another hot body. He is a wonderfully articulate speaker with an extensive psychological and theosophical background. As a professional journalist and published poet, Scott has the ability to explain his viewpoint on virtually any subject from political radicalism to physical sadism, which led to Fledermaus asking him to write a column for *Drummer*. He is also an accomplished artist with several gallery showings to his credit.

Being International Mr. Leather has been both a trial and an awakening for Scott. Various organizations request his time and talents and his giving personality seldom allows him to turn them down. He is meticulous and budgets his time so that he manages to attend most leather functions across the country. These time-consuming trips could put a strain on any relationship, but fortunately Scott has the love, patience and considerable understanding of Larry, his lover of twelve years.



Scott is physically appealing, muscular, well-proportioned, with an almost-angelic face that at times begs to be slapped. Even with his good looks, he didn't consider himself a sex symbol until after he rode in the Los Angeles gay day parade. Throngs of hot-and-humpy California studs were willingly offered their tanned bodies for his pleasure. Others were attracted to his inner strength as well as his outer beauty. An unassuming personality simply adds to this attraction, a fact he is just beginning to realize about himself.

Like most well-adjusted men, Scott has two sides. The man (Top) who knows what he wants from life, his partners, his sex, and has the determination to acquire those desires. And on the other side is the boy (bottom) who wants to be controlled, taught if you will, forced if necessary to learn those things about himself and life that will make him a better human being. Always growing, inside and out!

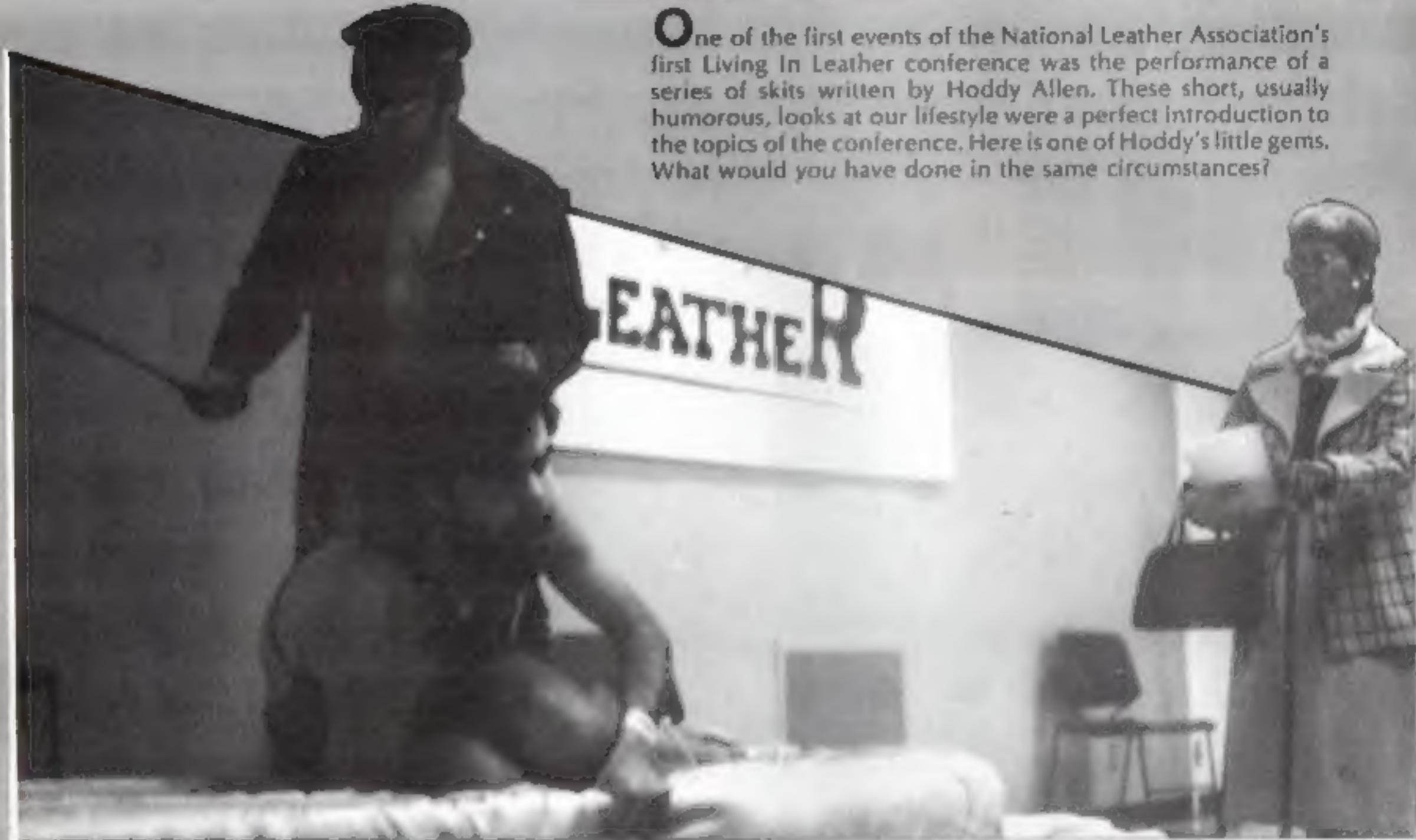
Scott and I have "played" on several occasions. (I'm one of the "Dragons" he mentions in "Rough Stuff," *Drummer* 100.) His willingness to experience the unknown and his strength to channel pain into constructive realization about himself and his partner, have earned my, and other Tops' respect and admiration.

Scott is foremost a Top himself, and, although I must rely upon hearsay on this subject, the reports are that he is selective, sensitive and attempts to give as much pleasure as he receives from his bottoms. Except for personal taste concerning variations of techniques, the perfection of these attributes are considered the height of excellence in SM play.

Scott Tucker is a man, learning to be a leader of men...a DRUMMERMAN!

—JimEd Thompson

# *Living In* 1986 **LEATHER**



**WHAT'S A MOTHER TO DO?** Mother (Jan Heck), outside the apartment shared by her son (Richard Wooden) and his lover, (Frank Hapchik) is wondering why there is no answer to her insistent knock. Photo by Robert Fodor.

## **MOTHER'S HERE**

by Hoddy Allen

Preopening blackout; audience is treated to the sounds of whacks, thumps and moans. Something good is happening. Suddenly there is a knock at the door.

**MOM:** Frankie? Frankie, are you and Bert home?

Lights come up to show Frankie, bound hand and foot, lying on a bed, Bert standing next to bed holding a whip.

**FRANKIE:** Shit! It's my mother!

**MOM:** (still pounding) Frankie, Mother's here!

**BERT:** Oh, for...!

**FRANKIE:** Bert! Get me untied. Hurry!

**BERT:** (vainly struggling with knots) I can't untie them. I made them too tight!

**MOM:** (still pounding) Frankie, is everything all right? It's Mother.

**FRANKIE:** (to Bert) Get the scissors. (To Mom) BE RIGHT THERE, MOM!

**BERT:** (searching) ...I can't find them.

**FRANKIE:** What do you mean...? Shit! What'll we do?

**BERT:** Act natural!

**FRANKIE:** What? I'm trussed up. You look like an ad for Drummer, my mom's at the door... (To Mom) IN A MINUTE, MOM! (Back to Bert) and you say act natural?

**MOM:** (yes, still pounding away) Frankie, the carrot cake I brought you is gettin' heavy. Let me in, dear.

**FRANKIE:** (gets an idea) I've got it! Cover me with the blanket. We'll pretend I'm sick.

**BERT:** But Frankie, she'll worry. (covers Frankie)

**FRANKIE:** Not half as worried as she'll be if she sees me like this. Now get rid of that! (meaning the whip)

Bert hides the whip, tucks Frankie in and then heads for the door.

**FRANKIE:** Bert!

**BERT:** What, Frankie?

**FRANKIE:** My mother can't see you looking like that.

**BERT:** Come on, Frankie, I shaved.

**FRANKIE:** I'm talking about the leathers!

**BERT:** Oh! (removes whatever piece—or pieces—of leather he's wearing and heads for the door; the pounding finally ceases)

**BERT:** (at door) Mrs. G! Good to see my favorite mother-in-law.

**MOM:** (entering with Bert and carrying a big pan) It's about time you let the old lady in, boys. I was this close to getting mugged out in that hallway. (sees Frankie in bed and stares)

**FRANKIE:** Sorry, Mom. We...

**MOM:** (interrupts in a BIG way) FRANKLIN G, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN BED AT THIS HOUR OF THE DAY?!

**BERT:** Easy, Mrs. G. You see, (takes sadness) Frankie's sick. (sobs)

**MOM:** (taken aback) With what, Bert?

**BERT:** (goes over to Frankie, sits next to him) We don't know.

*Bert gets quite melodramatic, thus indicating his inexperience with little white lies.*

**FRANKIE:** (having had enough of this) Mom, I just have the flu, okay? Bert's making a big deal of it and it's nothing! I'm fine.

**BERT:** (relieved) Then it's nothing serious? Thank god for that!

**FRANKIE:** Bert, you want to cool it?

**MOM:** Now, Frankie, don't blame Bert for caring about you. (remembers cake) Oops! Better take this into the kitchen. (exits)

**FRANKIE:** Did you have to overdo it?

**BERT:** Sorry, Frankie. Anything I can get you?

**FRANKIE:** Yes, Bert, the scissors?

**BERT:** Oh, yeah! I'll go look for them in the bathroom.

**FRANKIE:** You do that.

*Bert exits one side, Mom enters other side of stage.*

**MOM:** There, I put the cake in the fridge. Now, how's our patient?

**FRANKIE:** Just fine, Mom. I'm okay. Honest.

**MOM:** (sits next to Frankie on bed) Yes, dear, I'm quite sure you are, especially with Bert here to take care of you. You know, Frankie, when you told me you were gay I must say I wasn't exactly thrilled about it. There are so many weirdos out there and I certainly didn't want any kid of mine to be a weirdo. You know what I mean?

**FRANKIE:** Um, yes, Mom.

**MOM:** All the sick things weirdos do to each other! (shudders) UGH! Makes a body wonder what kind of mothers they had. But you seem to be very happy with Bert, and though he seems to be a few bricks short of a full load at times, he does care about you a lot. So, if you're happy, Frankie, so am I.

**FRANKIE:** (truly touched) Gee, Mom, thanks. I love you.

**MOM:** I feel like a hug! (opens arms) Come here and give your old lady a big one.

**FRANKIE:** Uh, gee, Mom, I'd like to but...

**MOM:** Well? Let's have one!

**FRANKIE:** (thinking) Gee, Mom, you might get my flu germs.

**MOM:** Balls, dear! Now come on. Mothers need hugs, too, you know!

**FRANKIE:** Not now, Mom.

**MOM:** Now, Frankie! Stop being silly...

*Mom reaches for the covers and pulls them down as Frankie yells. Frankie is extremely embarrassed and we can only imagine what's going on in Mom's mind.*

**FRANKIE:** Yes, Mom, it's true. I am a weirdo!

**MOM:** What? Because you like to play Cowboys and Indians?

**FRANKIE:** (completely baffled) Cowboys and Indians?

**MOM:** You got the idea from your Aunt Madge, didn't you?

**FRANKIE:** Aunt Madge?

**MOM:** Yes, dear! Your Aunt Madge and Uncle Frank loved to play that game. He would dress up as a cowboy, you know, boots, the hat and chaps. He looked a lot like Gene Autry—and Madge would dress up like Minnie-Ha-Ha.

**FRANKIE:** (smiling) They did?

**MOM:** Yes! You remember that support pillar in their rec room? Well, she used to tie him up to that and do a war dance around him. Oh, they loved to play that game! When Madge told me about it I was mortified! But, she said it kept their marriage going for years.

**FRANKIE:** Mom, is this true?

**MOM:** Would I make it up? Ever since she told me I can't look at a Western on TV without breaking out laughing. Of course, everytime Madge sees a Western, she gets horny.

*At this point, Bert enters, having found the scissors at last. However, realizing that Mom has discovered the secret and fearing the worst, Bert turns to leave the room quietly.*

**MOM:** (sharply) HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YOUNG MAN! COME HERE!

*Bert reluctantly comes to the bed. Mom rises.*

**MOM:** (scoldingly) Shame on you, Bert, playing Cowboys and Indians with Frankie when he's got the flue! He should be kept warm and, besides, you've tied him too tight. His circulation is cut off. (To Frankie) I learned about all that from your Aunt Madge.

**BERT:** (completely confused) Um...

**MOM:** Well, no matter. With time, you'll practice and get it right. Madge and Frank had twenty-six years of marriage to get it right. (Glances at watch) Ooops! I've got to run. Play nice, boys.

*Mom leaves. Bert is trying to sort out what happened and Frankie lies there smiling, very close to laughing.*

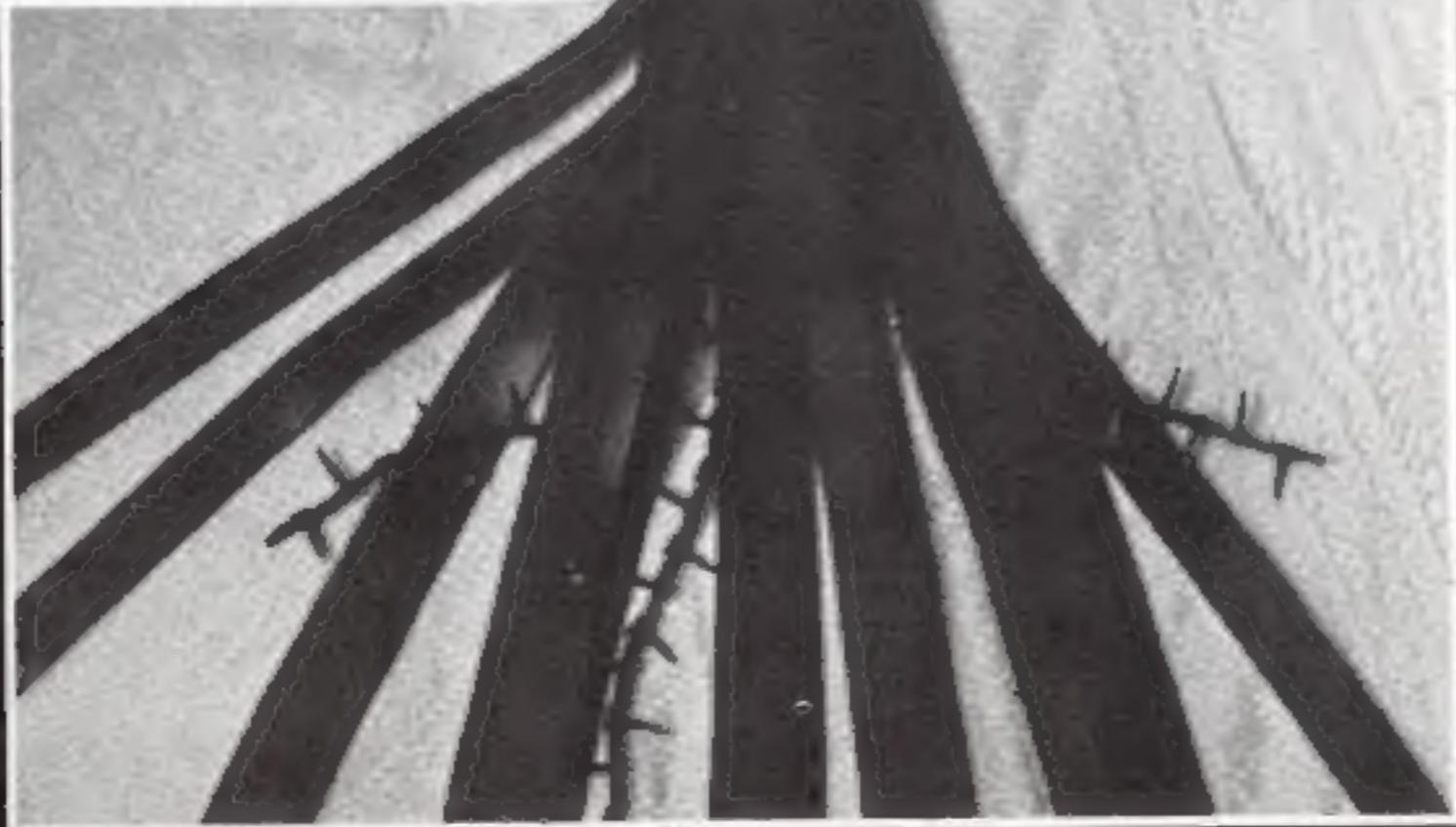
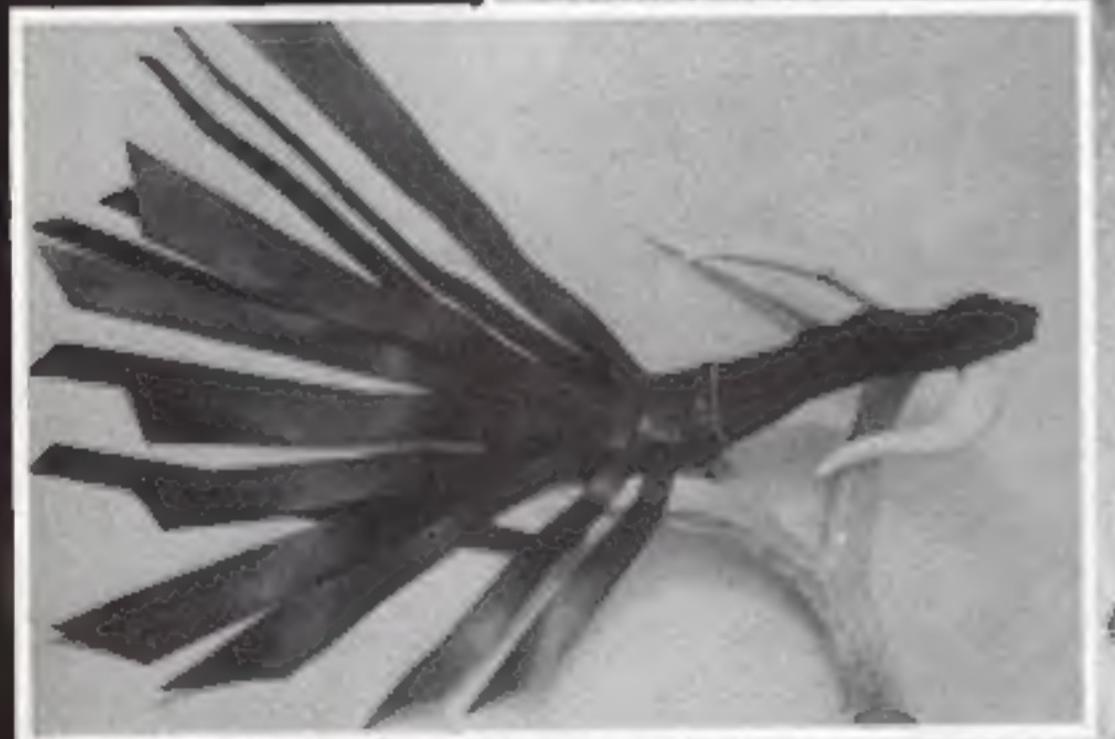
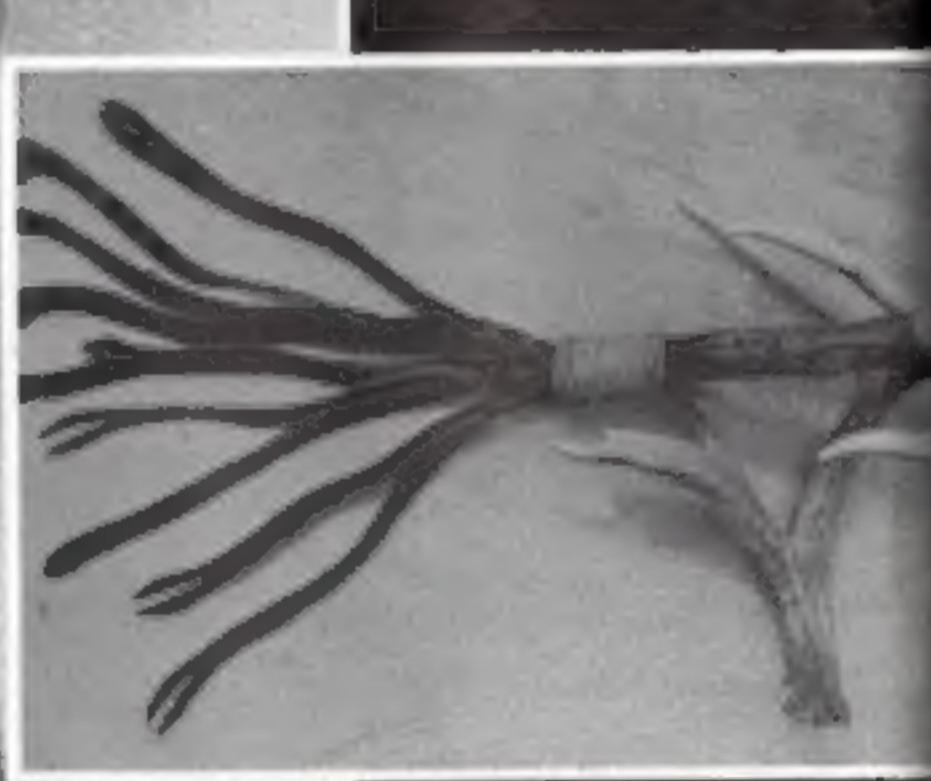
**BERT:** Um, what just happened?

**FRANKIE:** Madge, I love you!

**BERT:** Frank?

Another aspect of the Living In Leather weekend was a display featuring several Seattle-area SM artisans. I was particularly taken by Dragon's whip creations and have been torn since purchasing one between hanging the effective tool on a hook in the playroom or placing it on exhibit as a beautiful piece of sculpture. —Fleidermaus

# DRAGON WHIPS





I began making whips during the summer of 82 in Seattle. Until then I'd been doing SM pretty much with my bare hands. I had no money to commission a good whip and I wasn't happy with the quality of most of the mass produced whips I saw for sale.

A whip is the extension of my right arm, a tool of my trade. I want my whip to feel good in my hand, to have heft and balance to flash in the dark like lightning.

The first whips I made were all black leather and studs. Period. Good, but not enough. I want my tools to be things of beauty as well as things of power. The two are inseparable.

Now I use natural wood handles, sometimes dyed, mostly apple wood because it's heavy and strong. I keep the leather black, but I may dye the cut edges other colors, deep red for the blood that flows like a river, etc.

I make whips with chains hidden among the leather lashes and some with rings embedded in the ends. I love the sting of surprises. I use feathers and crystals because they are totems of freedom and centered power for me. I oil and wax the handles after sanding them smooth so that they are sleek and hard to the touch. I build a whip to take serious use, for it's no good to anyone hanging on a nail in the wall.

When I custom make a whip for someone I like to know a bit about how they see themselves. I like to think about them as I build their tool. The whips not made for a particular person are more extensions of myself. When such a whip is bought they must make it their own.

*Dragon*



# MR. LEATHER NEW YORK



PHOTO / JACK M. MILLER/SOPH

**FLESH AND FANTASY:** Martin Burke (center), the new Mr. Leather New York 1986-87, poses with First Runner-up Lindsay Grant (left) and Second Runner-up William Donaldson. Burke (opposite page) will represent the New York leather community at functions across the country this year

## MR. LEATHER NEW YORK 1986

The Third Annual Mr. Leather New York Contest, a benefit for the AIDS Resource Center, promoted by Artry, Inc., took place in NYC's Paradise Garage, decorated for the event in movie-massacre motif, complete with mutilated manikins, and was the greatest success to date. Artie Haber, Henry Romanowski and their seemingly untiring staff produced a nonstop, exciting show, with a variety of entertainment that opened and closed on schedule (which is noteworthy only because of its rarity).

The contestants ranged from humorous to super-hot and kept the crowd cheering for more as they strutted and posed in creative costuming or lack thereof.

Offstage visuals were at least as interesting as those on stage. Daddies, boys, Masters, slaves, and a generous helping of masculine, muscular flesh, most attired in their best or most bizarre leathers, filled the multiroomed building in what can only be

described as a feeling of true brotherhood and erotic fantasy.

Congratulations to the new Mr. Leather New York, Martin Burke, for an outstanding presentation, also to First Runner-up Lindsay Grant, representing the Gauntlet 2 of Los Angeles, and Second Runner-up William Donaldson, sponsored by Trident International of NYC, and to each of the Interchain fraternity contestants who competed.

Artry Foundation is a not-for-profit organization designed to help raise and distribute funds for the education of people concerning gay-related diseases of which AIDS is a primary concern. This year's contest was a financial success, due to the continued support, participation and contributions by dedicated members of the leather community. If you wish to get involved, contact the Artry Foundation, Box 410, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011.

-JimEd Thompson

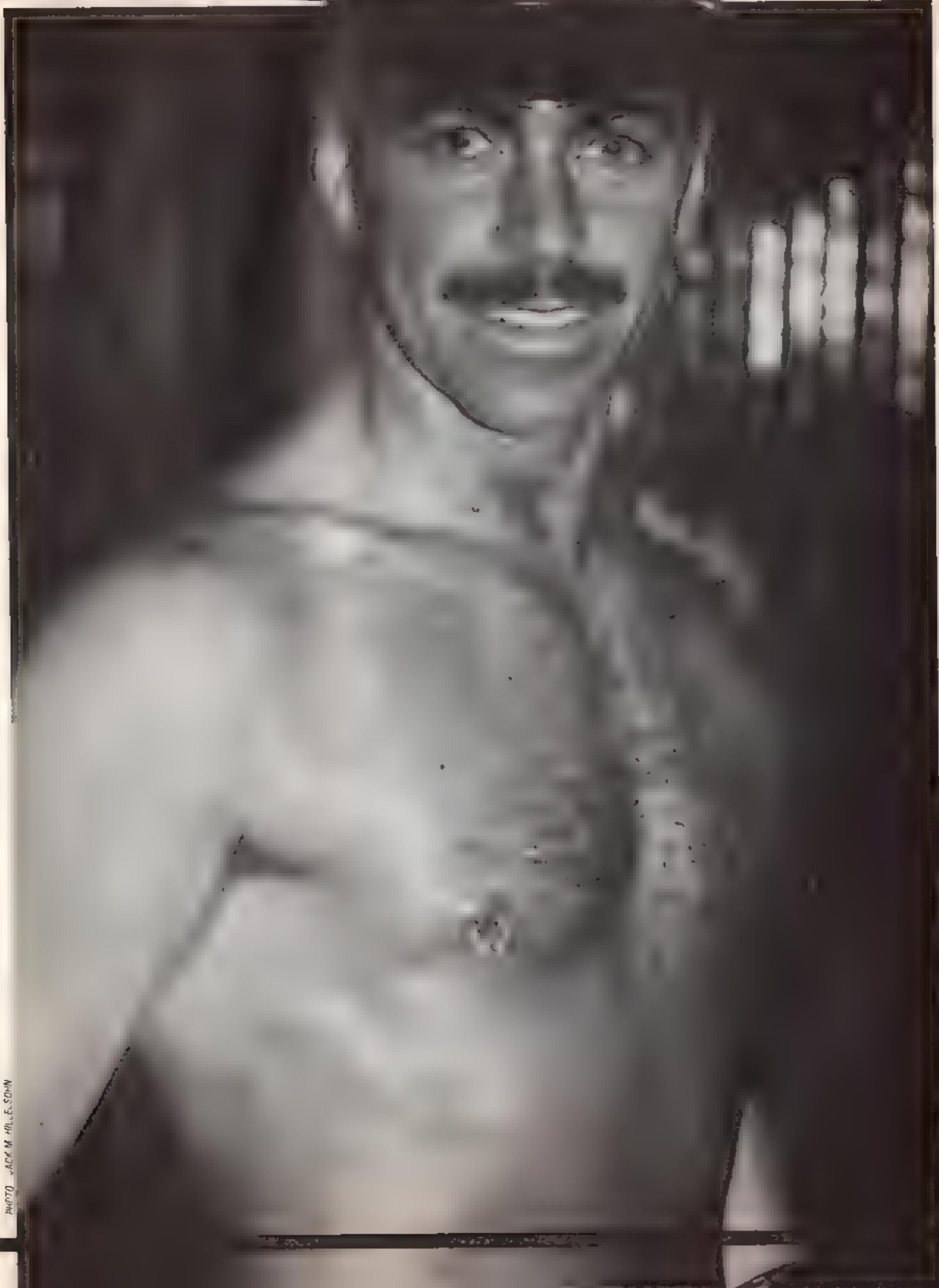


PHOTO BY ACKE M. HILL, F. SONY



**ON STAGE, BACK STAGE AND OFF STAGE:** The contestants at Mr. Leather New York 1986 excited the audience on stage and each other back stage & off stage. The list of judges read like the Who's Who of the leather world. Fernando Ascencio, Wheels MC NYC; Biggs Carré ANMF Paris; Andy Charles (standing) president, Desmodus Inc., San Francisco; David Coloka, The Noose, NYC; Al Santora, coordinator of the Mid-Atlantic Mr. Leather Contest; Vern Stewart Seattle Gay News; Scott Tucker, Mr. International Leather 1986, and Chris Burns, San Francisco.

ALL PHOTOS by JIMED THOMPSON  
EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

# THE TRAINING OF A MASTER

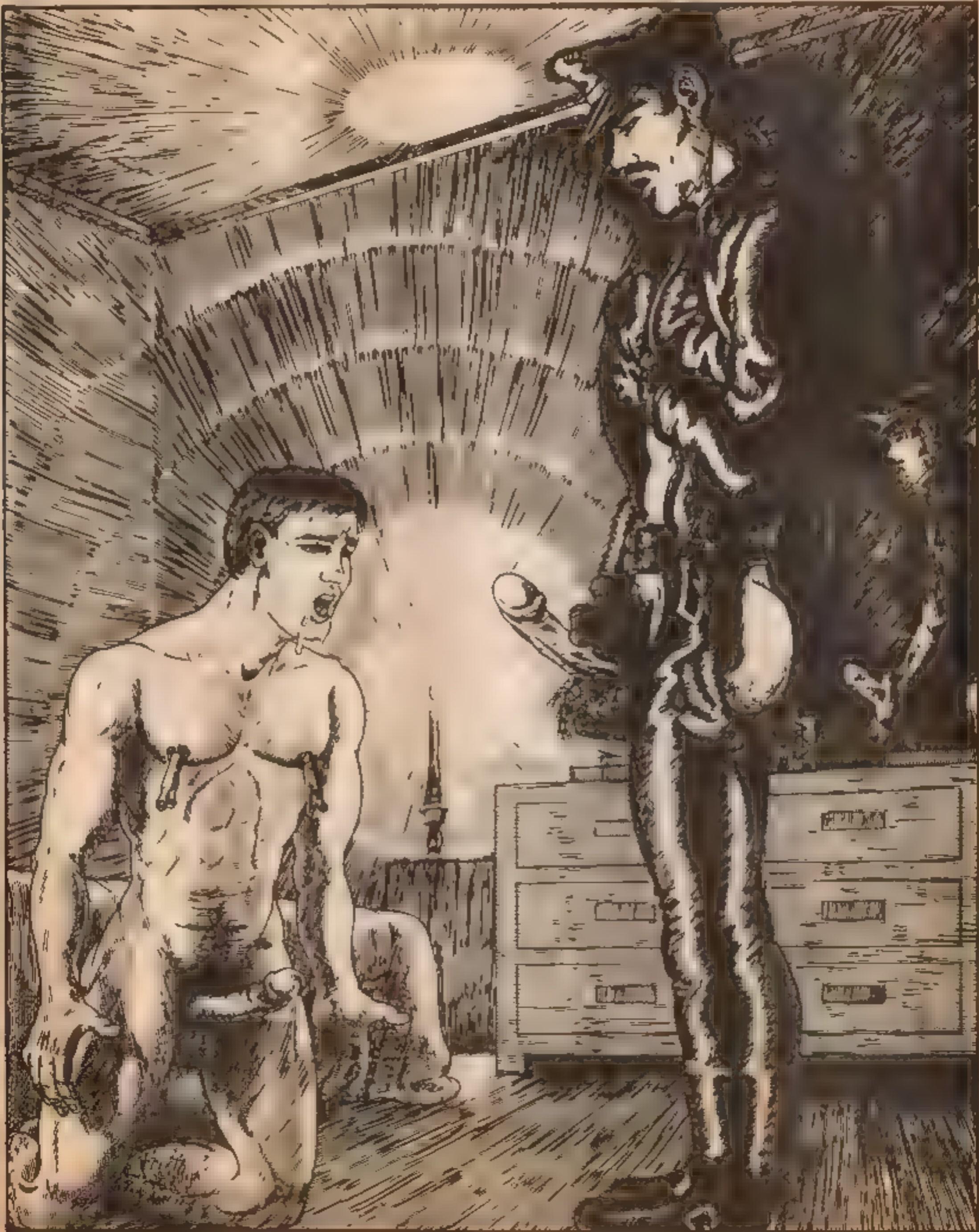
by John Preston

Illustration by Sean

**T**hat Saturday, I was alone in my apartment. The place was oppressing me. It's a small one-bedroom in Chelsea. Someone else might have made something of it if it was worth doing. It was in one of the best buildings so idly constructed, expensively maintained and with

enough real-estate value to have justified a lot more investment than I'd made.

But I'd chosen to live a Spartan life. The walls were spotlessly clean. There were no drawings on them, nothing to break up the mass of white paint. I had only a pair of black leather chairs



with a table between them in the living room, along with a sideboard and a television. My bedroom walls were just as barren except for the oversized mirrors that hung on all four. The furniture there was just the bed and dresser. There were plain black rugs on the floors. That was it. That was the life I constructed for myself.

My body was aching. The sharp pain from the beating I'd gotten as a "gift" from Mr. Montclair that week had gone away. But the deep, deep hurt had taken over, the kind you get from a real whipping. I had finally looked at myself in my bedroom mirrors when I'd gotten home.

I'd been amazed at the sight. I'd asked Montclair for the whipping I gave him no limits. He'd gone at it viciously and—I'd thought—anarchically. I had only been aware of the rain of blows and the way I could never anticipate where they were going to fall on my body. But when I saw them in the mirror, I discovered they were utterly symmetrical. He had painted a beautiful set of marks on my flesh. On my back, again on my ass, still once more on my thighs, there were almost exactly parallel sets of marks that fanned out from the center of my body towards the outside at perfect angles. I looked almost as though I'd been tattooed.

But now, days later, the bruises were fading and the red welts had turned into purple and blue marks, all of them surrounded by a sea of yellows and oranges. These weren't going to leave for a long time, I realized.

I'd met Montclair because of my job. I'm an enforcer for The Network, the secret organization of those people who would sell themselves and those who would buy them. My partner and I'd captured a couple runaways for the famous master and I'd taken a night with him as my bonus. It was something to remember and most other bottoms would have been delighted. They'd have gone out and bragged to their friends that they'd survived it all.

But I'd just been left with a horrible sense of my loneliness. I had a ways known it was there. You don't live with the kind of ongins, I have and not recognize them. But I'd admitted to Montclair just what they were—the search for the man who'd finally, totally master me—and the very act of articulating that desire had given them a new depth and meaning and made me all the more miserable.

I couldn't take it any more that Saturday. I had to get out. I looked at the phone and thought about calling Brad, my partner and as good a friend as I had. But I couldn't bring myself to admit to one more person just how much in need I was.

Instead, I got dressed in a pair of chinos, loafers, a tee-shirt and took off for the bars. I took a cab to the Village. I wandered around Christopher Street and then up along the Hudson. I'd stop in one bar after another, just to see what was happening. I'd occasionally have a beer, sometimes a coke, more often nothing.

I went into the lone bars even a couple of discos, and tried to find something that could attract me. If I could only get off the idea of this one thing that I had to have to be happy. If I could just forget the idea there was only one image that could make me feel good ..

But I couldn't and I was pulled further north, towards the leather bars. I went into the one that was the heaviest of them all. I got a bottle of beer and hung onto its neck as though it were a life preserver. It was late by then—well into the early hours of the morning.

The costumes were right. There was leather all over the place. A few men were interesting. Their keys and their uniforms sent little waves through me. But there was something that wasn't there. I felt cheated. I was standing in a goddamn bar...again! I could feel a familiar anger rising in me—at myself, at the rest of them. I took a slug of beer.

They weren't the one I wanted. They were too easy. I could see the way most of them talked to one another, the joking, the affectionate arms around one another, the bottoms challenging the tops and then, after a while, I couldn't tell which was which. There were muscles and there were outfits, but there

wasn't that pair of eyes searching me and finding that thing inside me...

There were more beers that passed through my hands. The time went on, I know—rationally—who the men in the bars are. I have no grudge against them, really. But that night they got to me. I wanted to show them something. I put my most recent beer down and pulled off my shirt. I turned my back on the crowd and dared them to look at my bruises. That was the real thing!

I stayed there. Waiting for someone to comment. No one did. I waited for some approach. There were only a couple drunks who staggered over and tried to reach for my crusted tits. I pushed them away.

Then I caught a glimpse at a guy who was standing over in the corner. I looked more closely. The leather was the most complete outfit in the place, up to and including heavy gloves and visored cap. The jacket was open, revealing a bare chest and stomach. Even the pants underneath his chaps were leather. I moved over towards him, feeling a bit of hypnosis taking control of me.

But when I'd taken a place leaning against the wall near him, I realized that he was very young. I also saw that the leather was very new and he was not very comfortable. He was watching me as intently as I was him. He was trying to signal me by groping himself, but the act of touching his cock and balls through his leather wasn't working, he was doing it too tentatively for me to believe.

I was ready to leave him, but there was something in his eyes that kept me there. It wasn't the commanding glare I wanted to see, and the hint of his insecurity nearly turned me off. Still, there was something authentic about him. He was real. I didn't understand how I knew that, but I did.

I wanted someone, damn it! I didn't want to go home alone. But I was damned if I was going to pick up some neophyte in a bar who didn't know what the hell he was going to do. Even after a few beers, I wasn't going to let some amateur take me to his place and truss me up and experiment on me! I was getting more frustrated again. But, then, a plan began to materialize in my mind. I liked it. I liked it a lot.

Still shirtless, I stood up and walked right up to him. I put a hand on his mouth as soon as I got there. "Don't say a word. If you say one word, I swear to you, I'll walk right out of this place and you'll never see me again."

He was surprised and puzzled. But his forehead seemed to relax. Whatever I was doing, he was at least interested in listening to it. I took my hand away.

"You're new at this aren't you?"

He was confused for a minute; I'd just told him not to talk and now I asked him a question. "Just nod, yes or no." He shook his head slowly up and down. "You want this," I swept my arm around the bar. "And you like this." I turned around and showed him the bruises on my back.

He reached up and ran a gloved hand across my muscles, from one shoulder blade to another. I looked back at him and saw a slight awe on his face. I turned back to him. "You can have this, me, but only my way."

He looked puzzled again. I tried to explain enough without making it so clinical that the whole thing would be ruined. "You're new at this. I understand it. I can show you. I need someone tonight. If you want to take me to your place, I'll tell you just what it's all about. I'll tell you just what it's like for a slave to kneel at your feet. I'll show you secrets that no other bottom could ever give you."

I reached down and took his hands and put them on my still-sore nipples. He lightly fingered them, sending waves of sensation through my chest. "Yeah," I said slowly. "But that's only a beginning. If you want me, just nod." He did. "Do you have a place near here?" He nodded once more. "Then let's go. But it will only work if you can be my fantasy. I don't want to know anything about you, not even the sound of your voice. It'd ruin everything. But if you leave it alone, if you just will let me show you, I promise you, it'll be the night of your life!"

**H**is place wasn't far from the bar. He led me to it, keeping our silence. I'd watched him as we walked. He had a fine, slim body; the firm, young muscles were obvious from the space between the flaps of his jacket. His flesh, that I could see, was nearly hairless. He had a moustache, but it wasn't very full. I realized on that walk that he couldn't be more than twenty-five. God, that age seemed like a century ago to me.

We came to his building and he unlocked the building door. His own apartment was on the first floor in the rear. I entered it first. He followed and flicked on an overhead light. It was too bright. "No, just a little lamp, something that leaves the mystery in place," I said to him. "Don't you have something like that? Or, even better, candles?"

He moved to a chest and brought out four candlesticks. He showed them to me. "Perfect," I said. He placed them in different parts of the one-room studio and then used a lighter to light them. "You should have them there, waiting, when you have someone in. Then you wouldn't have to use the overhead at all. Make him stand right here, waiting for you. The few minutes of tension will be perfect."

He nodded once, sharply, letting me know he understood what I was saying. Then he turned off the offending electric light. The room was more red now, more ominous.

"Now you make him strip for you." I pulled my tee-shirt back off and stood for a minute. "You should take his tits in your hand now." He did. The gloves were still on and he pulled harder on my chest than he did before. "Use them to make him get on the floor, where he belongs." He tugged downwards and I fell to my knees. Then he released his grip. "He has to take off his shoes and socks while he's there." I did just what I described. "When he starts to take off his pants," I'd unbuttoned and was unzipping mine, "You should take your boot and push him backwards so he's sprawled out."

I felt the rough leather of his boot's sole on my shoulder and

then he shoved back—hard enough for me to have to grunt out loud when I landed. "Leave it there, let him feel his master's boots on him." He did it, making it more difficult for me to pull off my slacks and my jockeys, but making it all the more perfect.

"Now, stand back." He followed my instruction. "You have to have your slave on his knees in front of you." I struggled up and knelt before him. "The slave's legs should be spread apart so he can feel his cock and balls swinging in the air and you can see just how turned on he is because of his hard-on."

My own had already begun to drip a long thread of precum. "He should hang his head in obeisance." I did it. "He has to show you he's ready." I was. "When you're satisfied, you should move forward and point to your boots. Let him know he has to get down and lick them so he understands just what his place is."

He moved forward and took me by my hair. He had a firm grip, but it wasn't very painful, not so long as I followed his direction downwards. My face was pressed against his leather and my tongue shot out, lapping it with long strokes. I could barely talk through the licking, but I managed to speak in between movements. "Make him understand he has to love your boots before you're going to pay any attention to him."

"When you think he's learned what he needs to, make him lick your chaps."

The hand took my hair again and moved me up onto his leather-coated shins. I moved slowly up his thighs. They were slender, but there was real power in them. I took hold of him with both hands, losing myself in the smell and taste of the leather and the oil he'd used on them. He put a hand on the back of my head, softly.

No!" I protested. "It's too early to be easy. It's too early to let him think he's earned it. Make him lick you more." He took his hand away. I got to his crotch. "Make him stay here a long time. Let him feel your hard cock through the leather and the way your balls are caught there. He knows what's underneath there."

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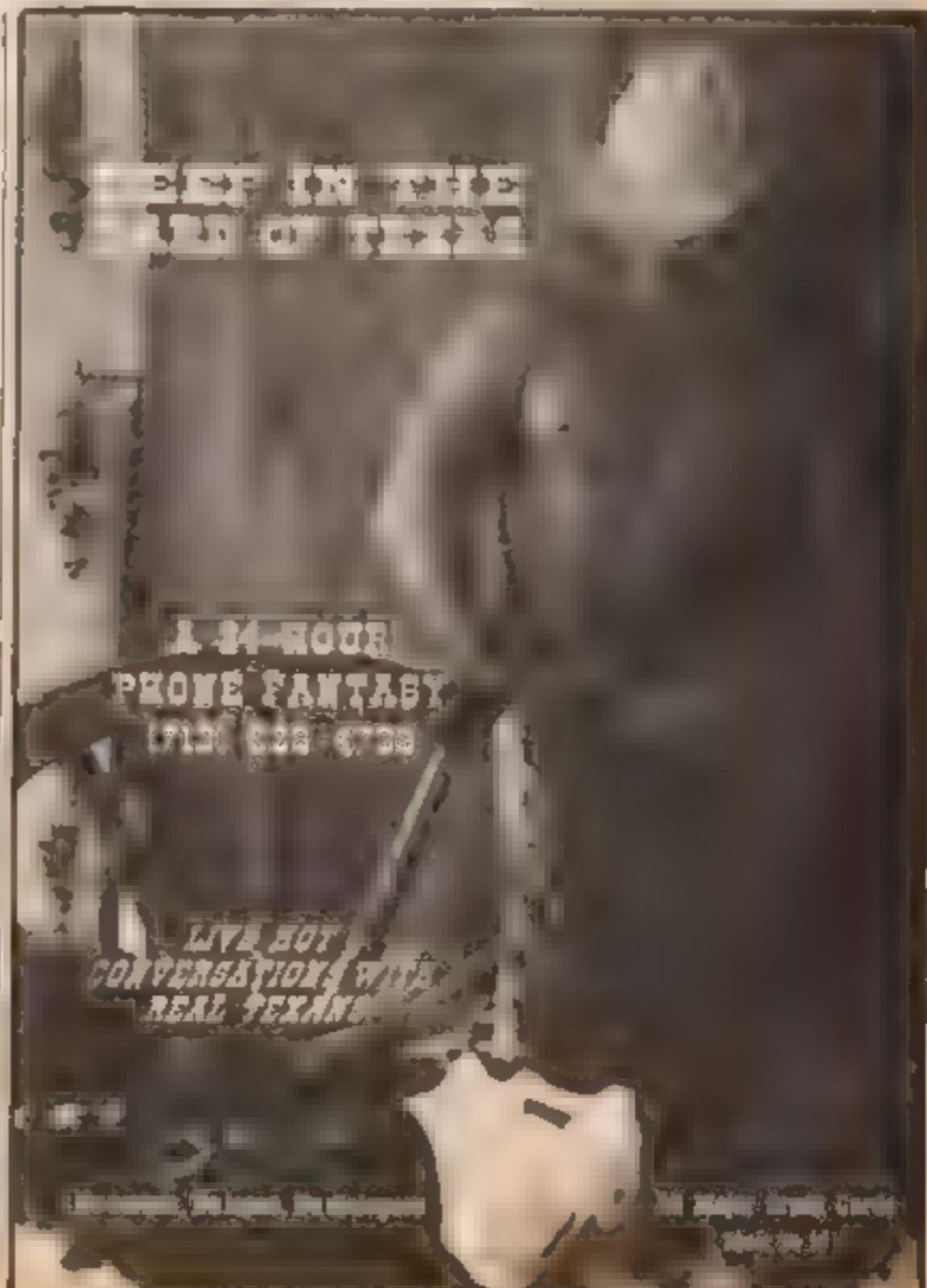
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You have to make him know he has to earn it."

I went to work. The cock was skinny, but surprisingly long inside the pants. I mouthed it and my spit was dripping from the corners of my mouth and from the leather pants by the time he finally grabbed my hair again and—roughly now—pulled me away from it.

He didn't wait for another instruction, but put the edge of his glove in my mouth. I went at it with my jaws, just as adamantly as I had gone at the leather-trapped cock just before. When he finally removed it, I said, "It's time you did something more to him. You have him in a slave-head now. He's ready, kneeling on the floor with an aching cock. Put clamps on his tits, or tie rawhide around his cock and balls. Give him something to feel that's not you, just so he'll want you even more when you finally give him the real thing."

He went to a table nearby and brought back a pair of tit clamps. He took one, then the other nipple, and attached them. They were padded, but the pain left over from Montclair's vicious abuse of them the other day made even that sensation enough to make me wince and cry out.

"You should move back now, leave your slave here on the floor while he's all hot and ready. Make him so hot he might whimper."

The young man backed away from me and stood with his legs spread apart a few feet across the room. "Make him look at your cock where he knows he can't get it. Leave on your jacket and your cap, but take off the rest and then put your chaps back on. Leave your hard cock and balls hanging out so he has to look at them while the clamps are still on his tits."

He stripped down quickly, but not so fast that he broke the mood. He was learning, he was understanding. When he'd rezipped the chaps and stood there with the long, thin, hard cock pointing into the air, I felt my throat dry up. I wanted that cock down me so badly... But I wanted it to be the way I'd really want it to happen. I started to talk to him again:

"Play with yourself. Rub a gloved hand over your belly and then over your tits and use the other one to heft up your balls and play with your cock. Make him see what he wants."

He followed the directions perfectly, leaving me on my knees and desperate. "Do you really like your slave's bruises?" I finally asked. He shook his head seriously. "Do you want your own on his body?" He took his hand away from his cock as though the idea combined with the physical sensation would have been too great a combination.

"Then take him over to the bed and spread him out." He came to me and yanked my hair—still harder again. He used it to guide me on my hands and knees to just where he wanted me. The clamps pulled against the covers as he pushed my chest on top of them but leaving my knees on the floor. Neither one of us paid any attention to the yells that came from me.

"Kick his legs apart with your feet," I said and then felt a hard push against each of my thighs. "Get your belt." He moved away from me, leaving me in that position where I felt the air on my hole. He was back; he let me know by kicking my thighs once more, telling me to spread further.

"Do it, soft at first, just enough to let him know it's there." The belt landed with a dull thud on my ass. Again, then again, he tentatively used it on the already marked flesh. The pain wasn't intense, but it was real. I began to moan with each of the blows. But I was supposed to be telling him what he should do—and I was imagining what my real master would do.

"Harder." I willed the words out of my throat and then felt the belt strike with more force. "Harder!" I said again, and then he let loose, the leather landing on first one cheek, then the next with ever-hardening lashings. I screamed and my body began to twist, involuntarily trying to escape the punishment. I felt tears well in my eyes.

"Oh, God!" I yelled when one blow landed especially well. "You can go on, but please, don't." He stopped. I didn't have to tell him that the attack called for some recognition from him. He knelt down on the floor behind me and moved in, laying the

cool leather of his jacket and his chaps against my burning flesh

"Don't talk!" I begged him when I had my sobbing under control. "Whatever you do, don't end it now." My mind was racing with the visions of this being my real master, the one I'd always dreamed about. I was terrified that a single word would destroy the illusion and everything that went with it.

He reached around and released the clamps on my tits. The surge of blood that rushed into them was an intense pain. The feel of his leather gloves as they rubbed the raw pieces of flesh was the most wonderful torture I could imagine.

I let it go on as long as I could as his gloved hands ran lightly over my body and his hard cock poked at my balls from behind. The skin of his upper thighs—naked where the chaps didn't cover them—was so smooth, so young feeling. He was only about ten years younger than I was, but the difference in our touch was astounding.

Finally, I gave him a choice about what would happen next. "You can give him your cock now—in his mouth or up his ass. It's up to you. But, whichever, make him put the rubber on."

He stood up and the sudden disappearance of his touch on my skin was devastating. I felt alone and even more naked. I rubbed my face in the covers of his bed, waiting for him. He came back and gently took my shoulders. He used them as handles to guide me back up onto my knees and then to turn around to face him.

He'd already opened the rubber. He handed it to me and then stood back, crossing his arms over his chest. I took the condom and unrolled it on his beautiful cock. The head much larger than the shaft. It stood out like a big plum, dark, angry purple against the pale skin of the rest of his cock.

When it was on, I leaned forward and kissed the top of his glans. The translucent white latex made it more beautiful than ever. The purple flesh was covered with it. There was a drop of moisture showing through the plastic right at the slit of his cock, the little evidence of his precum.

"You have to decide," I told him again, "if you want your slave's mouth or his ass."

He lifted me up a little bit and led me onto the bed. He motioned to roll me over on my belly. I spread my legs out as far as I could. I put my arms up over my head as far as they'd reach.

He climbed in between and I could feel the leather over his thighs first, then the jacket as it hung down and struck my back. "Fuck your slave hard," I said. "It's your first time with him. This isn't the time to be gentle. Make him earn that. The first fuck has to be hard proof that you can master him..."

He lunged into me. I reared up in revolt at the sharp intrusion of his cock. It was so damn long! It seemed to take forever to slide into me. But he would slow down. I knew instinctively that he wasn't taking my orders any more. He was a male animal claiming his prize now.

The fucking was violent. He pulled out and then shoved back in with relentlessness. Sweat started to drip down off his chest and splash onto my back and the wet from his pubic hair was running onto my ass.

I yelled and tried to desperately control myself while he went at it. There was such a total removal from anything but his cock being shoved up me, I couldn't think of anything else.

Then he stiffened. He lifted himself up with his arms and his toes. I could feel him make one final lunge... Then he dropped his entire weight down on my bruised body and lay there, inert, spent, satisfied.

I let him stay there, thankful he kept his silence. When he finally pulled out and I had that heartrending sensation of his cock leaving me with a sharp stab of pain, I spoke again. "Don't touch it. Just roll off. Your slave's not done yet. He has to clean you off."

I staggered off the bed and went to the kitchen and got a bowl and filled it with warm soapy water. I came back and knelt between his legs. His cock was still half hard and dropped down in a beautiful arc in front of me, the shriveled, used condom the only thing marring its perfection. I pulled the rubber off and

then used a cloth to wash his cock and balls and pubic hair. I had brought a second clean towel and used that to dry him off. I leaned forward and kissed the purple glans.

"If you're pleased with your slave, you can allow him to come. But you have no obligation to do that. A slave's orgasm is his master's. I hope I've pleased you..." I looked up at him and saw a deeper darkness in his eyes than I'd noticed before. I wondered if I'd conjured it up or if it had always been there and this was just one of its first opportunities to come to the fore.

He nodded permission. "Your slave shouldn't be able to come without understanding the source," I said. My voice actually sounded shy. "You should put your slave in a place where he understands his role. He could be on his back on the bed, with you over him, your balls in his mouth. And he shouldn't forget his pain that has to be part of his pleasure. You should continue that, never leave him without it, especially not while he's coming..."

He moved and pointed to the bed. I climbed up and sprawled out on my back. He squatted over my mouth, facing my front. His balls were tight up against his body, young balls, not descended as far as they eventually would yet. I licked up at them and tasted youthful sweat, felt furry young hair.

He guided one of my hands to my crotch. I took my hard cock in my hand and started to jerk it, feeling my coming approaching fast. I expected him to play with my tits, do something like that. He had better ideas. One of his gloved hands began to softly slap my balls. The pain—even from that slight touch—was awful. It shot excruciating messages through me.

I began to race to come. At first, because I was afraid the pain would banish the possibility that I could; I was afraid it would become so much that I would never be able to get off. But it became more than just that. I knew my coming would stop the torture.

Please, master...Please, master

The familiar refrain sounded in my head. But I was lost in the

sensation of my cock loading up for its ejaculation and the closed-in feeling of his thighs and balls framing my head and I wasn't sure if I was begging him to stop or go on forever and ever and ever...

My orgasm was so intense that I screamed, and only the balls that dropped into my open mouth kept the yell from being too loud.

Later, after I'd washed up and dressed, I stood in front of him. He still hadn't said a word. I was sated, delighted with his body and wanting more. But I still wasn't willing to have this destroyed.

"If you ever talk to me—I swear this—I'll never have anything sexual to do with you again. But, if you want more—if you want me to show you more—I'll come by when I can. There are lots more lessons in this life, in this world. I can give them to you. But I have to have my fantasy to make it work. I can't get into it, you're too young, too inexperienced. But if you kept your silence, I can keep my fantasy."

I looked around the small cramped room. I was careful to avoid looking at anything that would tell me anything about him. "I can show you how a slave should eat out of a bowl. I can demonstrate how you should teach him to suck cock just the way you want it. I can..." My throat went dry for a minute and I had to wait to continue. "I can show you how important a collar is to a slave.

"My name is Ray. I live close by. If we meet on the street, ignore me. I'll ignore you. I'll come here, though, and I'll show you more."

He nodded agreement.

"Just remember: My name is Ray. When I ring the bell, if you want me, let me in. If you don't, I'll go away and come back another time."

Then I went to the door and let myself out. I walked out onto the street, my ass and cock feeling good, my soul feeling even more lost than usual.

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# LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



by FRANK O'ROURKE

DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION BY BILL WARD

THE HARTFORD COLTS M.C. of Hartford, Connecticut sent their newsletter and it reached me after Drummer 101 went to press. As a former New Englander, it's good to hear that the clubs up there are so active. Their home bar is BARRISTER'S at 601 Broad Street. On January 23 they will be having Uniform Night and the Tridents of Rhode Island and New Hampshire will be invited guests. If you're in the area, then Barrister's is the place to be that night. The party will be going on from 9 to 1 in the morning.

SIGMA OF BETHESDA, Maryland held an open discussion at the DC EAGLE on December 8. Although the date has passed, it is significant to me that their discussion dealt with a very important subject, "What is SM?"

I wish other groups around the country would hold this sort of open discussion on the subject. As I have said before in this column, I feel that, with the AIDS crisis and the altering of many of our lifestyles, SM is an important facet of the psychosexual relationship which should receive more serious consideration. In the past there was an understandable

aversion for the scene among the "fluffy sweater" crowd because they understood it to be only one thing—physical pain. This lack of understanding has been the primary factor for any unwillingness on the part of many men to explore its real meaning. I hope that no one believes for a moment that the readership of Drummer is made up of SM practitioners. Many, many readers are into the scene, but there are also many men who are psychologically attracted to the mystique of SM, but they are quite candidly afraid of it.

I am not advocating that this queer interest should break out and that person should just jump into a scene with anyone, but I am saying that groups like Sigma and CMSMA in New York are able to give the interested man a broader sense of what SM is all about.

If you live in the Greater Washington area and are interested, contact Sigma at PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

Frankly, I didn't think that anyone read this column, but I got a letter from the BALL CLUB (Drummer 95). Their membership has almost doubled. They are putting on their first annual "unofficial"

Ball Club Convention in July 1987. They believe it may be held the Fourth of July weekend. It will be for members only. To get information on membership and the convention, write BC, PO Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769. (Ken, are you going to have a ball-weightlifting contest?)

You may have noticed that this column was not in Drummer 100. Or maybe you didn't give a shit! This is the point. The column may go by the board if you don't want it. So, I guess it's up to you, the readers. If we don't hear from you, then we can assume that the column should be dropped. I enjoyed doing it, but I feel very strongly that a magazine should serve the wishes of its readership. It won't be a total loss since someone else will put together a calendar of events.

Regarding the photograph in my column (Drummer 99), I do not know who the gentleman is. My reason for mentioning it is that some guys have asked if it was me.

Should the Leather Bulletin Board pack it in? Write Tony DeBlase, Publisher, Desmodus, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

## EUROPEAN LEATHER NOTES

### NEW ADDRESS FOR ECMC

Beat Ruedi, former publisher of "der Siefel," was elected as the new secretary of ECMC at their AGM in Edinburgh, Scotland.

The new mailing address for the CMC is Secretariat, c/o LOGE 70 (SCHWEIZ) Box 725, CH-8025 Zurich, Switzerland.

Beat has requested that clubs, both European and American, send dates of runs, events and meetings of interest to the leather/SM/MC communities to the above address with as much information as possible so they may be included in their newsletter!

### MS PANTHER INFO

The MS Panthers of Köln have produced a great information pamphlet, unfortunately totally in German. How about you guys sending us a copy of the October-November issue, with that hot, and I do mean hot, man on the cover, and possibly a listing of your events in English? For those interested, the club mailing address is MS Panther Köln e.v. Im Schulz, Bismarckstr. 17, 5000 Köln 1, West Germany.



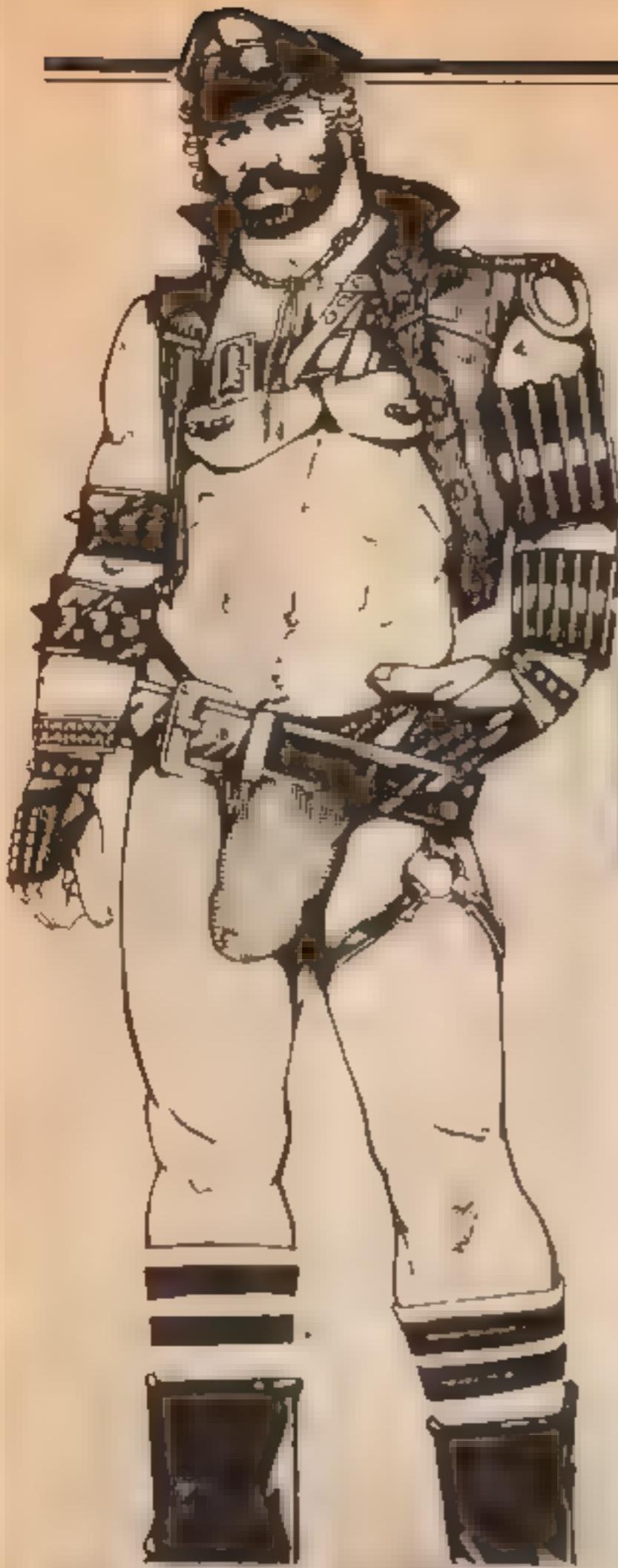
### SLM NEWS

The annual meeting to elect a new board and officers of the SCANDINAVIAN LEATHER MEN, member of ECMC, will be held January 30 at their clubhouse at Gasgrund 28, Gamla stan, Stockholm, Sweden. The meeting begins at 8 PM and there will be a party directly afterward.

Hans Pettersson from Tomsson magazine wants to remind especially the

American leather community that the Baltic Battle X will take place on June 5-8, 1987, over Whitsun weekend as always. If you are going to Europe this summer, don't miss this event. You can get more information by writing to SLM, Box 9239, 102 73 Stockholm, Sweden.

SLM Copenhagen will celebrate their thirteenth birthday with a party on the weekend of February 6-8, 1987. Congratulations from Drummer!

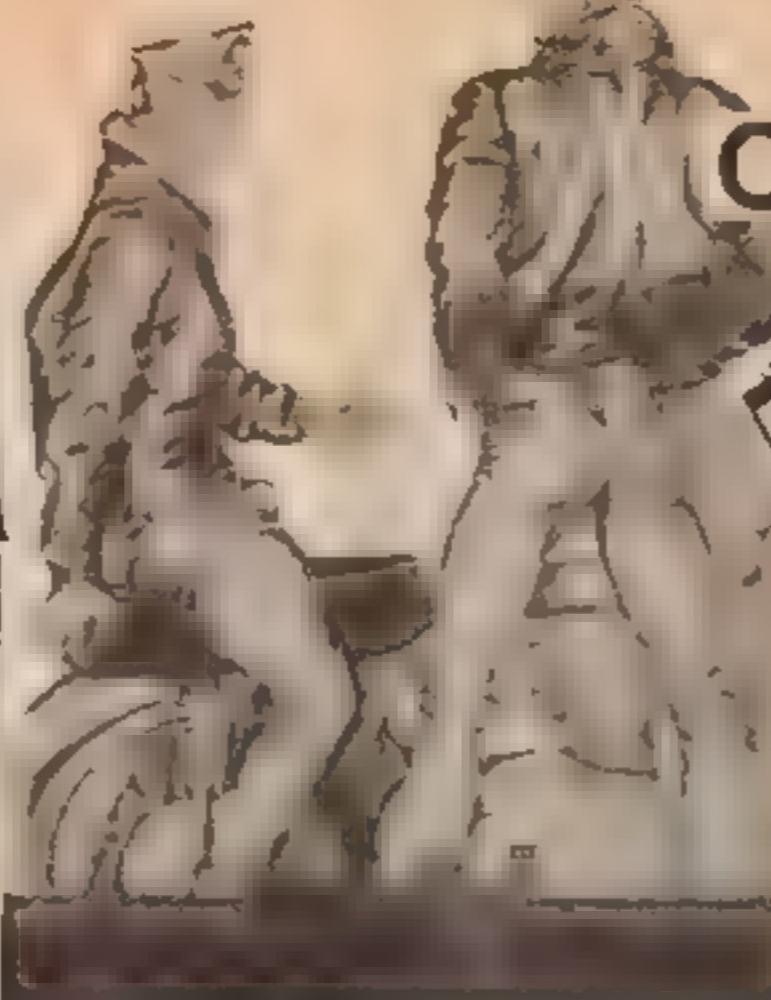


#### MR. EUROPEAN DRUMMER CONTEST 1988

The first annual Mr. European Drummer Contest will be held in 1988. Regional contests will take place throughout Europe early in the year to determine contestants for the finals to be held in Amsterdam. The winner will receive, among other prizes, an all-expenses-paid vacation to San Francisco, California, U.S.A. to participate in the Mr. Drummer 1988 finals.

Clubs and bars interested in sponsoring contestants or regional contests may write for more information to: Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA, 94101, U.S.A.

Steffan Livorno will be representing Drummer magazine in contacting interested groups in Europe during the month of February 1987. He may be contacted during that time at 020-381717, Amsterdam, Netherlands. After February you may either write to Drummer at the above address or call our offices in the U.S. at (415) 864-3456.



#### CLUB LL INTERNATIONAL

A motorcycle and sports club, Club LL International, has been organizing international meetings each month since 1970. Friends from all over the world meet in an old Amsterdam warehouse full of atmosphere. They offer films, disco, live performances, a full bar and shop. It's open to the public and located at Lijngaanstracht 165, 1016 VX, Amsterdam, Holland.

## CUCKOO'S NEST

**leather  
night**



#### CELLAR PARTY

The CUCKOO'S NEST at Nieuwezijds Kolk 6, Amsterdam is continuing to have Leather Night in the cellar of the bar. I'm told it is becoming a monthly event not to be missed. A New Year's party was held December 31 as well.



A REASON TO SMILE. John Stamford (left) and Bruno Verlag (right) agree to continue the Spartacus International Gay Guide

#### SPARTACUS LIVES

John Stamford, who ran the Spartacus Club and Guide was forced to flee Britain in 1972 after being convicted of sending obscene literature through the post. Until recently he was operating out of Amsterdam, but in September the Dutch Tax Office raided his home and office. The authorities confiscated all his possessions and subsequently auctioned them off hoping to reclaim a large but undisclosed sum of unpaid tax.

The worldwide speculation about the

future of the famous Spartacus International Gay Guide can be silenced. John Stamford (founder and publisher of 15 editions) and the German publisher Bruno Gmunder Verlag have together safeguarded the future of the publication.

Verlag will be the new publisher and the 1987 edition will be coedited by Verlag and Stamford. The new address for Spartacus International Gay Guide is PO Box 301345, D-100 Berlin 30, Lutzowstr. 105, West Germany.

# BONDAGE

GIFTWRAPPED-BEEFCAKE MAGS FROM ZEUS PUBLICATIONS



Rocco DeVega

Conquest

**LEATHER FANTASY** Leather musclemen Leo Stone photo'd as a top & bondage bottom. Includes leather and denim. \$8.00  
ZM-64

**VAL MARTIN/LEO STONE** Both muscle models in hot bondage photo's. On the construction site struggle for topman. \$8.00  
ZM-84

**ROBERT LATOURNEAUX** Muscle, leather-toned Boys In The Band photo's. Stripped & bound by beefy guard for interrogation. \$8.50  
ZM-87

**CAVELO PORTFOLIO** This portfolio contains 30 of the Inquisition, Uniformed Interrogation, Roman Mutiny, Foreign Legion. \$8.50  
ZM-104

**ZEUSMEN IN BONDAGE II** Ten Zeus muscle models in bondage jeans, leather, denim to G.I.s to lumberjacks. \$8.50  
ZM-117

**UNIFORMED RAPE** Hot photo story of a rookie cop busting a leather/S&M scene and ending up stripped, bound & bottom. \$8.50  
ZM-118

**COWBOYS** Two-legged stallions Gregg Strom, Joe'Paducah & Mickey Squires lassoed and hog tied in wild western fantasies. \$8.50  
ZM-120

**MEREK FLINT** Canadian bodybuilder Champ plus Redden Knight, Mason Hawk and Ryan Raymond pull against their bonds. \$8.50  
ZM-124

**MICKEY SQUIRES/MEREK FLINT** Squires bound in P.O.W. and San Francisco leatherman Mike Drury scaling the clamp and cage. \$8.50  
ZM-171

**IGREGG STROM** BoCo muscle legend Strom tied up at construction site plus chunky Chuckie George & Brian Titus all tied up. \$8.50  
ZM-186

**DEVEGA/GUNN/MCLOUD** Best seller for three of Zeus' hottest bondage models. Super hot binds plus three beefcake bottoms. \$10.00  
ZM-318

**SADO ISLAND** Justice, Romeo/Road Warrior SAM, fantasy, adventure, torture, pain, & Heavy duty muscle bondage action. \$12.50  
ZM-233

**COLLECTORS EDITION** Italian muscle funk video, Rock college look, denim apparel, S.F. blue, Biker, leather, leather leather. \$10.00  
ZM-384

PLEASE SEND ME:

- LEATHER FANTASY
- MARTIN/STONE
- ROBERT LATOURNEAUX
- CAVELO PORTFOLIO
- ZEUSMEN IN BONDAGE II
- UNIFORMED RAPE
- COWBOYS

MEREK FLINT

- SQUIRES/FLINT
- GREGG STROM
- DEVEGA/GUNN/MCLOUD
- SADO ISLAND
- COLLECTORS EDION

**SHIPPING:** 1st Magazine \$1.50  
Additional Magazines \$1.00 each.

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
(Required if you are using a credit card)

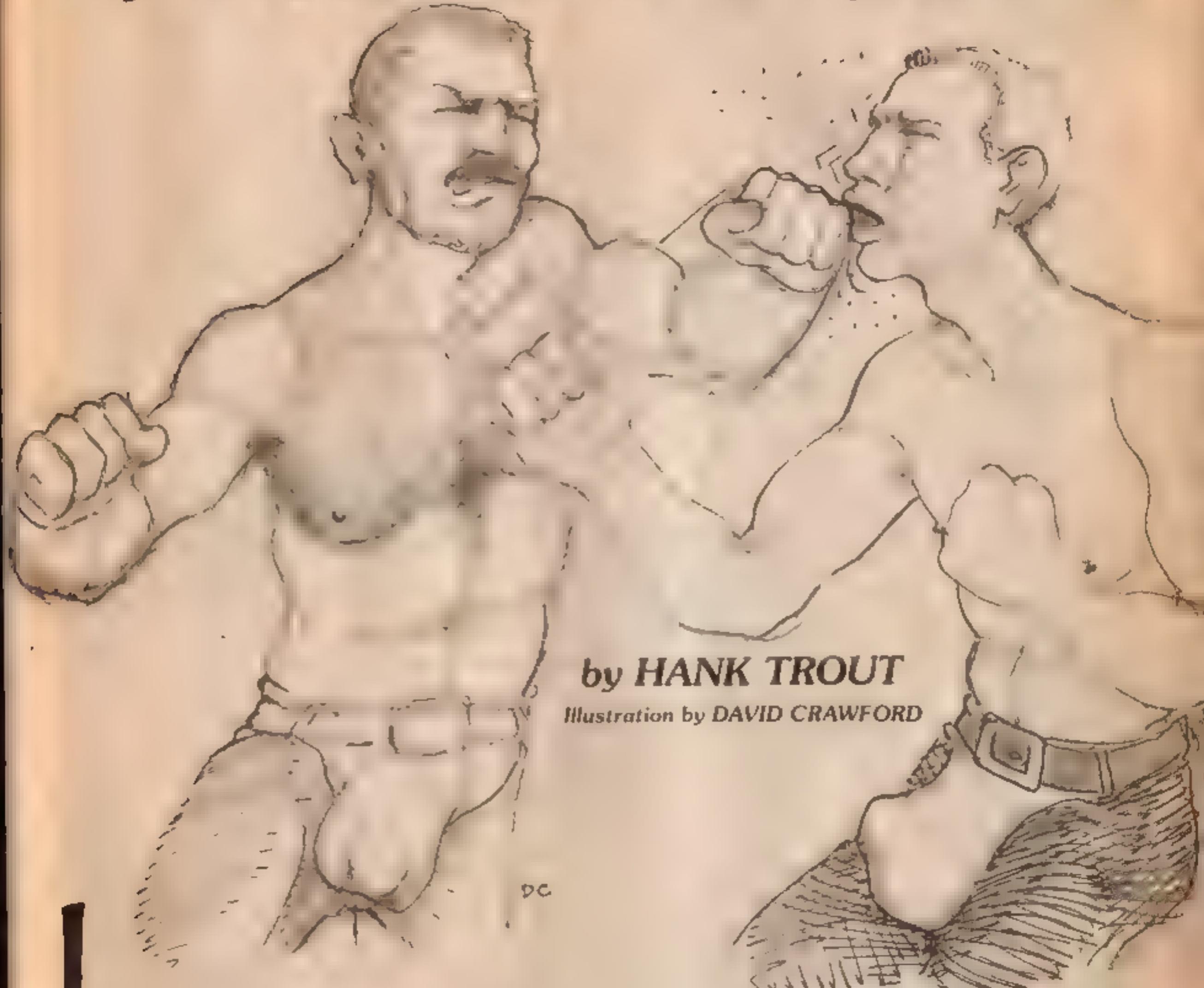
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
(I am over 21 years of age)

# BRAWLING BIKERS



by HANK TROUT

Illustration by DAVID CRAWFORD

I should have known that the day of the bike events would find me sullen and pissed off and ready to kick the shit out of someone. I mean, I'd gone on this run for six years in a row, and this was the first year I wouldn't be able to ride in the bike events. Like a fucking fool, I'd let Chuck, the guy who usually rides as my buddy, borrow the bike just the week before to go visit his folks in D.C. On the way back, he'd been run off the freeway by some asshole trucker, had lost control of the bike on the shoulder, and bounced it along the guardrails for about two hundred feet. Fortunately, Chuck was in pretty good condition, considering he'd gotten away from the bike before it started tumbling and flopping down the road. He'd be in perfect shape before too long. But not the bike. Hell, you don't see too many mint-condition Moto Guzis like mine any more—and now it looked unlikely that mine would ever see the road again.

So there I was, wandering around the campsite, mentally

kicking my own ass for letting the bike out for even a second with anyone but me driving it, wanting to stomp the living Jesus out of Chuck for making me miss the bike events but at the same time knowing that it wasn't really his fault—I mean, my Moto Guzi was just no match for an oil tanker truck doing about 80 down the freeway. I was leaning on the corner of one of the cabins and I'd just butted out a joint and stuffed the roach down my leather pants when this stocky blond dude walked out the side door and headed my way.

"Hey, man," he began as he got nearer, "what are you all bent out of shape about?"

I cringed. "Bad choice of words there, pal," I said as I pictured my bike doing its tumbling act down the highway. Looking the guy over, I recognized him from other runs over the last couple years. I reached into my pocket for the half-smoked joint, relit it, introduced myself—his name was Frank—and told him about

his crotch, mashing his cock and balls into his groin, doubling him over at the waist. When he bent, I let go of the hammerlock, doubled my fists together, raised my arms high above my head and hammered both fists down into the back of his neck. Frank crashed face-first into the leaves and dirt.

I reached down to grab Frank's head and hoist him to his feet, but as I did, he panted at me, "All right, fucker! That's enough. I've had it!"

The next thing I heard were the hoots and yells and clapping of the dudes who had surrounded us as we fought—they moved in closer now, circling the two of us, Frank face-down in the dirt, me straddling his back.

"Anybody got some rope?" I asked as the other guys drew nearer. One of them, a big burly fucker with a huge military green canvas duffel bag slung over his bare shoulder, dropped the bag on the ground and began rummaging through it, tossing out toys and all kinds of shit as he did.

"Rope—rubbers—lube—tit clamps—handcuffs—you name it," he said as he looked up from the contents of his duffel bag.

"Just the rope—for now," I said as I scooped up the long length of thin rope he'd pulled out of his bag. I slung the rope over my shoulder and reached down to Frank. With one hand under each armpit, I literally dragged the man to his feet and over to the tree that he'd rammed me into earlier. There I turned him around and leaned him chest-first up against the tree. I tied the rope tight around his left wrist, walked around the tree, grabbed his other hand and pulled it around to meet his left, and tied the two together. All the while, these other dudes crowded around, dicks in hand, eager to watch me fuck Frank's beaten ass.

"Now, what was that you said earlier about pissing all over me, boy?"

I reached around in front of Frank, between his belly and the tree trunk, and ripped open the snaps of his chaps. After I peeled his chaps down his legs to his knees, I unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them down too, baring that smooth white ass to the morning sun and to my cock that I pulled out of my leather pants, hard as a railroad spike. I took a couple steps back from Frank's hard round ass, spread my feet, and let go with a stream of piss that had been backed up all morning—splashing the warm yellow stream first at the small of his back and watching it run down the crack of that hairless ass, then spraying it across his cheeks and down his lightly haired thighs and watching it run down those thickly muscled legs and soaking his jeans. As I pissed all over his ass and legs, Frank leaned into the tree, immobilized by the rope around his wrists, the left side of his face pressed against the tree bark that had cut into my back earlier, a look of resigned submission on his face as I soaked his ass.

But I wanted to do more with that ass than just wet it down. As soon as the last trickle of piss dropped off my dickhead, I retrieved from my back pocket and opened a prelubed sheepskin rubber. I stretched the rubber tight over the head of my eager, swollen dick and rolled the sheepskin tube down the full length of my hard shaft. I stepped up to Frank, put my hands on his hips, and pushed him forward into the tree, hearing him groan as his own hard cock rubbed into the hard rough bark. "Just keep that pretty ass spread wide open for me, boy," I said as the covered head of my dick probed between Frank's cheeks in search of his asshole. Surrounding the tree, ten or twelve men stood stroking ten or twelve hard naked cocks, but the only one that I paid any attention to was the sheepskin-covered dick protruding from my leather pants and about to enter the asshole on this tough little blond stud I'd tied to the tree.

The head of my dick found Frank's hole and probed its way in, the circle of muscle between his cheeks clamping down tight on the bulbed head as it entered, involuntarily trying to keep the rest of the shaft from sliding into his ass. I moved my hands from Frank's hips to the sides of the tree, squeezed hard, pressing my big hairy chest into Frank's back, my cock farther into his ass, grinding his chest and groin into the tree. As he

groaned, I figured it was from both the bark grating the flesh on his chest and the pain of my thick cock climbing up his asshole. As I felt nearly all of my dick in his ass, I reached down to its base, made sure the rubber was still in place, and then started rocking my groin into Frank's cheeks, sliding my cock up and down inside his ass, feeling that asshole alternately relax and contract in response to my probing and pushing. Frank groaned louder as each thrust from my hips drove his groin into the tree, but never once did that ass resist the fucking I was giving it.

I slid my hands up Frank's back and clamped them down on his broad shoulder muscles to hold him even firmer in place; as I did, Frank pushed his ass back harder against my groin, opening that ass even more for my cock. I rocked harder, shoving that dick deeper into Frank's ass with each thrust, my hairy groin slamming into his smooth cheeks, my balls churning and flopping back and forth each time I pounded into him. Frank's groans and mine became louder, mingling with the groans of the men surrounding us as they too came closer to shooting off loads of cum.

As I felt my balls ready to explode their load into the bulb of the sheepskin rubber that covered my dick, I tightened my grip on Frank's shoulder with one hand and with the other started pounding on Frank's broad smooth back, clapping my open hand down on his shoulder, slapping the sides of his cheeks as I plowed deeper and faster into that tight ass. Frank's groans turned to loud, low grunts and his ass thrust back harder into my groin, driving his widespread ass harder onto my aching cock.

And then it started—I felt that familiar rumbling in my thighs and the base of my cock, felt the covered head of my dick jerking and twitching inside Frank's ass, felt my balls contracting as they prepared to explode, releasing themselves of the load they'd churned up.

I slammed harder into Frank's ass; five, six more times I pounded my groin into that round hard butt and then one last slam, pulling down on Frank's shoulders as I did, his ass slamming back onto my cock—and I came. Jesus! did I come! I threw my arms around Frank's chest and gut and squeezed him in tight against me as I felt spurt after spurt of cum shooting up through the shaft of my dick and filling the head of the rubber at the end of it. I grabbed Frank's balls and the base of his dick in one hand and felt him coming too, shooting long white streams of cum all over the bark of the tree and down into the jeans and chaps around his knees.

For several moments I stood there holding onto Frank, our sweaty bodies plastered together, before noticing that all around us several of the other guys had shot off too, some aiming their loads onto the tree, others happy to coal some of the leaves that covered the ground around us. I let go of Frank's cock and balls and slid my hand down to my own dick. Holding onto the end of the rubber at the base of my cock, I slowly eased back, carefully sliding my dick out of that hard tight ass.

"Someone untie this fucker," I said as I pulled the cum-filled rubber off my still-hard dick. I tossed the rubber into the woods and crammed my cock back inside my leather pants. The guy who'd supplied the rope obliged, and Frank's arms dropped to his sides. I pulled his jeans up from around his knees, then his chaps, and he turned to face me, leaning his back into the tree. I saw the scrapes and small cuts on his chest and belly from the tree bark and almost felt sorry about them until I remembered having been held up against that tree myself earlier in the morning.

"Let's head back to the cabin and get that chest cleaned up," I said to Frank. He nodded; I threw my arm across his shoulder and we started off across the clearing back to the campsite.

"Uh, you still sorry you can't ride today?" Frank asked as we entered the woods.

"Yeah, I am," I sort of sighed, then I looked at Frank and grinned a broad, satisfied grin. "But then, I think I found something else to ride for the rest of the day, buddy."

I'd think about the bike later.

# MALECALL



DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION BY BILL WARD

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO DRUMMER MALECALL  
PO BOX 11114, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1114



## FAVORITE TOYS?

I have always enjoyed Drummer, but in Issue 96 you outdid yourself. My favorite magazine included my favorite toys. WOMEN!

I am not suggesting you change your format. It was just nice to be acknowledged as existing as more than the usual dominatrix-vamp fringe.

My girl and I have encountered no end of animosity from lesbians when we dress and act in a comfortable manner in public. Our SM brothers are always the first to welcome us and make us feel at home in their bars, social gatherings, etc.

Thanks again for a great publication!

Starr  
New Orleans

## THIRD TIME AROUND

I'm glad to see you as new owners and hope that this subscription will be better than in the past. I used to subscribe to Drummer and didn't renew because of problems in getting what I paid for. I didn't even get answers to my letters regarding where my magazine was.

I've been scammed over twice, Drummer, and I'll give you only one more chance.

J M  
Anaheim, CA

Ed.: We acknowledge that there were problems in the past with subscriptions to Drummer and Mach but assure you that with policies set up by Desmodus, Inc. these should be alleviated. Seldom does everything go perfectly, but in case you do have a problem we guarantee prompt attention. —JET

## GUARANTEED RESPONSE

One of the advantages of Drummer and the Leather Fraternity is that men into diverse sexual and fantasy trips can contact each other through the unique personal ad section, Dear Sir.

I have had an ad running for several issues and have had great response, but still there is a problem that I realized must be happening to other men with ads. That problem is that some of the hottest responses to my ad have failed to put either a phone number or even a return address in their letters. I am sure that some of these are not jerk-off letters, but have simply forgotten to include a return mailing address.

So, guys, if you answer an ad, get your shit together and insure that the man on the other end knows how to reach you. If

he got your dick hard enough to take the time to write, he probably is together enough to write back even if it's a polite "No, thanks." Think back, did you or did you not put the return address on the letter or the envelope?

C.E.  
Dallas, TX

## REAL MEN DO LIKE OPERA

I had to read it a few times to make sure that I wasn't seeing things, but there it was in Drummer 100, a letter from C.P. that asked "Why don't you show more real men and fewer San Francisco faggots?"

I shouldn't be the one to have to tell C.P. this, but a light has to teach him under his spell. You see, C.P. faggots are real men, and some of them even appreciate films and opera. Exercising your internalized homophobia may have a place at PMR Robedischally, but it has no place in Drummer.

T.R. Wilomski  
Toms River, NJ

## POPPING OFF

Thank you for the attention you have given to poppers and AIDS. I write to take issue with Bruce Voeller's recent article on this topic (Drummer Forum, issue 99).

Voeller cites a study by the M.D. Anderson Hospital group which studied the immunosuppressive effects of poppers. He referred only to the part of the study in which mice were injected with a "popper" solution. He failed to note or deal with the second and most relevant part of the study in which mice were given an inhalation exposure to poppers. The researchers state, "It is important to note not only direct administration of isobutyl nitrite via injection decreased NK-cell cytotoxic potential, but also that inhalation of this agent was NK-cell suppressive. The latter observation, which experimentally resembles the exposure of humans to isobutyl nitrite, indicates that this agent could contribute to the immunodeficiency in AIDS via its NK-cell suppressive effect." The results of these studies indicate that immunosuppression should be added to the other reasons why isobutyl nitrite should not be used by man." (p. 134 of *Cancer Immunology Immunotherapy* 1984, 17, by Eva Lotzova, et al of the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute)

Voeller criticizes our efforts to alert the community about the hazards of

poppers, by questioning our scientific credentials. The research speaks for itself.

I suggest that you inform your readers that while Voeller made reference to the non-relevant part of a poppers study, he failed to note the more relevant inhalation part of the study.

San Francisco has not banned poppers or their sale. Profiteers who continue to push them are required to post a point-of-sale warning. Use in public has been prohibited.

Hank Wilson  
Committee to Monitor Poppers  
55 Mason St  
San Francisco, CA 94102

Editorial Institute Dr. Voeller made use of a nonrelevant part of the poppers study while failing to note the more relevant portion is contained below. Are not all portions of the report relevant? Dr. Voeller pointed out in paragraph 3 facts within the report.

We applaud the integrity of both sides in this ongoing controversy for keeping our readers informed so they may make their own decisions concerning the use or nonuse of isobutyl nitrates. —ET

## CUMMING AGAIN

I have been a reader for as many years as you guys have been in operation, and while I have been impressed in the past, I was knocked out by Mach 10. From your editorial, I am upset to hear that fewer men have purchased that issue due to newsstands refusing to display the cover. I have shot more gushers over the stories "Calseye" and "Pussy Maker" than any other in print (save maybe "Blue Light"). Are the authors of these two stories working on more for your magazines? I sure hope so!

Please give us some fiction by these two guys. In my mind they are what Drummer fiction is all about: hot men, hot scenes taken to the max! Perhaps you might think about reprinting the stories in Drummer for those who missed Mach 10. I could sit here and write more, but I'd rather grease up a ten-inch dildo and get back to reading those two stories again!

H.B.

NYC.

Ed.: Desmodus, Inc. rarely reprints previously published material, even from our own magazines, but Mach 10 can be ordered from our back issues department for \$6.

# THE WORLD'S FIRST "NO HANDS" MALE MASTURBATOR FOR UNDER \$40

STROKES UP AND DOWN YOUR PENIS

... ALL BY ITSELF!

Once you've introduced your penis — hard or soft — to the incredible new Oro-Simulator, your hands never touch your cock! The ingenious remote activator does all the work for you! All by itself, the Oro-Simulator slides wetly, slickly up and down, dances enticingly back and forth, even screws crazily, wildly, round and round! No hand, no mouth and no hole could ever hold themselves as intimately, or cling so completely to your cock! Nothing but the specially designed Oro-Simulator could wrap itself around your penis like your very own second skin — stimulating simultaneously every single sensitive nerve ending anywhere and everywhere on your cock! The sensation is absolutely unbelievable — like the



ON YOUR BACK

best blow job and the wildest fuck you've ever had or ever imagined, both repeated all over again, all at once and at the same time! The "no-hands" Oro-Simulator goes to work immediately and when the time comes to climax you'll have the most soul shattering, nerve rending, hotly spasming explosion of unbundled sexual ecstasy you've had in years!

## SOFT OR HARD — KEEPS ON STROKING IN ANY POSITION! EVEN WHILE YOU CHANGE POSITION!

Once you've put your Oro-Simulator on your penis, it stays on and keeps working. Change from one position to another... the Oro-Simulator doesn't care. It continues to cling, hold and wet, gliding slickly up and down, stroking with ever maddening intensity back and forth until your vision blurs with total excitement and your balls are screaming to let go!

Unlike a mouth or ass hole the Oro-Simulator never lets go. Never gets tired, never gives up, never stops moving unless you want it to! The pleasure is relentless, ever increasing, all consuming — at precisely the speed, motion and position that feels best for you!



STANDING



KNEELING



SITTING



ON YOUR SIDE

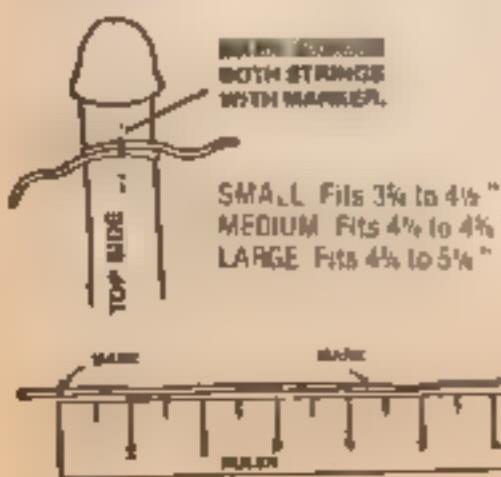
## AN INCREDIBLE BARGAIN!

We know of only one other masturbator that frees the hands from the penis and works by remote control like the Oro-Simulator. This other unit costs from \$400 to a full \$900 depending upon the model. The Oro-Simulator was originally figured to be very competitive at around \$100. We are sure you will see Oro-Simulator offered elsewhere at \$69.95. We are pleased we can now rush one to you for the all inclusive price of \$39.95! So, for the same price or less than clumsy, old fashioned battery or electrically operated, hands-on masturbators, you can now own and enjoy the one and only Oro-Simulator.

"It gives me control over the speed and amount of movement but with my hands off my cock, it feels like there's a real man sucking down there."

### ACCURATE MEASUREMENTS ARE IMPORTANT

Measure your penis at full erection. Wrap a piece of string around your erection about one inch from the head. Overlap the string so that you can mark both sides. Lay string on ruler and check the measurement. NOTE: If your measurement is on the border line ORDER THE LARGER SIZE.



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ANSWER

ANSWER

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We don't currently have any new material from Skip Benson, but Dan Cavanagh's new fiction will be in Drummer 103, illustrated by Cavelo. And since you enjoyed "Blue Light," Aaron Travis' story "Kudzo" was in Drummer 101.

For those of you who hate missing issues and the super-hot fiction in Drummer and Mach, get a subscription—it's faster and cheaper.

—JET

## FANTASY FULFILLMENT

I'd like to say thank you for your magazine. Since I answered an ad in the Dear Sir section, I have been fulfilling my life's dream of becoming a slave.

M.L.

Address Unknown

## THANKS TO DEAR SIR

Just had to write and say thanks for being the kind of magazine that you are. I have been a fan for many years, and have gotten off many times on the stories and photo spreads.

Now I have another reason. I have been running an ad for some time in Dear Sir and have met some great people. Thanks to the ad I have found my dad. This man is teaching me things about myself I didn't know about and I want to learn more. He has taken the time to make me a better person and I am trying hard to make him proud of me.

My tits are sore because Dad likes to work on them (and I love to have them worked on). My ass is sore because I forgot something and needed to be reminded.

Thanks again for all you have done over the years and especially for what your magazine has meant to me.

A.G.

Washington, DC

## REMEMBERING SAM PASCO

I am still in a state of shock after reader Drummer 97 which mentions the death of Sam Pasco (Big Max). Over the years I collected many photos of him and he became my idol. It seems so cruel (whether or not he was taking steroids) that his life was cut short.

He had an incredible body and when posing for the camera he didn't just look at the camera, but would appear to be staring right through the camera at you.

In the article which mentioned his death, it stated he had just completed a movie in Europe titled Ironmaster. Can you supply any information as to how I can obtain a copy of this film?

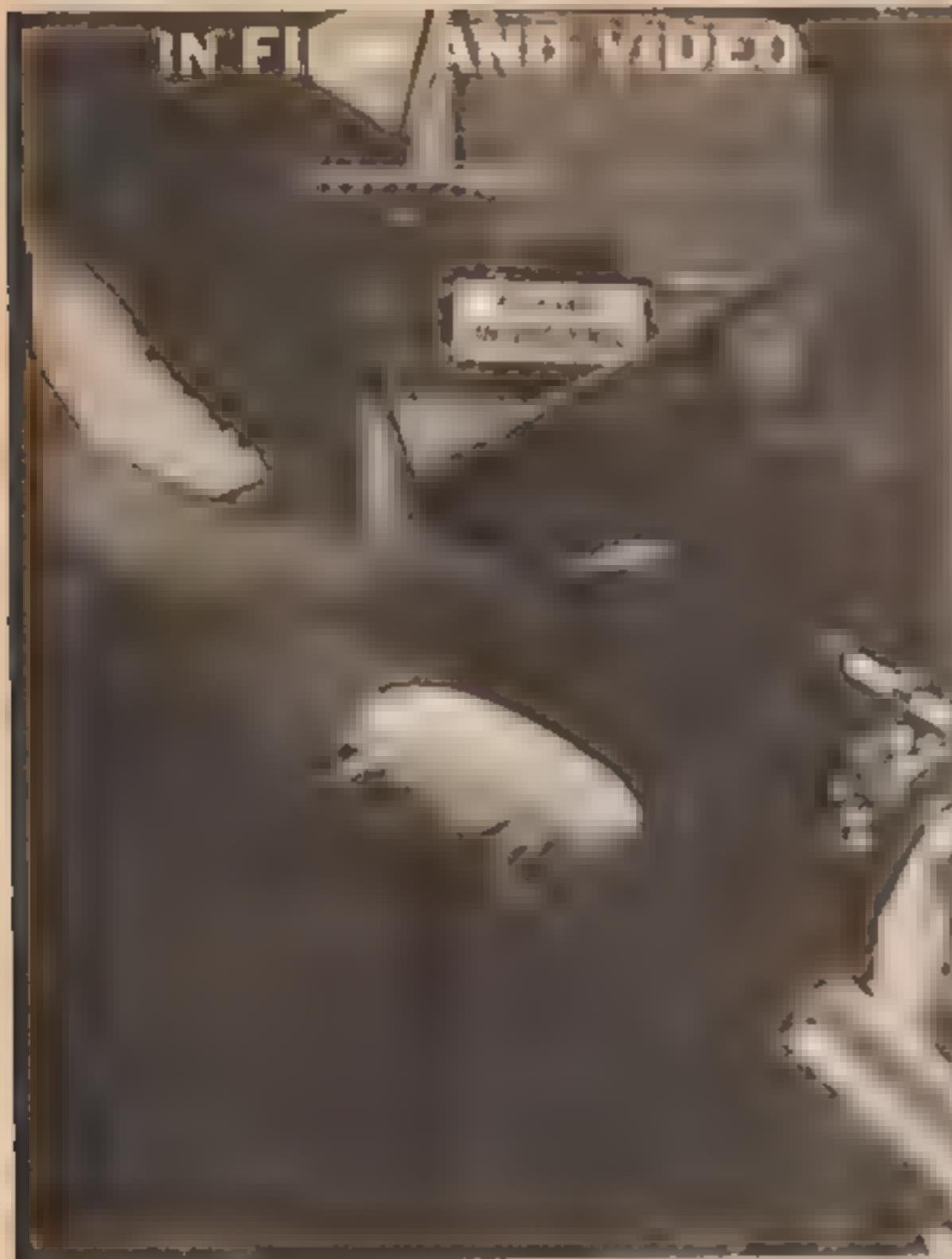
D.B.

New York, NY

Ed.: Ironmaster was an Italian film release last year in this country and had a short run at the box office. It is now available at or can be ordered through your local video store.

—JET

# A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE HISTORY OF SADOMASOCHISM



Richard Coe admires Steve Boy's professionalism during the filming of Kansas City Trucking Co. Photo courtesy Gage Films

In the beginning there was the gnawing need to be hurt; violently, relentlessly, uncompromisingly, brutalized—not a physical need but an even more real cerebral need. A fixation to be slammed to the floor (or ground or bed), slapped across the face (or ass or balls), bent over and unceremoniously deflowered (or fisted) by a strapping marine (or sailor or motorcycle cop or gangster)—or worse.

That is the genius of the creative process of erotic fantasy: that anything is possible, that all elements are perfect in their manifestations, and that the dreamer doesn't die in the end regardless of the severity of the encounter (It isn't fashionable to talk about death and sex in the same breath today—but the analogy is both relevant and historically accurate. Phrases like "fucked my brains out," "I thought I had died, and 'dick of death'" are exaggerated, but completely accurate descriptions of a sexual fantasy that—because it is housed in fantasy, knows no bounds).

What we could imagine could keep us stimulated forever. But it was in the process of sharing what we had

imagined that both creativity and compromise began to dictate the outcome. The first thing that happens when you transfer a thought from one medium to another is pollution.

Literature served fantasy best—there is a powerful argument that it still serves fantasy best, that the evidence is in the other mediums: polluted, compromised, pale shadows of the original, awesome sexual fantasy. Literature had the depth and time and inclination to transform the unspoken fantasy into a mass commerce. But literature also made demands on the audience it served—not the least of which was the ability to read. Less demanding mediums were the order of the day—as modern technology made other mediums, especially the visual arts, accessible to both creator and audience.

The invention of the instant photograph and the home darkroom were the two greatest boons to pornography in general and to SM semiology in particular. Pornography could offer, via the instant photo or the home-processed photo, documentation for a variety of sexual activities and situations

heretofore restricted to the realm of fantasy and literature (and a realm in which the reader naturally assumed his preoccupation with the subject would remain unfulfilled). But these two elements showed that a society existed outside the realm of fantasy: through the instant photograph a number of people interested in fist fucking would have evidence that fist-fuckers existed in numbers, that piss-drinkers and shit-eaters existed in numbers, that sadists and masochists existed in numbers (and sometimes that sadomasochism came in pairs)—because these would be the subjects of homemade instant photos mailed back and forth from coast to coast; traded from hand to hand, ultimately becoming unidentified icons in someone's private scrapbook.

The same thing happened commercially with the development of the home darkroom and 35mm film. (Previously, commercial porn was shot and developed on 4x5-inch sheet film—which is why this size became the standard for "photo sets" prior to 1950.) However, because commer-



pornography, especially of an SM bent, had to worry about the post office and being arrested for obscenity, the end result never offered more than wrestling, bondage and spanking—and even then usually in the guise of being a historic or mythological recreation.

Since sadomasochism (and I use the term to mean either top or bottom) was a substratum of homosexuality itself, it's best pornography was that which existed sub rosa from the whole of pornography. Although it could never recreate the power of the pure fantasy or of SM literature, it was provocative. And it was—by happenstance—educational, showing the inexperienced how and what to expect in terms of real-life sexual possibilities.

But it was crude (or it was art). To get someone to be willing to be tied up and whipped on camera usually limited the possibilities to desperate bottoms who would have greased up a fire hydrant if barked at in a commanding enough voice. While the acts were real, the actors were not crotch-stirring.

Perhaps it's time for an aside about desirability: We have followed the lead of the nongay world all too well. What is attractive is young, muscular, handsome, hung and healthy—usually in that order. What we really desire is to see Emilio Estevez taking a belt to Matt Dillon. So we end up with these mixed priorities: we want the real thing (SM practiced by sadomasochists) but we want it photographed by Jim French and cast by the Nina Bianchard Agency. In its purest form, the sexual fantasy can have all that—but that's the only way it can.

As pornography, in the late 1960s, came into its own—SM gayporn began to emerge as popular entertainment. That is perhaps the signal of the death of creativity—that it appear as an item for mass consumption. Although 8mm loops of SM activity had appeared (as well as closet-gay/closet-SM art like Kenneth Anger's "Scorpio Rising"), the walk-in audience in mainstream and gay theatres were treated to the likes of Tinto Brass' *Salon Kitty* (he would later make the awesome *Caligula*), Roger Earl's *Born To Raise Hell*, Fred Halsted's *Sextool* and Peter Berlin's *Nights in Black Leather*. All of which occurred in 1972. There had been earlier and softer films like *Golden Boys of the SS* and *The Collector* (a gay, softcore ripoff of the very sadomasochistic John Knowles novel of the same name), but in terms of taking the pulse of SM reality—this was the year of the spiked belt.

I have always associated outlaw sex acts with SM because I have anticipated a tolerance of fetish-oriented sex from sadomasochists even if the sex did not involve traditional SM practices.

Equally, in looking at this history, I have assumed the sadomasochistic dynamics of all sexual fetishes: boot lickin' and piss drinkin' are signs of sexual, emotional and physical subjugation and the express desire to be dominated.

*Born To Raise Hell* was little more than a glorified documentary: a number of men in a bar perform a number of SM acts for the camera. Among the cast, indeed billed as the star, was Val Martin (since passed away) who, with Fred Halsted, instituted the idea of the muscular top. No longer was it enough to take charge, you had to look like you were physically so superior that you could inflict relentless pain. In a radio interview a few years later, Fred Halsted expounded on his theory that it was the right of the stronger to take whatever he wanted from the weaker.

As limited as it was in narrative line (although it is alleged that *Born To Raise Hell* actually had a plot), the film offered a cornucopia of sexual activities: fisting, whipping, piss drinking, torture, genital torture, bondage and shaving, with the added treats of a pervasive air of verbal humiliation. Besides a cast in leather and jeans, the film offered the first look at uniforms as a source of sexual fetish. (It just so happened it was a Los Angeles Police uniform that was used, which sent the Los Angeles Police—an organization with absolutely no sense of humor—into an hysterical frenzy.)

An aside: I start with *Born To Raise Hell* and not Fred Halsted's *L.A. Plays Itself* because the latter can no longer be seen in its original form. The fisting scene—perhaps the first in a commercial film—was an insert in the original and has subsequently been removed by the current video distributor. *L.A. Plays Itself* has another watermark all its own, but it has nothing to do with SM.

Fred Halsted's *Sextool* made its debut theatrically in 1972. Again, while various versions exist on the video market, none are complete. Especially butchered is the HIS Video version which deletes the pissing scene at the film's climax and makes a profoundly beautiful moment into incomprehensible gibberish.

*Sextool* was slightly ahead of its time artistically, but the essence of SM at its heart—Halsted was the unchallenged spokesman for the SM community during the early '70s—rings true today. Pain, real pain, is emotional (a premise that *9½ Weeks* will reiterate fourteen years later). *Sextool*'s characters demonstrated their ability to punish with a sneer as well as with a belt or a boot. One of the film's highlights was a scene in which Tim Rhodes, as a sailor, is beaten and fisted by three chrome-

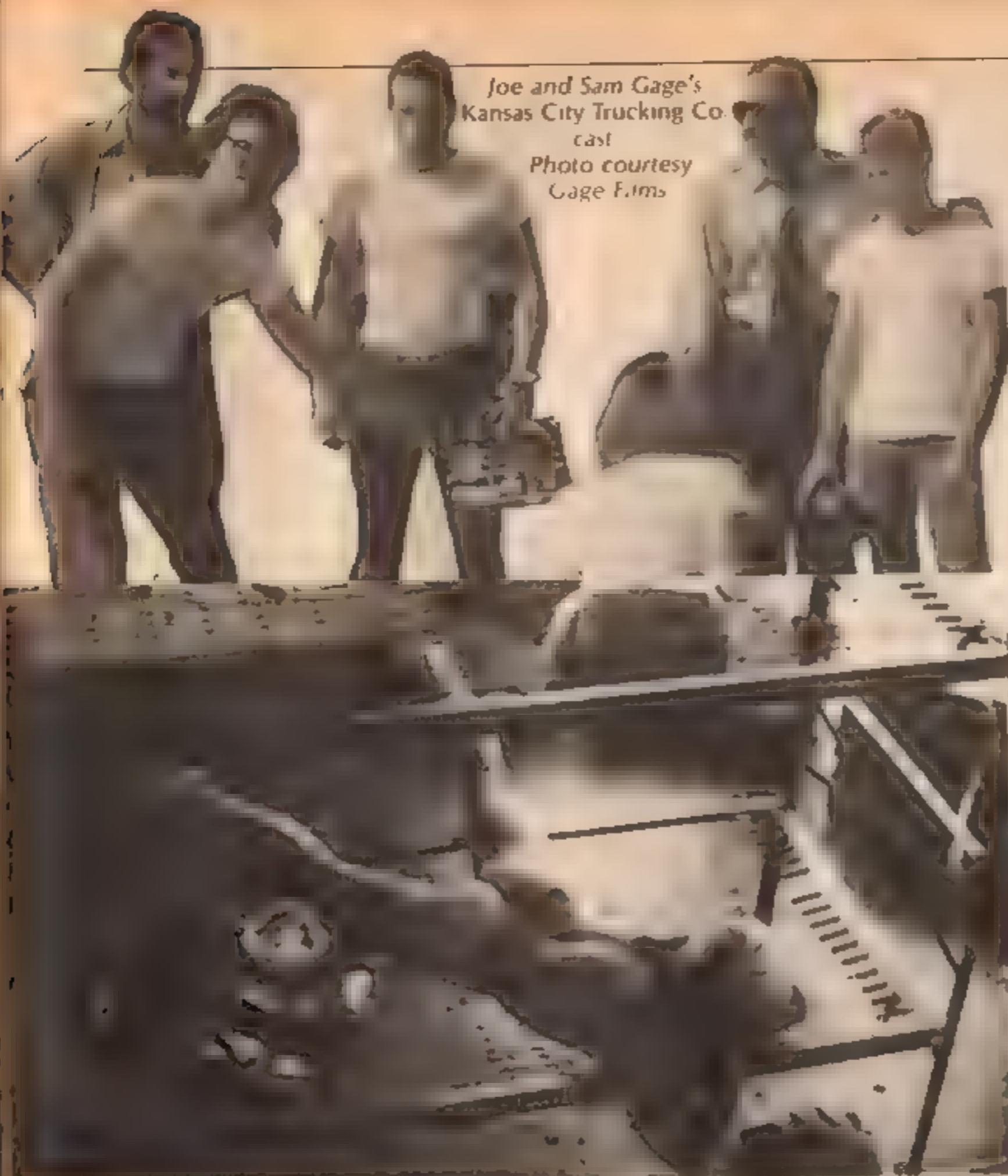
belted sadists on a matressless bunk bed. This constituted the most popular imagery from the film and was used extensively to impart the tone of the story. Halsted once told me how the other actors disliked Rhodes and complained to him about the young blond's arrogance and affected manner. Halsted told them, off camera, to use that as their motivation for abusing him—and not to hold back.

The irony is that Rhodes was sexually motivated by the display of contempt and the physical abuse he suffered at their hands—the more he was abused, the more he gave; it is the film's most sexually mesmerizing scene. And it is easy to see the other side of the coin by looking at Rhodes in the hardcore *Behind The Greek Door*, where he is an uninspired and uninspiring frat-house participant, or in the semi-hardcore *The Pledge*, where he is an even less-credible top.

Tinto Brass made his Nazi sex fantasy, *Salon Kitty* (based on historic events), with all the excess he would later put into the big-budget trash epic *Caligula*. All that is different is the explicitness of the sex—which would not have been possible in 1972 in a mainstream movie. While *Caligula* stands as the most fantastic of all mainstream SM films, there is a unique and appealing sickness to *Salon Kitty*. The appeal lies partly in how Brass brought heretofore unmentionable Nazi sex tortures to the screen. They may or may not have been historically accurate, but they have been the mainstay of post-WWII propaganda, the ultimate unforgivable acts, second only to the gas chambers themselves.

In truth, Brass shows more an intention of evil than pure visual evil—although what he does show—the training of prostitutes by "pure" Nazi studs, sexual torture and humiliation, rape and murder are fairly spectacular. All this is set in a German whorehouse liberally peppered with dancing homosexuals. But while *Salon Kitty* has an air of SM, *Caligula* is heterosexual and homosexual SM in vivid, 70mm Vista-Vision: brilliantly colored, closely scrutinized, pandering unabashedly to the SM tradition in historical Roman fantasy.

Curiosities like *Black and Blue* (pulled from circulation because of a scene in which a character was beaten until he passed out) tried to straddle the fence between narrative and documentary because of a growing apprehension in the early '70s that authentic SM couldn't be shown in public without incurring the wrath of the local prosecutor unless it had the handle of respectability associated with documentary filmmaking. It was a weak excuse from the start, and the distributor of



Joe and Sam Gage's  
Kansas City Trucking Co.  
cast

Photo courtesy  
Gage Films

*Black and Blue* had two versions prepared of the film depending on what cities it played. Some audiences saw Bill Harrison pissing down the throat of a well-whipped bottom at the conclusion of a long three-way, some did not. Some audiences saw that, followed by a fist-fucking scene in a bathroom with the bottom bent over the tub, some did not. Some audiences saw an opening segment where a young man is tied spread-eagle in an archway, fucked with a large leather dildo, then whipped until he faints...some audiences did not.

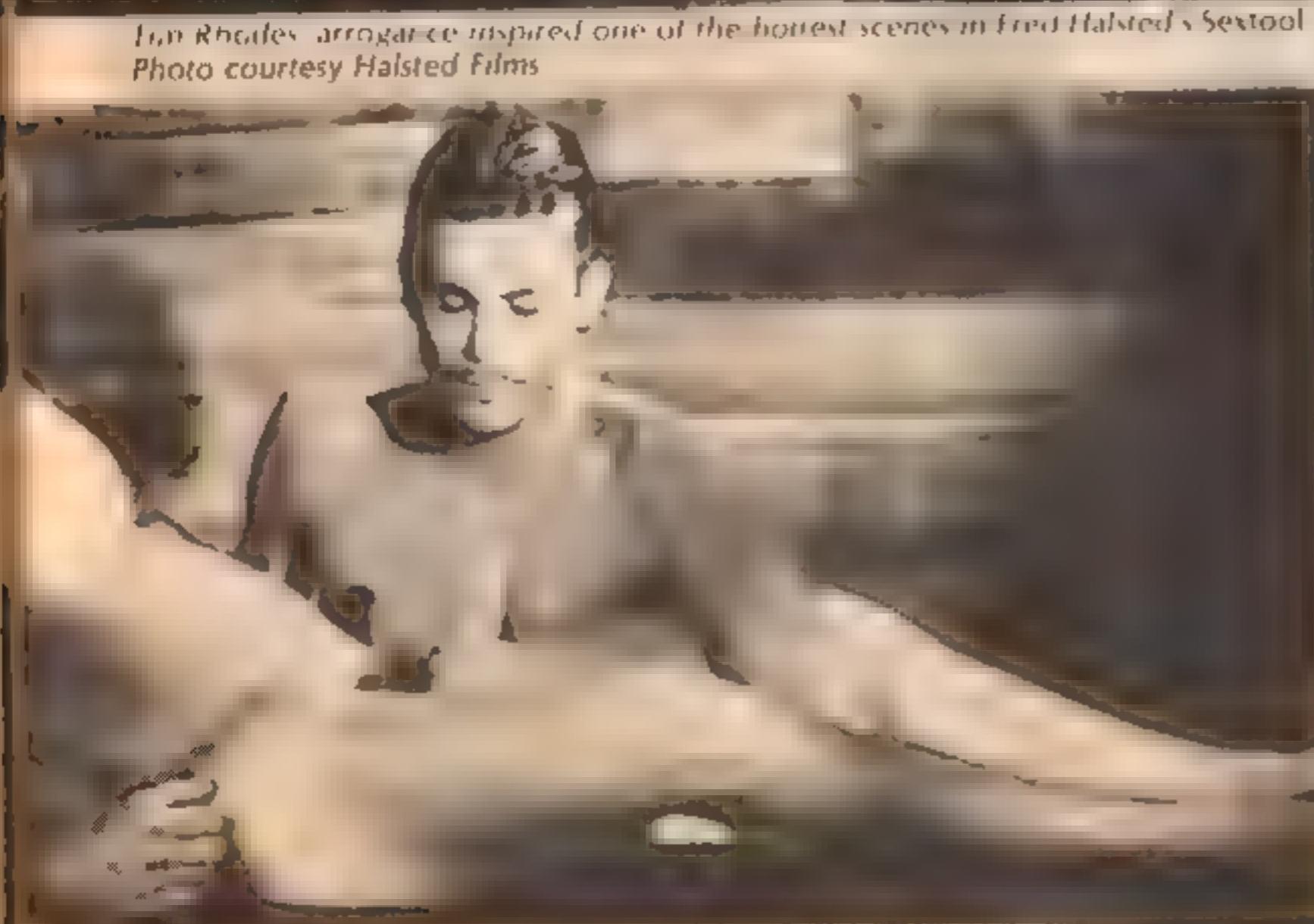
While this kind of outlaw sex had a following, what was getting the attention of theatrical distributors (who were either heterosexuals or closet gays) was the likes of Peter Berlin's *Nights in Black Leather*, a pseudo-leather film about a young German boy who comes to America looking for sexual excitement and finds it in the alleyways of Los Angeles. There is a single scene in the SM vein and, unfortunately, Berlin—a statuesque and much-affected gay model—plays the top. "Plays" is the operative word; Berlin looks more like a Toby drawing in leather pants than a sadomasochist.

But by this time a number of theatres had been busted for showing both *Black and Blue* and *Born To Raise Hell*. The independent gay market was getting nervous at the same time Pier Paolo Pasolini was making *Salo: The 120 Days of Sodom* (which would not come to America for a few years and which would prove to be Pasolini's last film)—the most graphic SM film of its time. It was only eclipsed by Tinto Brass' *Caligula* five years later.

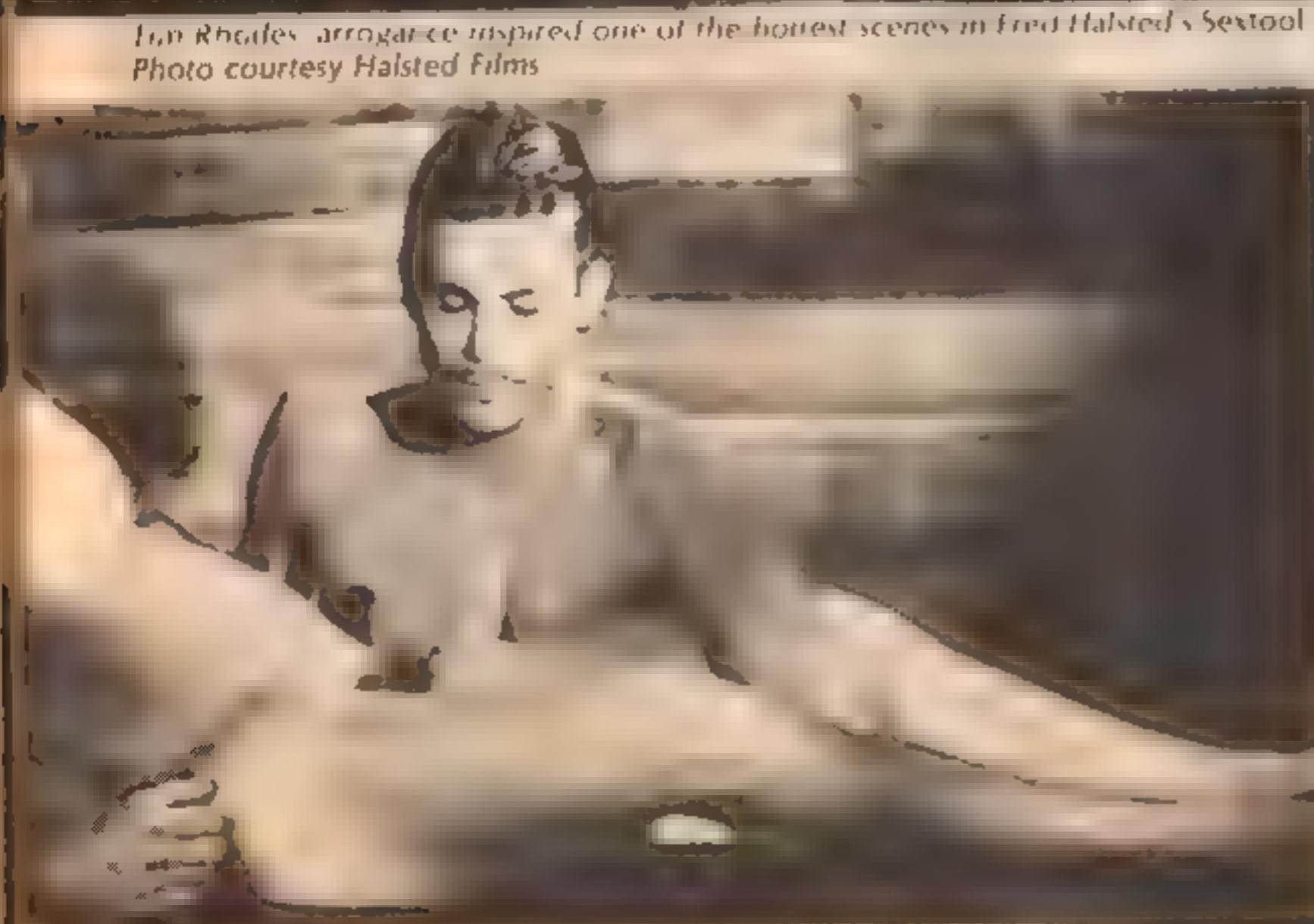
Nothing memorable in SM was made in America after 1974, save for a mystery with delicious SM overtones (and an explicit fisting scene) called *Boynapped*. Ironically, this film boasted two heterosexual-identified stars from nongay porn, Wade Nichols and Jamie Gillis (who appeared under the name Jamie Rugman). Nichols died two years ago of AIDS, one of the first porn (gay or nongay) fatalities. Gillis made a spate of heterosexual SM films with his girlfriend, Serena, that are every inch as provocative as any gay SM film on the market.

Titles like *Night of Submission* (from 1977) are lamebrain attempts to exploit the genre without any feel of the material or understanding of the dynamics. This holds true from works like *Behind The Greek Door* and *The Pledgemaster*.

Something that happened between 1974 and 1980 was that a new figure turned up in gay porn, the basic, all-around masculine man, typified by the films of Joe and Sam Gage (*Kansas City Trucking Co.*, *El Paso Wrecking*,



Tim Rhodes' arrogance inspired one of the hottest scenes in Fred Halsted's *Sextool*.  
Photo courtesy Halsted Films



Michael Kearns concentrates on his part in *L.A. Tool and Die*. Photo Gage Films.

Corp. LA Tool and Die) and Joe Gage later, independently (Closed Set, Hard Some and Heatstroke) and Jack Deveau (on the East Coast) with a string of films starring Jack Wrangler, Malo, Justin Thyme and Roger. Films like Hot House A Night at the Adams, Sex Magic, Left Handed and others.

This image did two things. It was acceptable to the theatre owners because it looked "normal" but didn't have a motorcycle or a whip and it was acceptable to a larger share of the gay cinema audience (not all of whom were interested in SM in the first place).

In 1980 Caligula was released amid much controversy and opened the doors for harder-edged SM. But at the very same time the gay cinema industry was dying an agonizing death. The local gay porn palace that had dominated gay socio-sexual behavior for a decade was being abandoned in lieu of the bathhouse (in some cities), the backroom bar (in some cities), the porn bookstores (in some cities) and the sex club (in Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York).

The porn theatres were being abandoned for some very solid reasons, the main of which was that they had failed to change with the times. In the beginning, the local gay porn theatre—more times than not owned by heterosexuals—could show the worst crap on the circuit and charge inflated prices because it occupied the position of being the only game in town. It isn't a crime—it's the American way. Few gays cared about the quality of the film anyway. The porn theatre was a place to get a blow job.

At nearly the same time (give or take a year) the home-video revolution was beginning. Just like the instant photograph and the home darkroom having a pronounced effect on pornography so has the consumer video industry. Where before anyone could take photos of their slave sitting on a dildo as big as The Ritz—now that same person can use the dildo on their slave in real time by simply setting the video camera on a tripod, turning it on, picking up a dildo and giving Junior's rectum a workout like it's never had before. Instantly after Junior has busted his balls and begged for mercy the tape can be popped into a VCR and played back over and over and over again. No editing, no chemicals, no censorship.

It has taken the video revolution a full five years to begin to spread its wings in the area of SM—in 1986 you can find spanking videos, bondage, flog, piss and shit videos, genitorture

videos probably best described as 1) Over the Counter 2) Mail Order Only, 3) Restricted Mail Order, and 4) Not for Sale but circulation.

This last category is the most interesting, the most elusive and the most impossible to document with any degree of accuracy—so we'll just say that it exists. It appears to be like the hand-to-hand days of early SM porn and consists mainly of private videos made for or between friends.

As you might have guessed, the best SM video does not come from commercial sources, even with the (so-far) relaxed attitude that is the history of the videotape.

In fact, the commercial tapes into SM, the Over-the-Counter section, have been laughable by these scrupulous standards. *Slave of the Submissive*, *Chained Rapture* and the pretentious *Slaves for Sale* (both of which are about reaping money from the consumer video market) are not at all about SM. If there's a video tape about SM and a video tape that you can buy it over the counter, it's going to be vanilla.

The next level, Mail Order, OTOH goes a little deeper—SM as sexual expression, but not as deep as you might think.

There are exceptions to the do-it-in-right-SM areas like shoving and domination. Here excellent sites like *Cat*, *TR*, *Widow's Servants*, *Sexual Barber College*, two hours of sheets and, as it's explained, "all their own grade products" that are honest disclosure of uncomplicated sexual fetishes, nothing to do with art of physical and emotional domination. Or David Lee's two hours of abuse videos, *Take Me to the Cattery*, *It's Like Hell*, *Don't Talk*, wherein an oddly attractive street hustler tells her own twisted scumdog he is—a well-arranged series of visual abuse of a man who is as asshole and ten-year-old as you can draw down.

In the same genre, *Sex Slave* excels. Jason Beau's *Sex Slave*. Another video by Beau, *Reckless*—frankly partly coincidental, *Sex Slave* dives into the whoring aspect of the master-slave relationship with tremendous emotional content. While it fails to offer the rawness of *Sex Slave*, it is staked out more on an almost artificial look. It glorifies and emphasizes the very heart of SM—the relationship between the participants.

It's *Take Me to the Dick Hard, PM*. Product? No. *Take Me to the Dick* gives you an hour of all clips from films of the 1970s. From the same company comes *Reckless*, *Sex Slave* with its

production, Close Up Productions produced some interesting light-SM titles that might still be turning up at garage sales (don't laugh, you'd be surprised what turns up at garage sales in large cities). *Captive Men*, a superb look at the artistic texture of bondage, and *Tightropes*, a slightly heavier but flawed bondage adventure with a sterling cast.

The Master of Sleaze, Christopher Rage covers 99% of the sexual fetish vocabulary. His videos are light SM but engrossing and dedicated to their particular subjects: bondage, whipping, dildoes, fisting, piss, etc. Amid his score of titles devoted (more or less) to specifics—sterling productions like *My Masters Come Along* and offer the viewer an encyclopedic amount of sexuality with sadomasochism liberally mixed in.

Restricted Mail Order occurs in those situations where you belong to an organization and get a letter saying so-and-so has made a tape (or something similar). What turns up in those instances? Well, there was a video trailering club (since folded) where members contributed to tapes in certain categories, among them some self-inflicted punishments, lots of sexual fetish material—and the run-of-the-mill vanilla JO.

A company that came and went was offering a video made from 8mm film and titled *Men's Best Friend*. In the same vein, although it may have come out from the Not-for-Sale category, was a video made on a ranch in Midwest. Slutty dogs, piss videos, flogging, typical sexual fetishes material and typically what you'd expect to find.

An aside. Contrary to the Meese Commission and other right-wing, serving creeps, snuff videos showing coercive violence do not actually exist on the commercial, sub-rosa or super-sub-rosa market. If they exist at all, they are the private products of eccentric minds and only turn up during splashy murder investigations like currently in Northern California involving two men and a bunch of women and a cabin in the woods.

The future of SM on video is bright in the hands of the independents. Samizdat video is where everything interesting will be happening for years to come. The current trend, simply till the colored boxes with "product" shows a remarkable break with the traditional which eschews creation (at the very least) and guarantees the "product" inside will be as banalized and nonprovocative as possible—porn as breakfast cereal.

John Rowberry's *Gay Vdeo*, *To Frutica* is available from San Joaquin Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Jose, CA 95111. For \$11 plus

# ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER



DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION BY BILL WARD

## REQUIEM

Today I thought about Tim and considered calling him up for a session of phone sex, and tonight I was told he is dead. We had sex once how long ago—six years? A summer afternoon in Philadelphia, a house of Dutch dimensions and tidiness, and the luxuriant taking of turns as we fucked each other.

He was no more than a bit over five feet tall, if that, and qualified as a classic "pitzel." That's what a friend of mine calls short studs. Elfin ears and hands, boyish dark Irish good looks, animated gestures, shy sidelong glances, a disciplined physique.

Tim was a composer, and the energy and intelligence with which he had been detailing the theory and history of atonalism while we sat in the kitchen simply spilled over and swept us into the bedroom.

Shortly after that afternoon, Tim and his lover moved to New York and we lost touch for a year or two. Then at a trendy New York disco I spotted Tim and his handsome tower of a lover. We traded news, gossip, phone numbers, and once every few months for about the next two years Tim and I would call each other.

"Hello?"

Hi, Tim it's Scott. You busy?

"No. Are you sitting on it already?"

Yeah."

How big is it?"

"Eight inches. Talk to me nice and I'll take ten."

"Hold on, I'll get my toys."

With both of us riding our dildoes, we'd take turns being the author and director of the script.

"You're on your back, your knees are against your shoulders, your wrists are tied to your ankles, your ass is wide open."

"Take my hole, Sir."

"Yeah, I'm gonna fuck it."

good. Bite your tits raw and fuck that hole good."

"Please, Sir, give me your fist."

"Fuckhole wants my fist? Ask like you mean it, fuck-hole!"

"Please, Sir, give me your fist. I wanna be your fuckhole. Fist my load out of me."

Themes and variations, long-distance urgencies. In everyday life I rarely get fisted—it requires a good deal of preparation, the right mood, a trusted partner, and in my case a diminutive hand. Mostly I get a mental charge when I imagine that esoteric wordly organ in the hand, bound within that despised, hidden organ, the ass. After coming we'd shift and drift into buddy talk and make vague plans to get together sometime in New York or Philadelphia work and the world permitting. Time passed and we'd just touch again.

Last night I went to the Bike Stop, my home bar for their annual big AIDS fund raiser. Paed on a platform and pool table were heaps of auction items, posters of men with washboard stomachs, a chandelier, a TV, a teddy bear in leather vest, jock and chaps, debris and treasures I brought in my black blunt-toed Wellington boots with their memorable mileage recently polished by the tongue of a beautiful boy whose mom found his secret stash of Drummer mags when he was seventeen, a boy toy with sophisticated servility and a Prince Albert ring through his cock a boy-toy who enjoyed those same boots pressed against his balls. I kissed them good bye and auctioned them off.

In the crowd I found my ex-lover, a doctor I had met when I was nineteen and with whom I lived for one stormy year. We were glad to see each other. And after a decent interval of preliminaries he broke the news that Tim had been ill

with AIDS for a year and had died recently. He added that Tim's lover was despondent but at least in excellent health.

"I thought of calling him today," I said, disoriented. I felt suddenly claustrophobic standing in a circle of deaths.

First cornered, then lost at sea—my ex-lover was reading my face and mind and moved to embrace me.

We sat down on the floor and I walked back home, climbed the stairs to my study and sat staring at the icon I've tucked and plastered to these walls. Photos and drawings of men with tattoos, men and women body builders, Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman, Christopher Isherwood, Sojourner Truth, a Dutch gay punk.

For nearly two hours I sat at my desk alternately staring at my scattered notes and back again at my icons seeking some guidance in those bodies and faces I couldn't write a single sentence which stuck in the object we theme I had set myself. The train of thought careened from grief and lust, jumped the tracks or crossed a collapsing bridge, the wreckage strewn far and wide.

Tied me in knots, gave up work for play, stripped and sat on a dildo in front of a full length mirror applying alligator clips just behind my testicles. Another wall it consto contemplate a Redrawing a physique-mag centerfold of Bob Paris, pictures of Roy Stagg and Link Benedict, a Tarot card and a Mark Chester photograph, both named The Hanged Man. Watched myself slide down on the dildo, my legs splayed on both sides of a weight bench, stroking my cock. Closed my eyes and fucked myself out of my own mind, or so far into it that I came out the other side.

A pine platform in the midst of beach grass and sand dunes, in the center a solid, bare wood frame with my own body bound to it in a standing

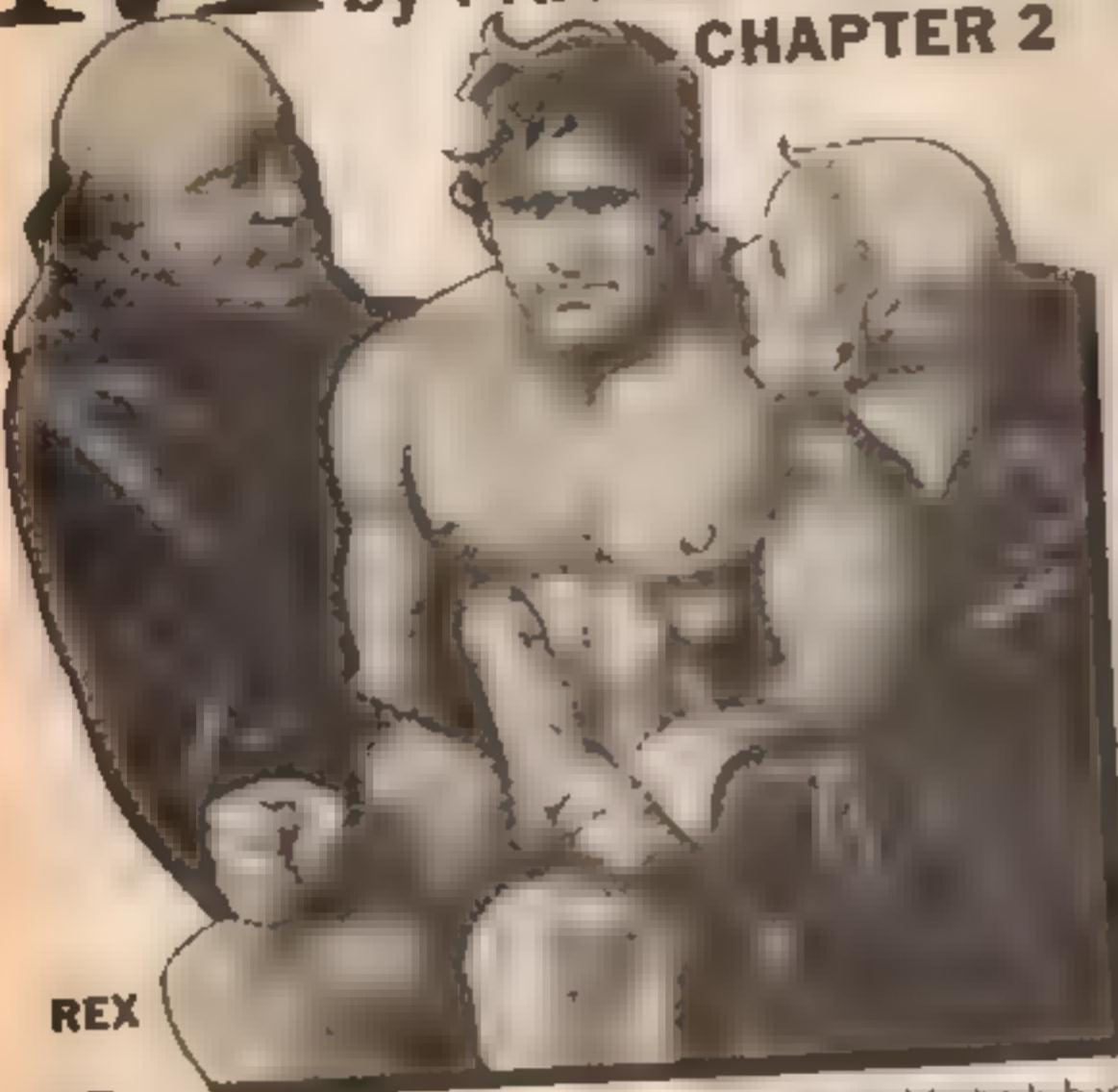
spread-eagle. Air, space and light of some utterly different time and place. The cast of characters changes, but the scene is similar. Going as far in fantasy as I might one day go in reality but in this space of the mind no deadly virus thrives, and I can gather people scattered by death or distance, friends, fuck buddies, lovers, strangers never forgotten. A strong sun beats a whip of rays down on us all, and each in turn whips and paddles my back and ass. Bellowing, bleeding. Hoisted at last into a song, Ankles, wrists bound, ass open.

Walking through the dunes I see a giant of a man with his elfin lover wrapped around his chest and hips, the elfin ass ensconced on the giant's cock. The giant steps up onto the platform and lifts his love off his cock. Now the short stud stands in the open angle of my legs, lubing his hand, probing the anal ring with one finger, Two, three, four fingers, Knuckles, Thumb, Palm, Fist. My own mind running through its own tunnel grasp that hand at the other end. The free hand of a short stud stroking my cock, body bound and body binds, that diminutive hand which imagine placing key signatures and notes on a constantly running staff that is superimposed on the white scene, marking time like endpaper sheets windblown old movies. Coming like time-lapse film of a played past and future and forth, bud and bloom and bud bud bloom.

Unbound, lifted and carried to the booming surf, flogged body baptized in stinging salt. Open my eyes and stare at the creature mirror. Disengage from dildo and tit clamps, slip into bed with my own body bound to it in a standing

# Mameluke

by FRANK O'ROURKE  
CHAPTER 2



REX

**I**t was a night of physical and mental misery. My body had become only a nagging discomfort which I managed to ignore. I had not been fed and I felt faint from the lack of food but my mind churned assuming the very worst. Aye, there was always the hope that the Cavalry would come tearing into the room and free us. I couldn't tell the difference between day and night.

The burly hairy monk occupied a seat behind a broad table spending his time reading out of what I assumed to be a prayer book since he crossed himself quite often. These acts of piety only accentuated the bizarreness of my situation. During the night he would get up occasionally, carefully laying his prayer book aside, and journey around the perimeter of the room, checking the ball harnesses of each man. If a man groaned too loudly the monk would seize the man's cock and twist it.

A young man next to me with sandy hair pleaded with the monk. His accent revealed that he was an Englishman. When the monk twisted his cock the man screamed tears coursing down his cheeks. The monk had to gag him to quiet him.

I dreaded his parade around the room not so much for pain that he might cause me but the humiliation. He would stand in front of me after he had adjusted the harness and grab my penis and begin to gently stroke it as his black eyes bored into mine. With every ounce of mental control I would will my cock not to respond to his ministrations, but each and every time, it betrayed me. It would begin to widen and lengthen in his gnarled hand. It was bad enough that I could not control my own body but I sensed that the other men in the room were watching my humiliation. The monk nodded and smiled as it got harder and harder. One time, I thought I heard him murmur, 'Fra Ricardo. What did the Abbot have to do with this?' I wondered.

The door to the room opened and a group of monks entered. Two by two they came up and they began to release all six of us from our bondage after removing the ball harnesses. The gag was snatched out of the mouth of the Englishman and as his manacles were loosened he collapsed to the floor. One of the monks kicked him and in broken English snarled "On your feet." He was lying near my feet and I reached down to help him.



"How solicitous," a voice crowed from the doorway. Looking up I saw Fra Ricardo entering the room. His right hand with its gold abbatial ring gestured and the monks seized our arms, twisted them behind us and cold steel gripped our wrists in an unrelenting hold. We were pushed to our knees as the Abbot assumed the large easy chair which the hairy monk had occupied earlier.

We all kept our eyes on the Abbot. A torch behind his head created an aura of light which accentuated his blond hair while giving his finely chiseled features an evil cast.

Fra Ricardo opened his cloak and I saw that he wore no clothing at all underneath. One of the monks left his prisoner and knelt in front of his superior, kissed the ring, grasped the heavy rock between the Abbot's legs and brought it to his mouth. I could not believe what I was seeing. After the monk had taken every inch into his mouth he let it slip free of his lips, bowed and kissed the bare feet of his superior. Each monk followed the same ritual of the first. We could see that the Abbot's cock was getting larger as each man stood.

"Bligh me, a bunch of bloody pansies."

The man who had spoken was one of the men who had been chained across from me. The most surprising fact was that many of the others were beginning to throw hard-ons. My own cock was taking on a life of its own. I was repelled and attracted by what was happening. This ambivalent feeling was continuing to confuse me.

After the last monk had done his obeisance to the ring, cap and bare foot the Abbot leaned back in his seat, making an effort to cover his nakedness. Without the continued oral ministrations to his oversized cock it began to lose its potency.

We all sat in a time of turmoil and troubles. San Sebastian will surely aid us through me like you that we will be able to serve the ends of the Mother Church. Our mandate from our sainted founder is that through pain and humiliation we shall find eternal salvation. You will spend the remainder of your days as my servant of God the Big-chad San Sebastian. You may shorten the span of your years in this vale of tears refusing to meet your destiny. That is your one and only choice. Give your hearts, mind, body and will to your fate."

The young Englishman next to me had recovered and was now able to give expression to the turmoil that was rearing through our brains. "What do you mean? What's going to happen?"

Fra Ricardo was not upset in the least by this unwarranted intrusion into his speech. "Our monastery has seen the likes of top members of the Nazi hierarchy, like Reichsführer S.S. Heinrich Himmler. We punished his body to save his eternal soul. The lash kissed his flesh and the orifices of his body were invaded by the flesh of man. No matter that he may suffer temporal death, these acts of mortification of the flesh and guarantee him eternal life in glory."

For a few moments silence filled the room until I thought I would not be able to endure it. "Five of you will be leaving today. I cannot tell you your destinations, because I don't know it myself." With those final words the tall man wrapped the red robe about his lean person and swept from the room.

We all looked at each other. "Five of you will be leaving. There were six of us. What did he mean? Who was he talking about? I knew the other guys were thinking the same thing."

My thoughts were interrupted by the smell of food. For the first time I almost felt faint as the rich smell assailed my nostrils. The monks had kept us on our knees. A

entered the room with a capacious grey apron covering his paunchy front. He brought in a tray of broad bowls and placed them in front of each man. The monks, guarding us, made no effort to remove the steel bands which locked our hands behind us.

I sat back on my haunches, leaned forward and plunged my face into the mess in the bowl. The contents had cooled since they had been brought to us. It tasted good. The only sound in the room was the slurping of my coprisoners as we ate like a bunch of animals.

I was the first to finish. My monk guards pulled me to my feet as I tried to lick the food caked around my mouth. They took me to an adjoining room where they sat me on a to let seat. They didn't give me any paper to wipe my ass. Next was the shower where my hands were unlocked and I was able to wash off the crud of the past few days, along with my breakfast and my ass.

After I had dried off, my hands were fastened behind my back and they set a black cloak around my shoulders. I was taken to the next room and told to sit on a bench. One by one the others arrived in the room. The monks would not let us speak.

After sitting for a while a bell in the hall sounded. The monks directed us to get up and accompany them. We were led upstairs, down a passageway and into the main church.

The interior of the church was small, but it was tastefully and richly decorated in the Baroque style. There were no pews, like you see in the States. There were a number of armchairs with prie-dieux in front of them. The altar dominated the front with rows of prayer stalls for the monks. Many of the monks were already in their seats and they turned to watch us walk down the aisle. A throne stood by the side of the altar and Fra Ricardo occupied it, wearing scarlet robes with a scarlet, bejeweled miter. As we walked into the nave before the altar our cloaks were removed. We stood stark naked before the high altar. Next, they unfastened our hands, and we were forced to our knees.

The Abbot arose from his throne and stood before us. "You will prostrate yourselves before the high altar, your arms outspread. We will say a High Mass to celebrate your lives and your gift to the glory of God and San Sebastiano."

We lay gingerly on the icy flagstones and spread our arms. We could not see the Mass as it progressed but we smelled the incense and heard the chants and ringing of bells. In my worst nightmare, I could not have featured myself in this sort of situation.

A quiet had settled on the church and I could only hear the rustle of the monks' robes. 'Stand,' a voice boomed through the niches and corners of the church. Struggling to our feet, we stood and found Fra Ricardo again enthroned without his miter, in his scarlet robe, which was wide open and revealed that he was again naked and his heavy cock nestled on his blond, hairy balls.

"You have seen my monks do obeisance to my authority and you will now kiss the ring embrace the phallus with your mouth and kiss my feet."

I could sense the mental protest the others were feeling, but I was astute enough to feel that it would be very dangerous not to obey him. I was sure that I was in some sort of house of bedlam.

Sergeant Abe Levine, with his little beer belly, was the first one led to the throne. Levine, who had a reputation of contempt and dislike for homosexuals, was subdued as he approached the throne. Could he sense the real danger here, also? Levine knelt, kissed the proffered hand with its gold ring. His shoulders sagged noticeably as he reached for the heavy cock that rested in its hairy nest, took it into his mouth quickly to its root, released it and bent to kiss the naked teet. As one man followed the other, the cock took a life of its own and as I watched it grow, I feared that it would kill me.

As the next to last man, I knelt quickly brushed my lips across the ring, hesitated as I saw the ominous pole with niches of my face. Taking a deep breath, I opened my mouth wide and

took in the potent organ. I watched as more and more of the bludgeon entered my mouth. For a second it nudged against the back of my throat. I felt the Abbot's hand on the back of my head, encouraging me to proceed. Tears coursed down my cheeks but I was determined to take it all. I drove the cock into my throat, feeling a bit of pain in my throat. Finally I found my nose buried in his pubic hairs. I moved back and found myself sucking on the organ as it popped free from my lips. In a state of almost self-hypnosis I prostrated myself and kissed each foot lovingly, laying them.

The Abbot, who had never reacted to other obeisances, bent down and helped me to my feet. When I stood, I found that my own cock, which matched the Abbot's in length and girth, was embarrassingly hard. The Abbot smiled as he reached out and held it in his hand.

When I returned to my place, the last prisoner was not brought to the Abbot. He was held in place. It was the Englishman who had called the monks a bunch of pansies. It was my first time to get a good look at the Brit. He was a black-haired young man with a good physique, but I sensed that there was a sort of crudeness to him, a hostility borne by ignorance. He must have sensed that he was being watched by all of us and there was a sullen air to him.

The Englishman was led to a column by the side of the altar where I could see that wrist and ankle manacles were stapled to the column. The man was quickly manacled so that he could not move a muscle.

The Abbot stood from his seat and cast his robe on the throne. He had the litheness of body which matched the reproductions I had seen of Michelangelo's David. From the altar he took a heavy, knotted, braided cat-o'-nine-tails. I could see that the black leather strands were stained with flecks of brown blood, I thought.

Approaching the bound and prostrate man, Fra Ricardo twirled the whip over his head, loosening the various strands. As he took his position, he addressed the monks, us prisoners and the bound man. "This man is a sinner. By his mouth he has condemned himself. This whip shall purify his flesh while I shall plumb his depths. He will give up his spirit unto God and San Sebastiano."

With these final words the full brunt of the lash was laid across the man's back. A scream rang through the church. The monk fell to their knees and began a Latin litany to San Sebastiano which was punctuated by the whistle of the lash as it traveled up and down his body. The screams and groans seemed to become a natural part of the litany. We stood in our places, awed by the whipping. A few flecks of blood spattered on my naked body, but I barely realized it. The chanting softened in tone as the groans became more muted.

The Abbot's body was covered by sweat, small beads of perspiration hung like translucent, jeweled beads from the blond hairs of his body, while his large cock had expanded and grown as the lashing progressed. Now, he tossed the whip aside and grabbed his cock. Walking to the front of the altar, the Abbot genuflexed and headed for the rear of the groaning Englishman. He rubbed his cock in the blood of the torn buttocks. A monk spread the cheeks apart and Fra Ricardo plunged his weapon to the hilt. A demon scream reverberated throughout the church and the chanting increased in volume and tempo as the Abbot drove his tool in and out of the tight hole.

The screams only made Fra Ricardo fuck the man faster and harder. The tight buttocks of the Abbot clenched and unclenched as he neared orgasm. With one hard drive he plunged himself into the ass and screamed at the top of his lungs, drowning out all other sounds, SAN SEBASTIANO, F--- YOU! He fell over the bloody body for a moment and then regained his foothold and pulled free of the man's ass.

Returning to his throne, the Abbot sprawled in the seat. The monks filed in front of him one by one, licking the blood from his body and cleaning his cock and balls with

tongues. As we were being taken from the church, I turned to see the first monk walk behind the Englishman and start fucking him. The others lined up behind the first one, loosening the cincture on his robe to release their rampant cocks.

We were all stunned by what we had seen. We never saw the Englishman again. That night, the five of us were given old tattered, mismatching clothing. A group of men with guns came and piled us into carts and we were taken away. It took one day to reach the seacoast. We were packed aboard a small fishing boat and kept below deck. I wanted to talk so badly to my fellow prisoners, but our captors kept a man with us at all times who forbade us to talk.

Time became of no consequence. We lost a sense of time. It seemed like days had passed before we left the ship, lurching against a stone wall. An hour must have passed before we were ordered on the deck. The skies were pitch black and above us loomed a palace of sorts. We were ordered to strip naked by our Sicilian captors and our clothing was tossed back on the ship. A group of men in black pants, sweaters and seaman's watch caps had stood aside while we disrobed, and now they came forward and from a heavy burlap bag extracted handcuffs which were joined by a chain to leg irons.

After they had bound us hand and foot, they attached around each of our necks a steel collar which was joined by a chain to the neck collar of the next man. As we began to wind our way up the ramp, the buttocks of the man in front brushed against me and I could feel the cock of the man behind against my ass. It seemed to me that the man behind was getting hard as we progressed. I tried to ignore it. I hoped the guards wouldn't see it, because we both could play hell over it. I didn't want the guards to think that I would encourage anything like that.

We got inside of the fortress-like building. Our bonds were removed and we were taken to a kitchen where we were fed soup and bread. We were placed in individual rooms and locked up for the night. I laid in the first warm bed with clean linen since I had left North Africa with the Sicilian invasion force. I slept a dreamless night.

The next few days seemed like a soft, special induction into the military. I received a full physical examination, met with a psychologist and was interviewed about my family and my background. They found out that I did not have a family and that I had attended Columbia University, having not yet graduated. I had been advised that at the end of the test and interviews that I would be told my fate. I still had no idea what was going on.

A few days passed when I was left in my room by myself. I had not seen any of my companions since after we had eaten on the first day. I was tied to my room. Every sound in the hall made me start. I had not been abused by my keepers and I hadn't tried to cause them any problems. One thing I had learned was that I was being held in Turkey. Outside of our building was the Golden Horn of the Bosphorus.

I had not been given any clothing since my arrival. I was no

longer embarrassed by being nude, accepting my status whatever that status might be.

One morning I was taken to the interview room again. In the room a tall blond stood by the window with his back to me. He did not turn as I was led into the room. My escort left, closing the door behind him. Unlike my other interviews where there had been a table and chairs, this room was dominated only by a high back chair. I waited for the man to acknowledge my presence.

I began to wonder if he might not have heard me come in when he spoke, still watching something from the window.  
"Kneel and keep your hands behind you."

I went down on my knees and clasped my hands behind me. There was a knot in the pit of my stomach. I realized that this was it. Just another interview. I was going to learn my fate.

Without a word the man turned around and stared at me. I grit my teeth. To him. He must have been six feet three inches, wore a black sleeveless shirt which defined muscular arms and a well muscled chest. His black pants were skin tight with a basket which made me shy from looking at it. I glanced down at my shod boots. I kept staring at his boots, trying to avoid looking at the basket again.

I saw him walk over toward me. He stood directly in front of me. Grasping my head with both hands, he ground my face into his crotch, forcing me to feel the big weapon hidden behind the cloth. His grip was so hard that I found it hard to breathe, while I felt the warmth of his crotch.

The man let me go and went to take the seat. "My name is Ivan. You will call me Master Ivan."

Hesitantly he pointedly rearranged his crotch and crossed one leg over the arm of the chair, leaving me with a full view of his crotch. Your testing period is over. Your future has been determined. I will say that of the five of you, you tested with the highest IQ and you are the youngest. You will be trained as a slave as a sex slave.

We have been in business in the Levant since the times of the Old Man of Mountain. Our group used to provide assassins for hire. We train slaves as eunuchs and household slaves. Our group trained in mummies for the rulers of Egypt. Until the fall of the khedives, we kept the court furnished with personnel. You might say that you are going to be the American mameuke. I am your master. You will service this. He groped at his crotch. In fact you do. I will say this is your second master. It is as demanded. And tomorrow you will be moved into the wing where I live. Obedience to my wishes brings reward. Disobedience will do nothing but punish you.

All you are worth you will be sold at an auction. You will bring big money. The better I train you and the better you become as a slave, the higher the price you will bring.

He got up from his seat and strode out of the room, ignoring me. A few moments later my guard came and was returned to my room to await my future.

To be continued in Drummer 104

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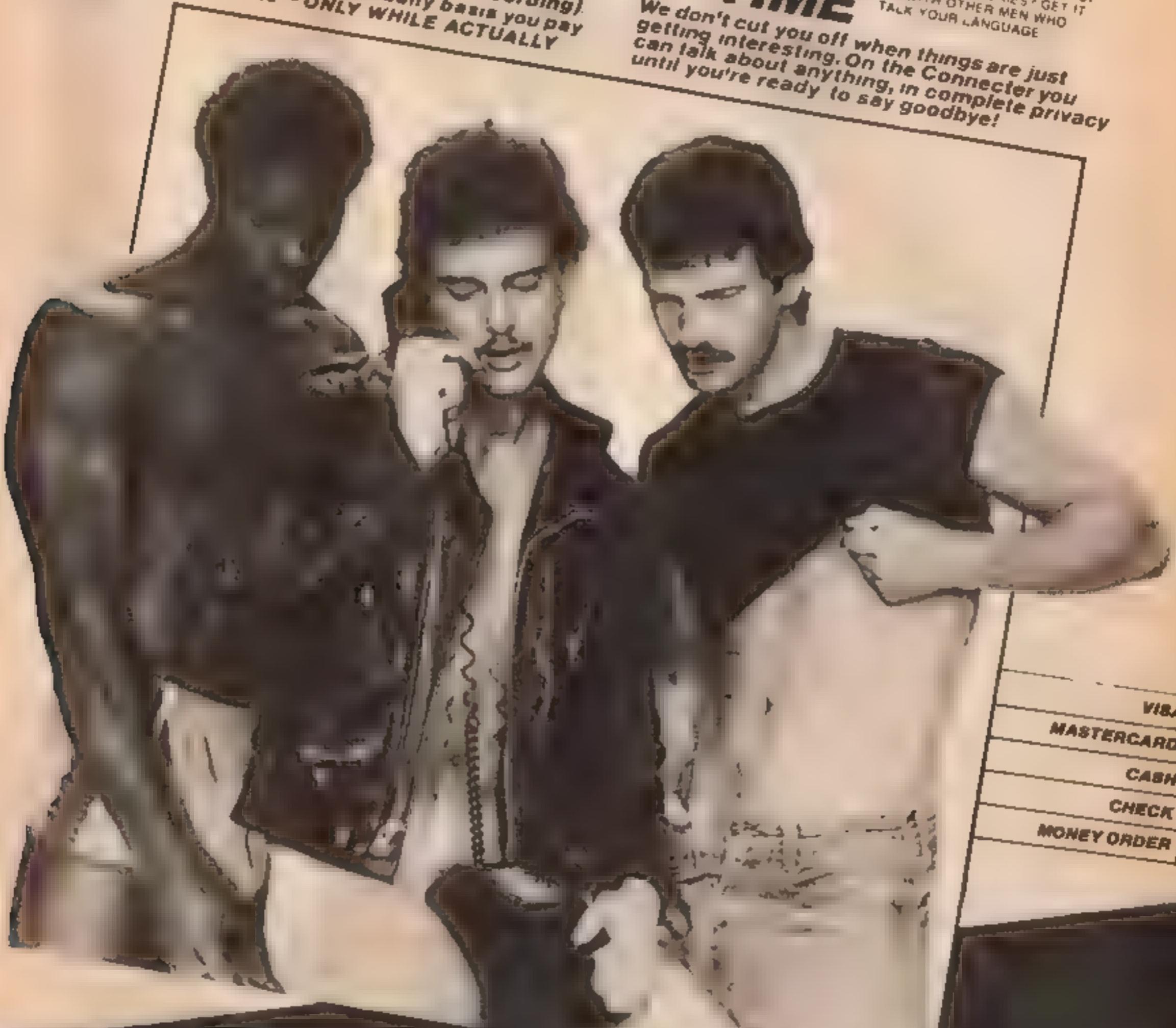
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# BOUND FOR GLORY

## RETURN TO JHENT

### PART XI

#### by MASON POWELL

**R**ed were the panoplies of the armies of Wa-at and dark were the weapons of the Dwork, as the enemies drew up one against the other. There could be no compromise now, as deities warred. The time for council taking was past and all that could be counseled was. The High Prophetess of the Dwork had come down out of Jorasalem into Jhentfel and great ceremonies had been set to seal the borders of Jhent against its rightful gods; only the Dwork might dwell in Jhentfel, or so it was the black-robed priesthood thought.

Gonar and Chom were here to prove them wrong, and blood would flow this day such as never had enriched the soil of the city before.

Yet there were doubts. In Gonar's heart because he had not heard the voice of Wa-at speak within him since that day before the broken gates of Rhengsel. In Chom (who had voiced his doubts in council) because it might be that Jhent's time had come to die: the King was mad, the priests of Roghgota in flight or dead from torture, and the prince, Hrendel, whom they had fought so hard to rescue, a frightened boy who twitched with terror in his sleep. Nobody knew the whereabouts of the Queen, or so Chala's spies reported.

Gonar wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand, then ran his palm over his chin. His beard was almost grown back to respectability. The hair on his head was the same length, evidence of the complete shaving performed upon him by a devotee of the Dwork in Molukenor, and even the hair on his chest and in his crotch was returning. If he died today he would at least look like a man rather than a eunuch.

That thought made him turn to look at Fillian, riding just behind and to his right. Fillian had given one ball in mock service to the Dwork in order to penetrate their defenses and, ultimately, rescue his Master and the prince. The boy was slight of build, young, but tough enough for any war after what he had been through. This day he would ride to Gonar's right and a little behind, supply side, passing arrows, weapons, whatever was required, while the man to Gonar's right defended, even as Gonar defended to Chom's right.

Gonar glanced left and back and saw Ketis, his blue eyes alight in the shadow of his helm, wisps of red hair poking out, occupying the supply side position for Chom. Whatever befell them, the boys they had taken from slavery, the boys who had proved themselves men, would be with them.

A braying of horns split the air and Gonar's attention snapped back to the opposing army drawn up before the gates of Jhentfel. As he watched, the raggle-taggle troops opened at the center to make way for their commander, and a cry went up from their ranks, the cry of crazed fanatics following a mad deity.

Dwork! Dwork! Dwork!

She took the field herself, did the High Prophetess of Dworkrimian, and she was (as was the custom in all faiths) like unto the

deity she worshiped. Huge, obese, not with pulchritude but with corruption. Her face was as round as a melon that has lain in the field too long. Her mouth was an open pit, craving but never curled in smile. Her weapons were hooks and nets and thoughts, which she hurled out before her to entrap and ensnare the weak of mind, the sick of spirit, the broken of body. Now these thralls she rallied, and even across the distance between the two armies her harsh, powerful voice carried.

"People of the Dwork, hear the mighty voice of Dworkrimian, the only true god! Before you are the warriors of false worship, the followers of empty idols, the oppressors of the spirit who tell you that the world is a place of joy, which you know to be false! They are here to tempt you back from your salvation, to offer you pleasures of the flesh which satisfy your lusts but which do not bring you closer to Eternity. Yea, many of you have lived in Jhentfel when the pain of the body was but a sport, and not offered piously to Dworkrimian as is right: now see what such sport leads to, and know the awful truth of the fake gods for what they are!"

Once more the crowd parted, and from within the city came three horsemen, the foremost of whom supported a tall pole while the other two balanced it from the sides. Gonar felt his stomach turn as he saw that from the pole hung a huge meat-hook and that the hook pierced the body of a young woman through the belly.

"Here is what Shegrí leads to!" the Prophetess cried. "A dead woman hanging from a meat hook! This is the end that the sin of your city has brought you! This is the vision that Dworkrimian offers you to lead you into battle! Let this then be your banner! Gai! Follow the Dwork!"

And she raised her hand in signal and sent her followers forth like a living plague, a tide of the crazed, the infirm, the mad, the bloodthirsty failures at life.

Gonar shuddered, and wondered again that any human being could have sunk so far from humanity as to believe in the horror that now swept toward him. Did they not remember the arena, the rules, the willingness of the Shegrin who played the game? This, this abomination, this dead woman used as a banner to kindle the fires of war—this was not Shegrí! This was the result of fanaticism, of an evil and lunatic religion. Were they unaware that Shegrí was no longer allowed, at their own priesthood's bidding? Could they not see that it was their own religion that killed the woman, and that treated her corpse as no more than an object of battle lust?

...It mattered not. The earth thundered as the hooves of their whipped horses came on. The welkin rang with their obscene chant:

"Dwork! Dwork! Dwork!"

To Gonar's left Lady Tharna's troops drew swords, drew bows. To his right Chala's followers wielded blades, nocked arrows. Gonar heard the slide of bronze against leather as Chom prepared to meet the assault, and he drew his own jeweled wea-



pon, the consecrated one that belonged to Wa-at, the volcano god. Behind him he knew that priests of the god prepared spells and summonings, as did those of the god Roghgota who had escaped the persecutions of the Dworkists; but that was a matter for them, and his sword was a matter for him. If Wa-at was free to aid them, he would. If Roghgota could come to their aid, now would be the time. But gods were not like men and women, he knew. They moved in strange ways. Their aid would be welcome, but it could not be counted upon. Only sharp bronze was of immediate avail.

Closer the enemy came, and closer. Men and women armed in a thousand ways. Priests and priestesses dressed in black,

condensed, moved toward its center, slowly but surely forming a wedge behind them, pushing forward, the thrust of the force moving toward the place where the Prophetess fought and urged her minions.

Gonar hacked with renewed vigor, slashed, cut, fended, slashed again. His scarlet armor now was soaked with blood and his horse slipped in red mud as he pushed forward.

She saw them coming, but she did not give ground. Behind the Prophetess also there thickened a force, a mass of flaying fighters determined to hold the gates and win the war. The sun, rising high toward noon, made shadows in their faces, made their mad eyes look like the empty sockets of skulls. Their lips

**L**oad after load of cum pumped into him, into his asshole, into his mouth, and still the assault continued. They pissed on him, they made him drink it from their cocks, they made him eat shit. They beat him with sticks as they fucked him . . .

carrying sharp swords and spears. Merchants brandishing clubs, farmers wielding scythes. There were beggars on foot, some holding rocks to be thrown, some with slings that might only take down a bird. All had eyes that glittered with unholy lust, all rode the tide of blood want.

Closer, and then the army of Wa-at let fly the first volley of arrows, a brown and silver rain that fell with the sharpness of hail, that freshened a red harvest amidst the enemy ranks.

Yet still they came, not turning aside to care for their wounded but trampling them like so much wheat on the threshing room floor, horse hooves and boots and bare feet alike taking on the color of their compatriots' blood.

The armies met, and the clash of metal on metal, the massive scream of many deaths, the noise of war, replaced the thunder of hooves and bleating of chant.

Gonar's sword bit deep, drew red blood through black wool. He fended a blow, brought his shield to block a cut against Chom, felt more than knew the favor returned by his right-side defender. A whir of arrows, the second, descended upon the screaming, clawing enemy and a spear stuck in the hide of his shield, weighing it down so that he had to shake it loose.

How many he killed, how many of his own fell, Gonar did not know. Only the truth of the battle was real to him. And later, when his arm ached from the effort, the truth that though his line held the Dwork continued to assault.

It came into his mind that this battle was not like a war between kings. In a war between kings there was a goal, some object to be captured. Once the goal was obtained, or clearly lost, the battle was done.

As he fought he realized that in this battle the goal that the Dwork sought was annihilation. His men could fight and fight, kill and kill, but so long as the Dwork held sway in the warped minds of the enemy, they would continue to fight, even until they all died.

Unless, it came to him, unless their faith were shaken.

His eyes raked over the melee and came to rest upon the hideous banner of the Dwork, the dead woman hanging from a meathook. And there, below and before the banner, fighting with her nets and hooks, was the High Prophetess. If he could get to her, if he could kill her, if he could bring down the enemy banner, then he might yet effect a clear victory.

"Chom, my Master!" Gonar cried as he fought. "A point toward the Prophetess!"

Chom heard and gave signals. The line in which they fought

peeled back from their teeth as their mouths screamed blind hatred.

Closer to her Gonar fought, and all the things that had been done to him under the aegis of the Dwork condensed in him to an ice-hard ball of rage. This woman, this Prophetess, was the highest authority of the Dwork, the creature who spoke the evil deity's words to the world. To kill her would be to avenge all those who had been tortured to death by her pious priesthood, mutilated for the amusement of guilt-ridden worshippers. Gonar felt new strength flow into his sword arm at the thought of such revenge, and with a mighty effort cut forward into the fray.

But his anger betrayed him.

He fought his way forward ahead of his companions. Through his battle rage he did not hear Chom's signal call until it was too late, until the forces of the Dwork had feinted, fallen back, until he urged his horse clear of the men at his side and into a pocket cleverly prepared for him. By then it was too late. Warriors swept in behind him, closed, confined him to a circle of enemies, and all the cries and fierceness of those he'd left behind were useless.

His horse reared, stamped, split skulls. His sword cut, hewed flesh, but there was always more.

And then she was there, the Prophetess, her eyes blazing with a hatred of all that lived. Her horse confronted his. Gonar swept his sword up, cut at her, but her animal reared under her savage yank on the reins, and then her net whirled over her head, fell upon him like a leaden cloud, and his weapons were tangled, his arms entrapped in metal-wound rope.

Hands of beggars on all sides grabbed for the guys of the war net. The weight of a hundred bodies pulled him downward. Arrows and bolts thudded into the flesh of his horse and he screamed, then went down under him. Clubs struck him where he could not defend himself.

"Kill him!" the Prophetess crowed with a voice like the ravens of death.

"No!" cried a second voice, and even through the pain of the clubs and stones assaulting him Gonar recognized the voice of the High Priest of Dworkrimian in Thent, the man he'd left impaled on the vile prick of the evil idol to die. "Take him alive that he may succumb with infinite slowness! I have a score to settle with Gonar that Your Holiness will find amusing!"

Then one of the clubs struck Gonar on the head and everything went blacker than Dworkrimian's heart.

**H**is head was aching from the blow when Gonar finally awoke, but the pain he felt was not only in his head. His hands and feet were numb beyond aching wrists and ankles and painfully stretched arms and legs. He was naked and there was noise from a crowd around him, but it was not battle noise, and that hurt worse than the pain in his body. He didn't move, didn't breath deeper or differently than he had when unconscious, for he didn't want his captors to notice that he was awake; but he did carefully open his eyes to just a slit.

There was earth below, where he looked down, not far beyond his feet. There was a post driven into the ground just a little in front of him. He was, therefore, spread-eagled out of doors, probably between makeshift posts driven into the ground.

Was he on the battlefield, the war lost? Or had he been taken into the city as a captive? Either way, his friends had not been able to save him, and that could mean either a standoff in the war or a loss to his side.

"Wake him now," a voice said nearby. "The High Priest is coming."

Gonar was suddenly struck full over his body with a bucket of cold water. There was no longer any use in pretending, so he opened his eyes and looked around, gaining what information he could quickly.

He had been right about his situation. He was staked upright, spread eagle between two posts, just inside the city gate, which was barred and guarded heavily. That could be precaution, or it could mean that the Dwork had lost the first battle and was now besieged. There were other captives about him in bondage, but none so fully displayed as he, and the reason for that was obvious as the High Priest marched toward him with several other priests in attendance, various implements in hand.

"So, Gonar, Champion of Jhent, you have returned to us," the High Priest smiled. "I had thought Dworkrimian had failed me when you triumphed in learning the whereabouts of Prince Hrendel, then escaped; but I see now that it was only part of a great plan. The god has raised you up that you may be brought down more usefully. Tell me, how did you feel when you reached Molukenor and found the prince dead?"

Gonar was stunned. The priest did not know yet that his messages had not got through, nor that the prince had been freed.

"What, no brave taunt?" Gonar's captor continued. "Then let me tell you what you felt. You felt anger, rage and the desire for revenge. The urge to rush back here and punish me for what I had done. It could not have been otherwise. Dworkrimian decreed that you should fall into my power, not when it pleased me, but when it would be of the most use. Now you shall be a supreme example to the people of Jhentiel of the ultimate power of the true god."

Gonar could not help himself. He spit in the face of the High Priest.

One of the attendants brought a many-thonged lash hard across his chest, but the High Priest stayed the man before a second stroke could be made.

"Get behind him," the High Priest ordered. "Take hold of those massive thighs of his and push him toward me, so that his balls are atop the post."

The minions did as they were bid, and Gonar felt his arms and legs stretched so hard and far that the sockets of his shoulders were pulled free. His balls came to rest on the wooden post driven into the ground before him, and the High Priest straightened them there so that they were centered. Despite himself, Gonar felt the pain and the fondling of his nuts as a stimulation. His big cock grew hard and the High Priest smiled.

"Hold his prick hard against his belly," the priest instructed a third attendant, and it was done.

It seemed a long way to have kept his balls, Gonar thought, only to lose them within the gates of his home city.

The High Priest reached within his robes, but instead of pulling out a knife, he withdrew a rod of bronze that was

sharpened to a point on both ends and doubled back in half, so that the points faced the same way, two finger-widths apart. He put the two points down on top of Gonar's ball sac, the bend in the rod facing up. Then he held out his hand and an attendant handed him a mallet.

With no preamble he brought the mallet up and swung down hard atop the bend, driving the sharp points through Gonar's scrotum above his balls, into the wood beneath.

Gonar cried out in pain, but inside his mind he compared the pain to what he had felt when Falwet of Moush had driven a dagger through his balls and his cock; and he realized that he was still ahead of the High Priest, if only in the ideals of Shegri.

Next the High Priest wiggled the bronze staple back and forth, until it came free of the wood. He took Gonar's balls in hand and moved them to the side, then he used the mallet to bend the ends of the prongs over on themselves, so that they could not be drawn back through the pierced flesh. Last he fastened a chain through the bent end of the device, so that Gonar was effectively tethered by his balls. He unwound the chain for the length of two horses, then he mounted a horse that was waiting for him, holding on to the end of the chain.

"Cut him down, and bring all of them along," the priest commanded, and Gonar felt his arms and legs released suddenly. He fell to the ground and the chain yanked on his balls, then bent hooks digging in made him howl. The High Priest tugged and Gonar was forced to stand on numbed feet, propel himself forward on pain-racked legs, and he was led along behind the priest's horse toward the center of the city.

He was led to the central square of Jhentiel and new horror seized him. What had once been a pleasant place to drink and while away a day was now a vision of damnation. Stakes had been sunk into the ground everywhere and men and women bound to them. The banner of the Dwork was not the only use of the hideous hook that Jhentiel had seen, for a number of people hung about on similar hooks, some alive, some dead and starting to decay. The smell of death was a miasma. Near the center of the square there were stakes arranged in a circle, and there the victims of the worst tortures were displayed, men and women disemboweled while they lived.

To the far side of the square new stakes had been set in the earth, and one foremost. Gonar was led to one and bound to it facing the others, a long chain wound round and round him so that he stood upright, his arms at his sides. Then the other prisoners he'd seen within the city's gate were herded along and bound, in a similar fashion, to the other stakes, where he could see them.

The High Priest mounted a rough platform at the center of the square and spoke to the gathering crowd.

"People of Jhent! Dworkrimian has told you that you must follow the true god, not the false heroes of the world. See now what happens to those who follow false heroes, even a hero you all recognize! See what happens to those who have come here to war at the urging of Gonar, who was called Champion of Jhent! Gonar the traitor!"

At that moment Gonar wished that he had forgotten honor, had left the city to its own doom and stayed away. For he recognized all of those who were bound before him; there were Cledata, and those who had escaped from Rhengtel, those of the surrounding mountains who had followed him and Chom to stop the Dwork. And he knew that they were his responsibility; that without his words they would now rest at home in bed rather than facing the dooms they now faced.

Torturer priests came forward with divers devices, but they came not to Gonar. Rather they went to the other captives while a small squad of archers came and lined up facing him. Would he then be executed before those who died for him?

No such luck, he realized as the first torturer began on a young man barely eighteen summers, slicing open his belly with a dull knife, then drawing out his entrails before him.

The screaming was terrible and the sight worse, but Gonar could not turn away, could not close his eyes. These were his

people who died horribly before him. He had to share what happened to them in any way he could, had to show courage that they might have it to face their horrible ends.

But just as he was beginning to resolve it for himself, one of the archers raised and drew his bow and released an arrow, and swifter than a snake it struck Gonar's arm, biting in. He looked down at it, a long shaft of wood sticking through his arm, and he began to weep: not at what was happening to him, but at his ultimate and terrible failure.

A second torturer started on a second captive, this time with sharp knives that slowly cut the skin off the boy in long strips. Now there were two pairs of lungs screaming, and then a second arrow was loosed, piercing Gonar's other arm.

He understood. The High Priest was giving him pain in two ways and explicitly. One in his flesh, with the arrows, one in his soul with the torture of his troops.

Gonar knew in his heart that nothing he could do to the High Priest would ever repay this, though he live a thousand revolutions of the sun and everyone of them a new vengeance.

They fastened small cages with hungry weasels to the next victim, and the arrow was through Gonar's thigh. They began to splash boiling sulfur on another.

The High Priest came to him and looked at him.

"Gonar, your cock is soft," he said, amused. "Is this not to the taste of a Shegrin? Here, let me help you!"

He took Gonar's cock in his hand and stroked it, massaged it, even got down and sucked on it: but Gonar, Champion of Jhent, who had endured the deprivations of Rhengiel, could not respond. There was nothing erotic about what was happening to him. There was nothing in the spectacle of torture and death to arouse.

And that puzzled the High Priest of the Dwork, for it was clear that under his robes his cock was hard, that he was enjoying every bit of it, however much he concealed it.

How long it went on Gonar did not know. The many arrows that stuck out of his body, all carefully aimed at nonvital spots,

were the least of it. That his men lived yet was what was abominable; and that he, who had brought them, lived.

But when it was finished, and all his followers hung in chains, there was one more horror.

"Now to the temple of the true god," the priest panted, and moved his horse, pulling Gonar's pierced body by the balls.

And in the crowd that watched, Gonar saw faces, faces of men he had fucked, and who had fucked him. His faces were faces of fear and lust. Compassion had gone out of the hearts of the people of Jhent.

Ultimately there was an escape for him, if only he could bear the horror in the square and whatever horrors that would come. As he was pulled along, stumbling through the streets grown filthy with urine and feces that were no longer being washed away, tripping over garbage that was part the detritus of war and part human detritus, it was no longer necessary for him to participate in his own reality. He was free, for the moment, to open the doorways that lined the corridors of his mind. He did not have to be brave, at least for a while, and he could retreat: if not to happier times, if not to better times, if not to other times.

He thought back to the war council in the village hall, to the brief days in which his body had known real freedom, to the tortures to which he had submitted himself in the freedom of Prince Hrendel. He tried to reexamine what had transpired, tried to find a flaw in the plan that had led him to his current situation.

"We have not been idle in your absence," the woman had said, sitting across the wooden table from him in the small but sturdy house shared by the Head Man of the Cledata, and Lady Lharna, who had been of Rhengiel's service as spies to Jhent as soon as you left, to find out how you planned to return against your return.

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"And?" asked Chom, sitting beside Gonar.

"I'll," Chala responded. "As you told us, the king is mad. He has fallen completely under the sway of the Dwork and proclaimed Dworkrimian the only true god, and specifically god of Jhent. The priests of other deities are hunted down and murdered in the public square at the pleasure of the High Priest. The city and the country tremble under a reign of terror and worse is to come."

"How worse?" Gonar asked, easing his body to one side, his legs apart to provide his healing balls as much comfort as possible.

"The great Prophetess of the cult of Dworkrimian has sent word that she will come to preside at the ceremonies that make Jhent totally subservient to the Dwork. It is said that once the rite of subjugation is complete, no other god will be able to pass the borders. What power Roghgota holds will fade. Those who keep to the old ways will be left without hope, save that offered by the Dwork. And that is only the hope of death."

"Has there been no resistance?" Gonar asked, trying to picture his country falling meekly before the black-robed interlopers.

"At first the people were loathe to oppose the King," said Chala. "When the full extent of the horror was known some did try to fight back, but by then it was too late. The agents of the Dwork were everywhere, and even respected people were likely to be found murdered in their beds or tortured to death in dark alleys. The Dworkists are now the Royal Guard, and their whim is law. It is a land ruled by treachery and torture, Gonar, and it will be all we are worth to set it free."

"To set it free?" Chom queried. "Free of what? Of its ordained king? Of its newly chosen religion?"

There was silence in the room for a moment as everyone looked at Chom in surprise.

"Do you then advocate leaving Jhent in the hands of the Dwork?"

Gonar could not imagine Chom meaning that, but he did not understand what Chom was getting at, so he, too, stared, waiting for a response. Chom furrowed his brows, as if preparing what he had to say carefully. Then he spoke: "We Corsairs hire to whatever nation will pay us. To many that seems a hire without ethics; but that is not the case. We understand that nations change, that people embrace ideas sometimes merely because they are different; and we accord them that right. We do not choose sides in political debate because it is all the same to us. Kings rise and kings fall. Dynasties come to power and then diminish. The only measure of a people is success, for the idea, the country that does not succeed does not exist any longer. Foolishness is a major characteristic of nations, as it is of people. The difference is that people die quickly, one at a time, while nations die slowly, stretching out the death agonies of their peoples."

Chom paused, waiting to see if what he was saying was clear. It was not, and he saw that in their faces.

"Perhaps it is that I do not want to say this, especially to you, Gonar, but I must say it. If the King of Jhent is mad, then it may be time for Jhent to fall, and you must consider that before you try to save it."

Now the attention of all in the room moved to Gonar, and with some shock Gonar realized that he, of all in the room, was the most concerned in that matter: for aside from Prince Hrendel, who still lay shuddering in a cottage nearby, he was the only true citizen of Jhent among them.

He considered the matter for only a moment and was surprised at how quickly his thoughts marshaled. It must be that he had seen the pieces clearly enough to sense the complete pictures, he told himself as he began to speak.

"Though King Rhanges is mad," he said, "the queen presumably lives, and her we know to be a woman of reason and resource. There is also Prince Hrendel, who may yet return to health and normalcy enough to rule. So there is some continu-

ty to Jhent and its ruling line. It was a good place to be when the Dworkists came, and if they can be driven forth, it will be a good place again.

"When we speak of saving a nation, we must ask from whom the answer to that is clear, but the risk that goes with it is also clear. What law is it that drives forth a god? Have we the right to limit the worship of their fellow beings? We have seen what comes of that! The Dworkists would force us to their one god. Are we no better than they? We must follow our narrow path if we begin to limit people in their beliefs. We end like our enemies. We must be watchful for the Dworkists, and uphold our freedom."

"It is, it seems to me, always the case that the rulers are responsible for their rule, however good their intentions. The King did nothing wrong in trusting the priests of the Dwork, for he had no reason to suspect them of ill will. He did make a mistake, and that mistake cost him his realm, possibly his kingdom. It nearly cost him his son."

"When we ride against the Dwork we must keep that in mind. Decisions are made by human beings, and human beings are responsible for their decisions, whether they are good or bad ones. If we were ever to form a government in which the authority rested on any but human shoulders, then decisions could be made with impunity and compounded until the government fell of its own weight."

This last statement broke the spell of Gonar's reasoning, and everyone laughed.

"And what kind of government would rest on any but human shoulders?" Lady Lharna asked.

"The one we saw in Throm," said Chom, whose laugh was just as great as that of the others: for after all, it was he who had introduced this philosophical debate into what should have been a war council. "The elders of that town made a decision between them, ruling by consensus. They thought that a decision made by many together would be proof against faulty reasoning. In the end they paid as individuals for a mistake made by them all, and Throm is no more."

"How then can one protect against the mistakes of a government?" asked Chala, genuinely perplexed. She had come a warrior, a war chief, since meeting Gonar and Chom. She was not familiar with the ways of kingdoms, or empires.

"One cannot," Chom sighed. "And that is why I am here. The question of whether or not we should seek to save Jhent is much to question whether we should, but in the long run someone might have an answer to the other questions; some of which Gonar has touched, and handled. No, one cannot protect a people from the mistakes of a government, but one can keep power responsible. Every decision must be made by a person and that person must be aware that if it is a bad decision, he or she must pay for it. Otherwise all must pay, even as the people of Jhent paid for the mistakes made by them all, and Throm is no more."

"Will you slay the King?" Lady Lharna asked. She always traveled with a company of nobles.

They again turned to Gonar, for Rhanges was his son, and he was theirs.

"Not willingly," he said. "Rather will we try to capture the King. But to the priesthood of the Dwork we will show no such mercy. They will face death or exile. It may be that the King will impose his own verdicts upon them if he is restored to power and sees victory and seeing his son alive."

They averted their eyes when Gonar said this, whether because they felt it a bad decision or an improbability he could not tell.

"Then we march?" asked Chala.

"We march," said Gonar, shifting his weight again, wanting to contemplate riding a horse while his balls still hurt so much.

Gonar stumbled, and the pain of his healing balls forced him to sit down again.

became the pain of his tortured balls in the present. The past, the council with its solid wooden tables, its warm fire amidst the mountain cold, its hot spiced wine; was ripped away. He was once more in Jhentfel, once more a captive.

And his reverie had taught him nothing. Each thing they had decided was right and correct. He had made no mistakes, nor had any of them. What they had done in making war was the right decision. It was only that they had not succeeded that was somehow wrong, somehow out of accord with the proper order of the universe.

Unless—and this thought frightened him more than anything yet had frightened him in life—unless the theology of the Dwork were the truth. Unless the world was no more than the excretions of an all-powerful deity who held all of life in contempt, a subject for cruel caprice.

The High Priest rode into the square before the high dark temple of Dworkrimian. Gonar gagged at the stench of corpses that had been left to rot in the sun of spoiled vomit, of a world such as only Dworkrimian could make. He wept again as his mind reeled from the terrible prospect that the world he had known the bright gods he had worshipped, might all be illusion.

He was dragged by his balls to the steps before the temple and there he was held face down by four of the Dworkist priests while the High Priest stood above him.

"Comet!" the High Priest called to the scrotulous mob that gathered. "Come for one last feast on the fabled body of Gonar, Champion of Jhent! Men, women, all of you—serve the true god by inflicting upon him your wildest lusts! Fuck him, a thousand of you, for from here he goes to his damnation!"

They started almost shyly, the first only sticking a dick up his ass and fucking him until the jism shot in. Several more followed suit, but then they grew braver and besides his asshole had begun to loosen and spill the puddled jism out. One beggar with a tatty cock shoved it into his mouth while another pushed a bigger one into him, then slid his hand around it so that he could masturbate inside Gonar. The pain of the arrows in his limbs dulled to an ache but was renewed when they discovered that by pulling on the arrow shafts they could make him twitch, make his hole clamp on their thrusting cocks.

Load after load of cum pumped into him, into his asshole, into his mouth, and still the assault continued. They pissed on him, they made him drink it from their cocks, they made him eat shit. They beat him with sticks as they fucked him, some cut him with small knives, these would have killed him had not the High Priest admonished that Gonar's death belonged to him, and to Dworkrimian.

The feeling slowly seeped away. His body could take no more. He was mildly surprised, for a while, that he did not lose consciousness, that his mind did not retreat completely. But when that thought occurred to him there was a kindling deep within, a something that said not yet: and yet that did not seem to mock him. The pain became a single pain, an ache that was his body and not separate from it, and then it did not matter.

The feeling in his spirit did not go away, but he put it aside for later. What he had done he had done, and nothing would undo it. Those who had died because he led them were dead; or dying. No hurt that he held would help them. Soon he would join them, and there, wherever dead spirits met, if they met, he would offer himself for their satisfaction. Whatever else, his honor was intact. He was, for all the use made of him, chaste.

When that thought occurred to him, he almost laughed. Here he was about to die, raped by the whole population of the city (or so it felt) and pierced through with arrows and yet he could think of himself as chaste because of his precious honor.

Well, perhaps it was that precious after all.

A long, long, numbing time later he was dragged up and into the temple. They wasted no time taking him through the chambers of ordeal but carried him through the corridors that bypassed them.

He recognized the barracks room where he had watched

priests torture one another of the "sin" of sexual arousal. He noted the room where the robes were kept while the priests slept naked, bound to their beds. The hollow stone halls still stank with a smell like incense and urine, but now, knowing what he did of the cult, he was not surprised, only further oppressed than he had been the last time.

He came to the antechamber with benches where supplicants awaited the higher levels of initiation. He passed through the room with the round fire pit and the crosses stationed around it. Here he had tortured the High Priest with the power of his own orgasm to get the information of the prince's whereabouts. Next he moved through the chamber where men and women were left bound dangerously overnight, the room where first he had found Julian hanging upside down, his tits pierced with bones, his weight nearly suspended by his stretched balls.

He felt a pang at the thought of Julian, and with that pang he was flooded with remorse that he would never see any of his loved ones again. Neither Julian nor Chommo Ketis nor Chala nor Lady Ithra. He tried to murmur a prayer to Roghgola for their safety, but his throat constricted, choked the prayer off.

So it was true then: there was a spell that banned all other gods from Jhent. He could not even pray their names!

They dragged him into the inner sanctum of Dworkrimian, into the dark stone chamber lit with orange light dominated by the huge wood effigy of the deity, a thing neither male nor female but partaking of distorted and obscene features of both.

There had been additions since last he had been in the room. Now it was lined with X-shaped wooden frames, racks for stretching victims, no doubt those who would be sacrificed in some further rite than he had seen. They carried him to the central one, opposite the idol, and stretched his arms and legs out painfully, binding him to it. It was a familiar position, spread eagle, and it made what was left of the front of his body available.

They had some difficulty binding him to the cross because of the arrows that pierced him, but assiduous twisting that made him scream accommodated their needs.

He was left alone for a while, how long he could not tell, and during that time the ache that was his body dimmed, the pain that was his mind slipped off. It was not so much sleep, but it was close. When occasionally he came to consciousness he was surprised that he was not dreaming, that the semisleep was not filled with titillating nightmares. Even his dreams seemed to have been taken from him, perhaps at that bidding of the deity whose captive he was. He did not know, he only hurt.

A priestess came into the chamber and stood before him, taking it from its stand. He noticed that she carried a wooden bucket and wondered what torture was next. She threw back the black hood of her robe and looked up at him, a grey-haired hag, and he saw her with a mad smile. There was something familiar about her, but he knew not what. He supposed that he had seen her in the temple before. Was she the one who had admitted him that first day? ... No, he did not think she was that one.

She opened the lid of the bucket and stepped up to him. She withdrew a ladle and held it to his lips.

"Drink it!" she cackled.

He thought back to the drugs that the torturers of Rhengfel had given him and thought to spit it back in her face but once it was in his mouth he could not. It tasted like broth, hot rich broth, and he was hungry. He swallowed, and she continued to feed him.

"You will need strength," she crooned in a demented voice. "Oh, yes, strength for what you will have to do!"

He was wary of eating too much, of puking it up, but she seemed as careful as he in the matter and ceased to feed him when she judged it enough. Then she left.

He slept more, walled for the effect of drugs but felt none. Priests and priestesses came into the room from time to time and made offerings to the idol, throwing whatever it was they



# LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL WARD

Dear Mr. Townsend,

I am more or less a novice in SM—24 years old, with my first leathersex about two years ago. I'm no Adonis, but I seem able to attract the type of Tops I want. My problem is that I have also seen a number of my friends shot down by the current epidemic, and although I enjoy almost anything short of mutilation, I am really afraid to let a strange Top take full control for fear he won't observe all the safe-sex rules. Harping on this at the beginning of a scene—much less questioning the guy to make sure he knows what his limitations must be—can really fuck up the dominance/submission relationship.

If it were not for the fact that I may literally be putting my life on the line, I wouldn't be so concerned about it. (I mean to say that I have very few other limits insofar as things he can do to me.) Can you offer any helpful advice? I would imagine a lot of your other readers are in the same situation.

Name withheld

Dear Withheld,

A sensible Top will know the rules and abide by them, so I think your biggest problem is selecting a guy who isn't gone on drugs, or so infatuated with his own ego that he isn't going to have a concern for you. With this kind of a man you should be able to establish the "rules of the game" well ahead of time; i.e., in the bar or wherever you meet, long before you ever enter the play area.

There is also the situation which I have found—and discussed at length with several good Tops. Their feeling is that whereas they will generally stay within the rules set forth by the medical establishment, they do not look on themselves as potential threats to their bottoms. For this reason they may appear more casual

than they really are to the men with whom they are playing. Although I would not recommend that anyone simply ignore the rules, I can see a certain validity in a man's feeling and projecting a sense of his own healthy condition. Bear in mind that the major dangers seem to lie in anal sex, SM sex which draws blood, ingesting urine and sharing intravenous needles. You might concentrate on these as your limits. It has always been the bottom's right to state these, and you are not exceeding privilege by doing so. And if in doubt... well, there's always Metry Palm.

Dear Larry,

I have become an avid collector of "erotic" videos, mainly because I find them the best alternative to the real thing—certainly safer. However, I have seen ads in European publications for tapes that are not available in the United States, but which are on the P.A.L. system, and can't be played on our VCRs. I know that there is a machine available in Europe that will play both systems but had not seen an equivalent offered over here. Is there one? I live in a part of the country where we may not have as many of the new high-tech items on display in our stores as you do in your area.

Bert, Ames, IA

Dear Bert,

To the best of my knowledge there are two VCRs available in the U.S. which will play both systems. If I remember correctly, one is made by Panasonic. They are not much more in price than a good, regular machine. However, you will also have to buy a TV set that works on the P.A.L. system, because the basic difference that makes the two systems incompatible results from the number of lines per square centimeter projected

on the screen. Even with a machine which runs either format, you will not be able to dub from one to the other; you will just be able to watch the prerecorded tapes. They also run only on fast speed. Pick up a copy of Video Magazine and check the classified ads. That's where I've seen them offered.

Dear Larry,

Although I know from your answers in the past that you are against sex with animals, I have the following question to ask that I hope you will answer. I am a very experienced bottom into FF, dildoes, W.S., etc. For the past few years I have wanted to expand my experiences to include dogs, Doves, and horses. Is there any information that you know of that could help my wife and I?

Mike & Linda

Dear Mike & Linda,

No.

Dear Larry,

You may be interested in a letter from a guy who was having problems finding a rubber that was big enough for his lover's over-sized cock. I've got just the opposite problem. I love to fuck but my dick is really small, and embarrassingly so, but I do manage to find a hole to poke it in once in a while. But when I try to use a regular condom, it is like a large trashbag over a stalk of celery (or almost that bad). I've really hunted around and I know the regular drug stores don't have anything.

Undercover, Baltimore

Dear Undercover,

How about one of those rubber-fingers a doctor uses when he checks an asshole? I've seen them go over a fairly good-sized "social" finger; if you're that small they might work for you. Since they're used by the medical profes-

sion, I should assume they'd form a suitable fluid/virus barrier.

Dear Larry,

I have been a devoted fan of yours for many years, but I also enjoyed the publications put out by RFM, until his untimely death—what four years ago? Whatever I remember at the time it was rumored that he died of AIDS, and I never heard any definite explanation. Can you enlighten me?

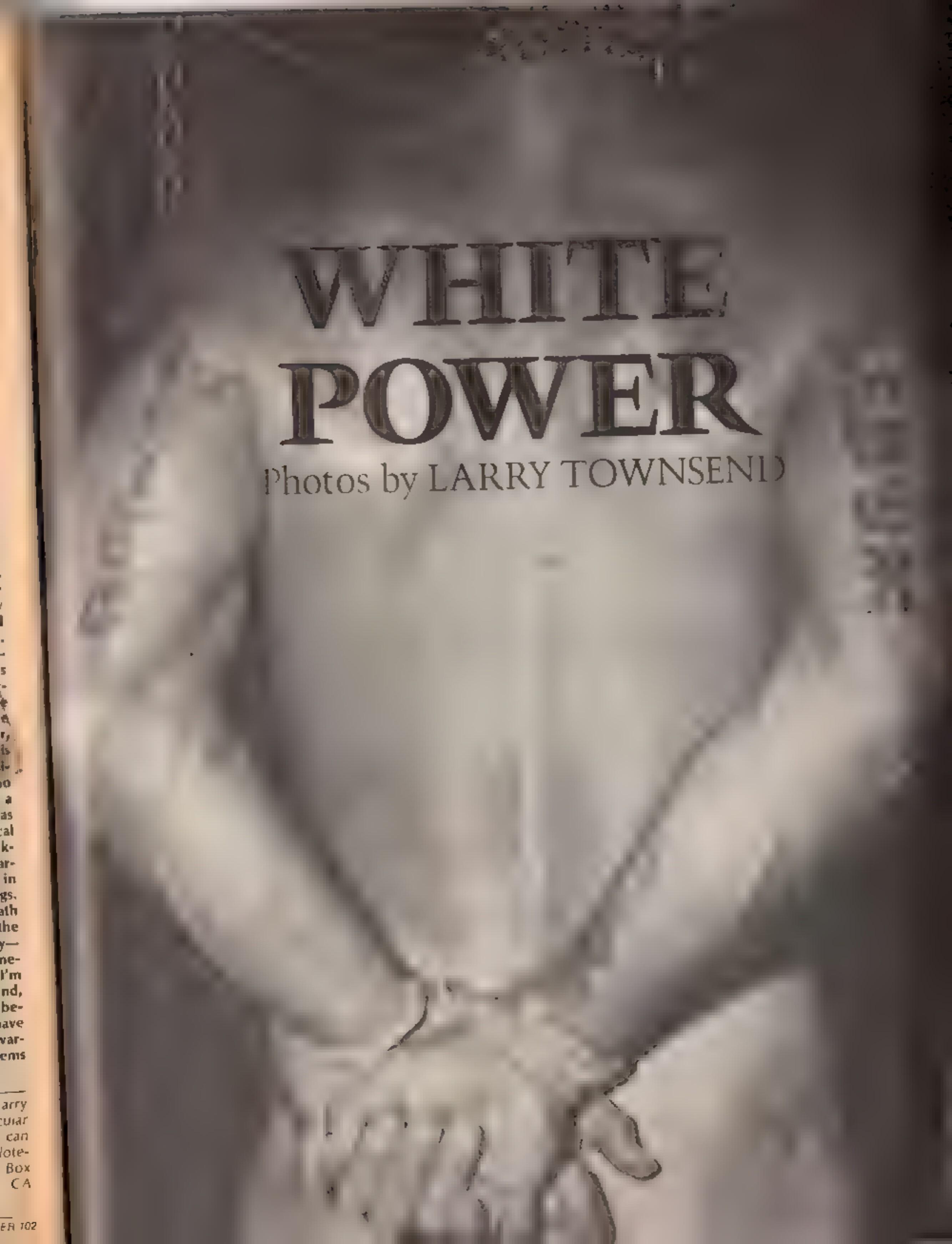
Pat, Dallas

Dear Pat,

I might not be the best one to answer this, because I hadn't talked to Roger (RFM) for about six weeks before his death. This wasn't due to any problems between us, simply that we were both busy and didn't have any reason to call. As you know, he lived in Pomona, which is about 40 miles from my home in West Hollywood, so it wasn't as if we were next door to each other. None of his close friends, however, believed that he had AIDS. His car sideswiped the center divider on the San Bernardino Freeway at about 3 A.M. on Sunday morning, while he was on his way home from a lo (West Hollywood) cocksucking palace. The autopsy apparently showed traces of ether in his system, but no other drugs. It isn't clear whether his death was really the result of a heart attack, or due to a coronary, possibly brought on by something he had ingested. I was convinced, in my own mind, that he did not have AIDS, because I think he would have told me, as he had with his various other physical problems in the past.

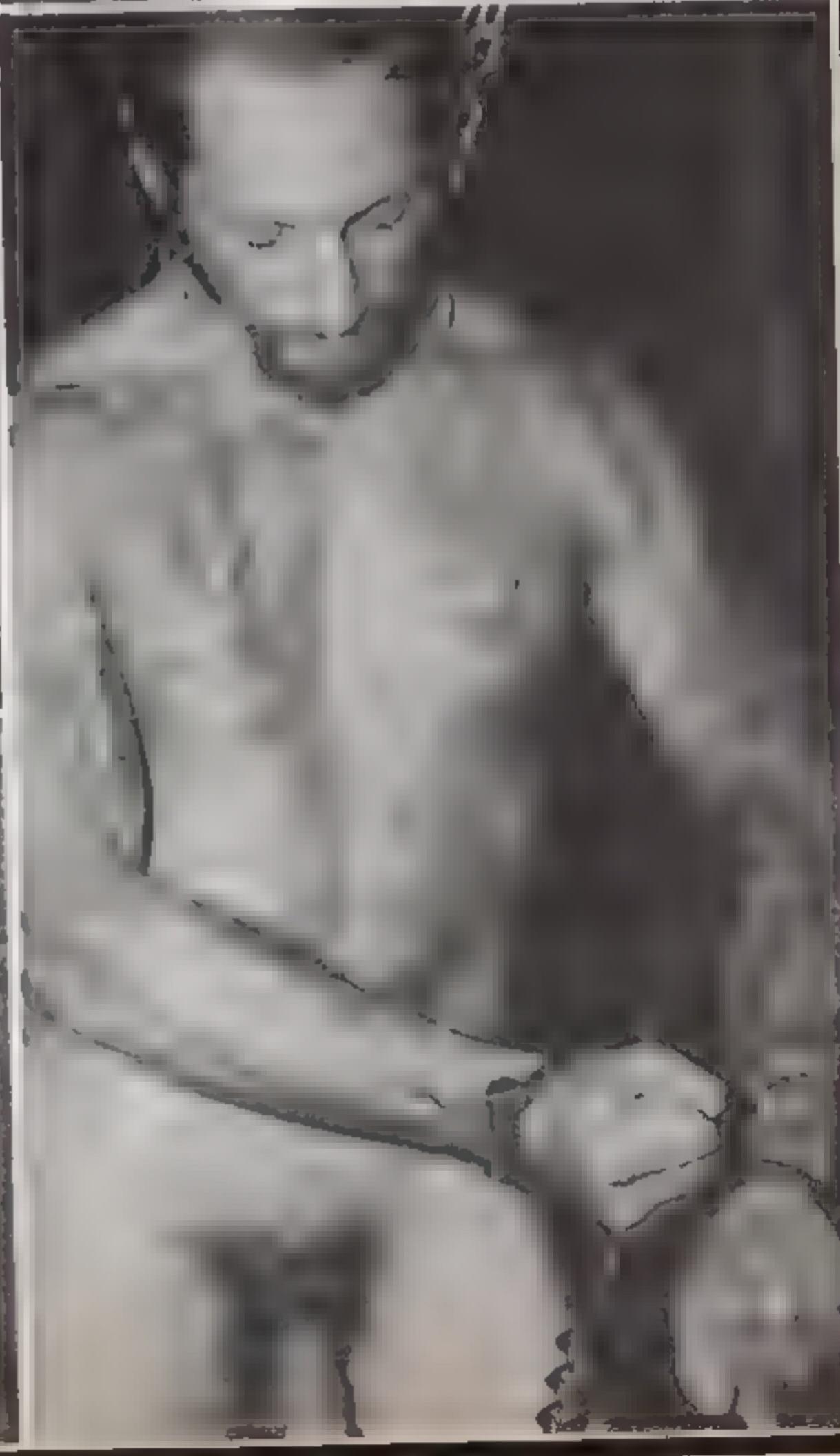
(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO 11314, San Francisco, 94101-1314.)

DRUMMER

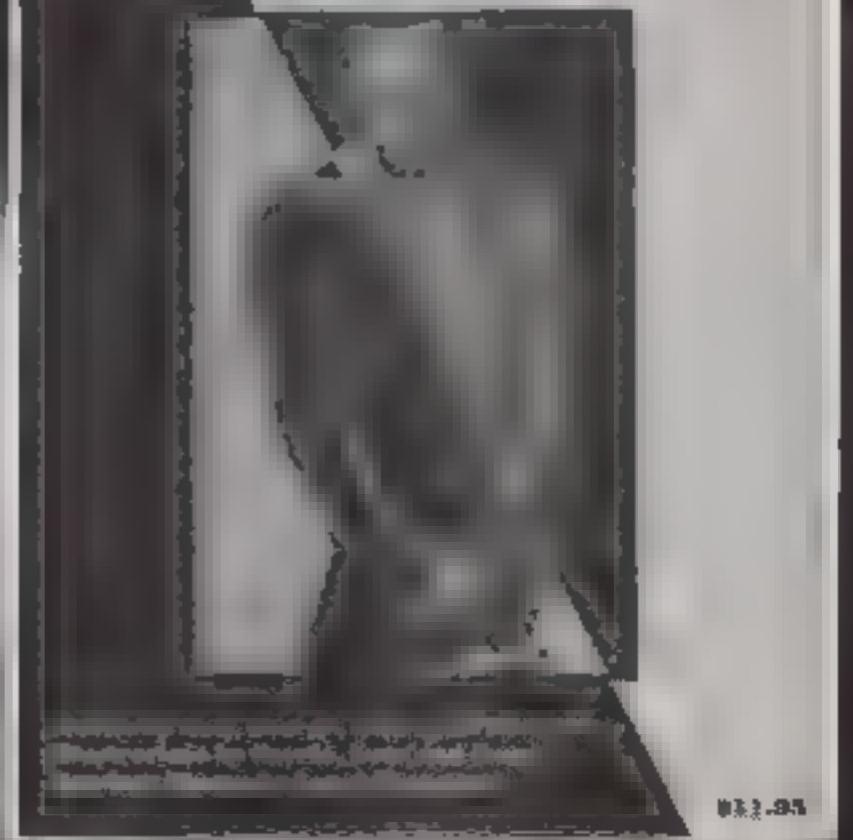


# WHITE POWER

Photos by LARRY TOWNSEND



**SM CONTRASTS**  
Compiled & Edited by  
**Larry Townsend**

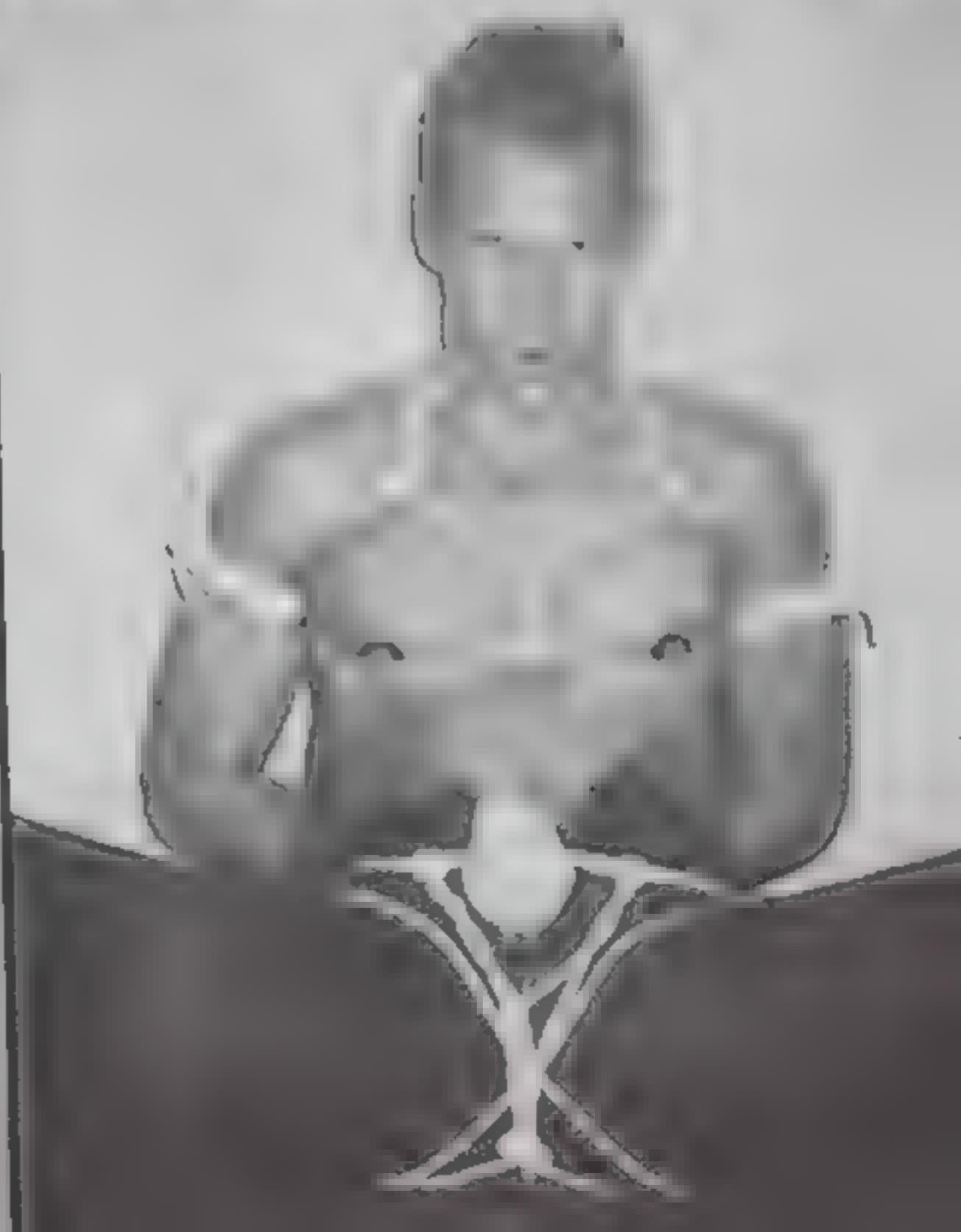
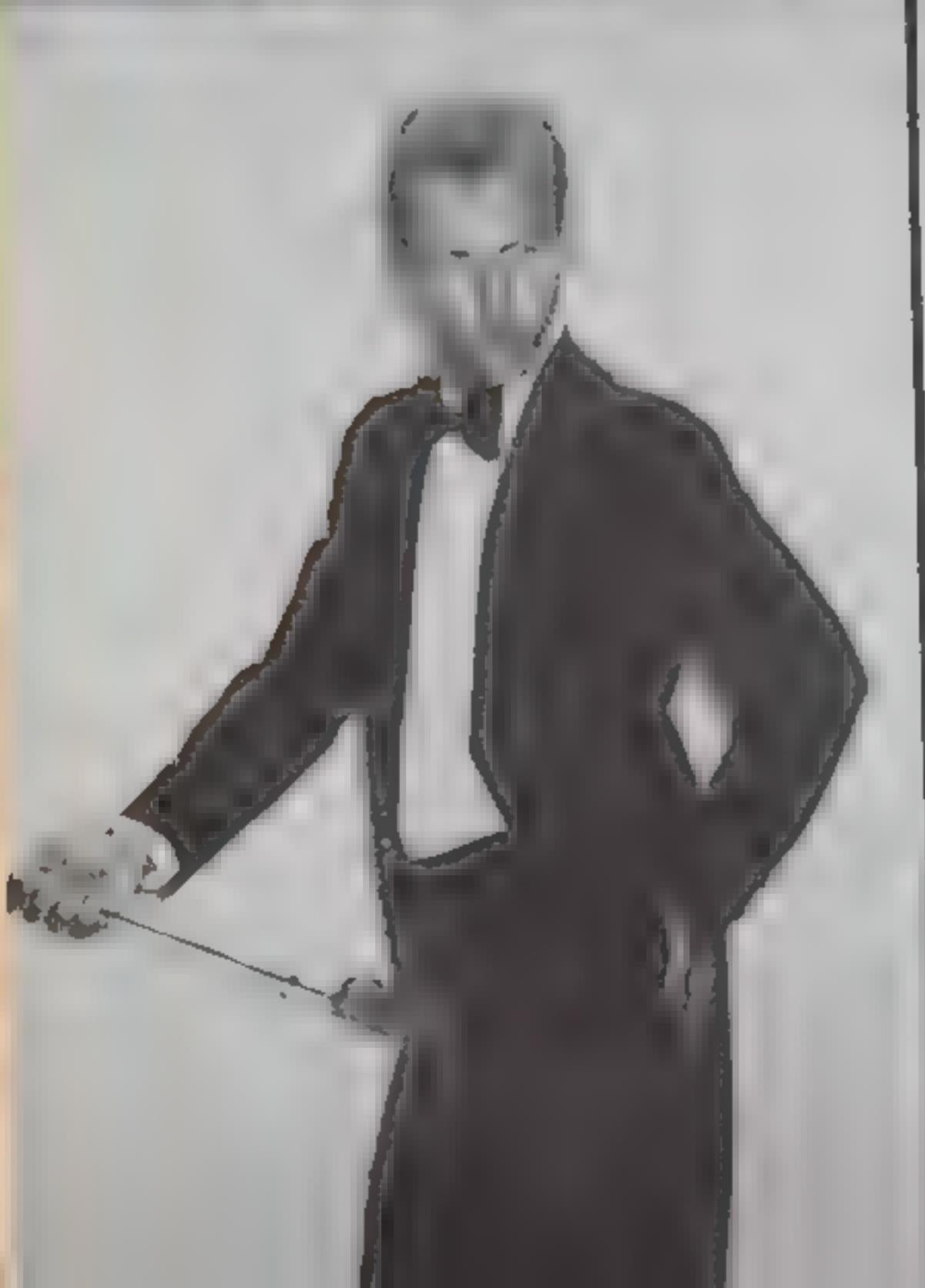
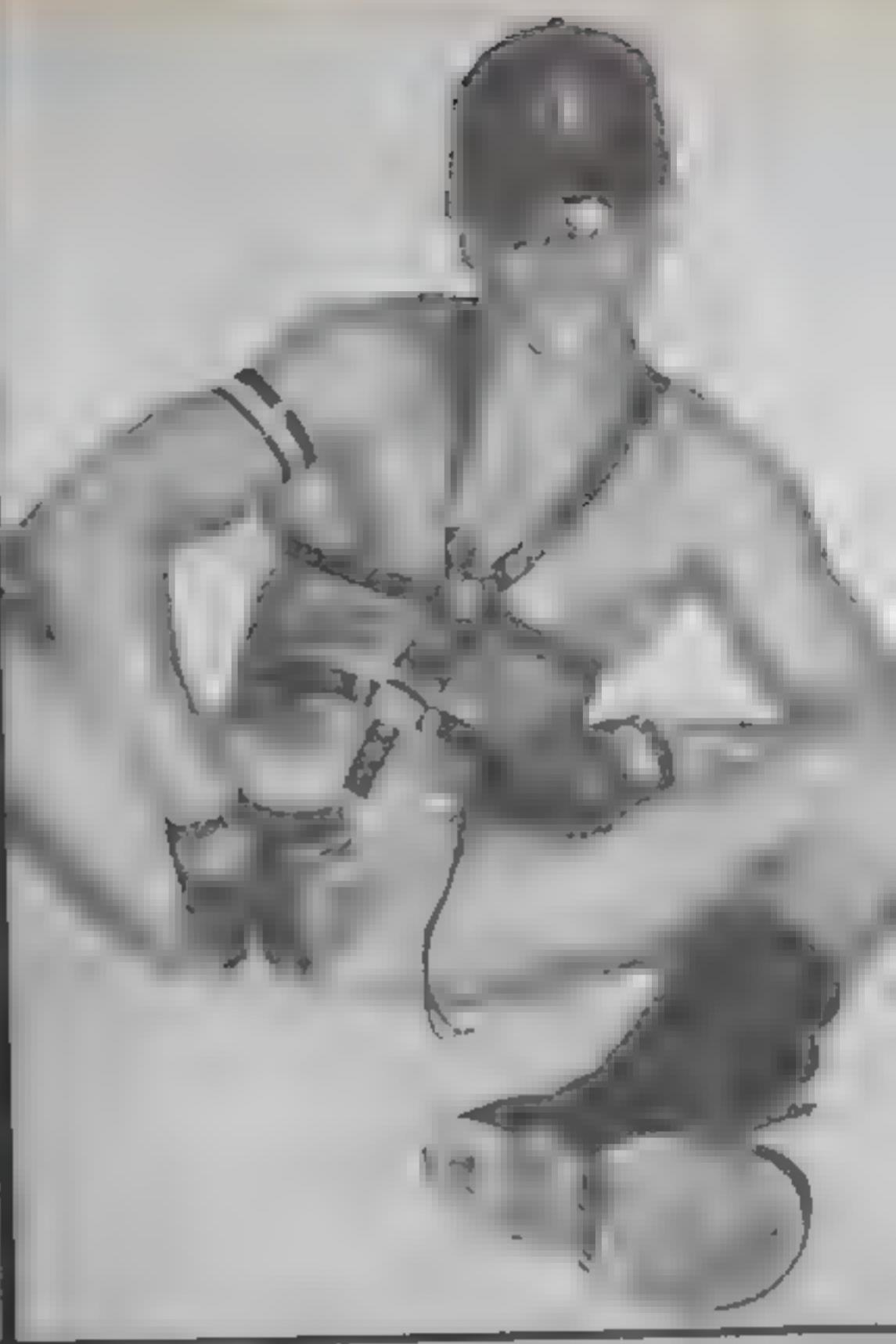
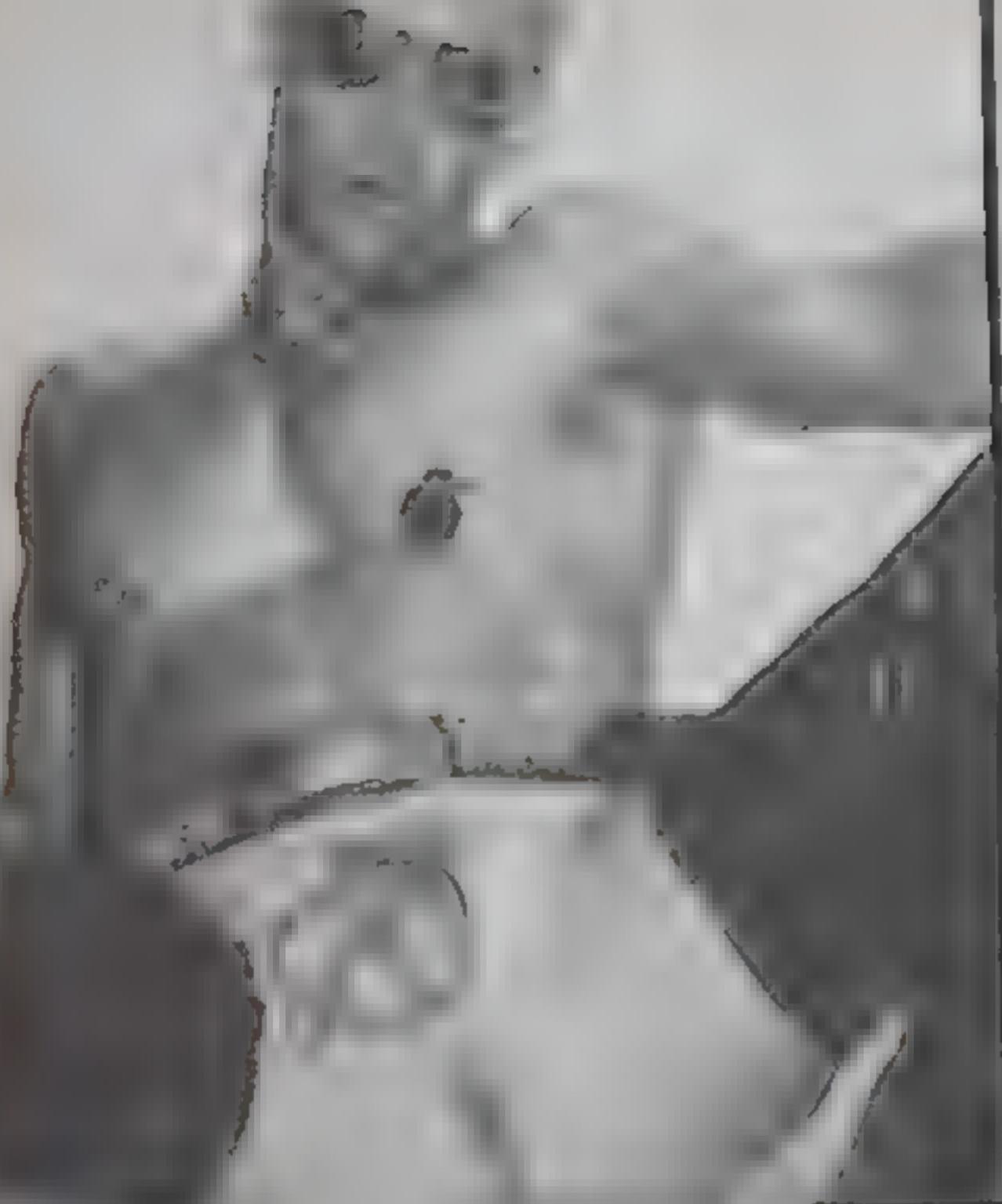


\$32.95

These and many more photos of the...  
which also includes hot SM fiction and  
Sandmupia Supply Co., PO Box 1131

...are included in Larry Townsend's recent publication, *SM Contrasts*, Order from Larry Townsend, P.O. Box 1131, San Francisco, CA 94101. \$11.95 + \$3 postage and handling.

125





# **Scott Answer**

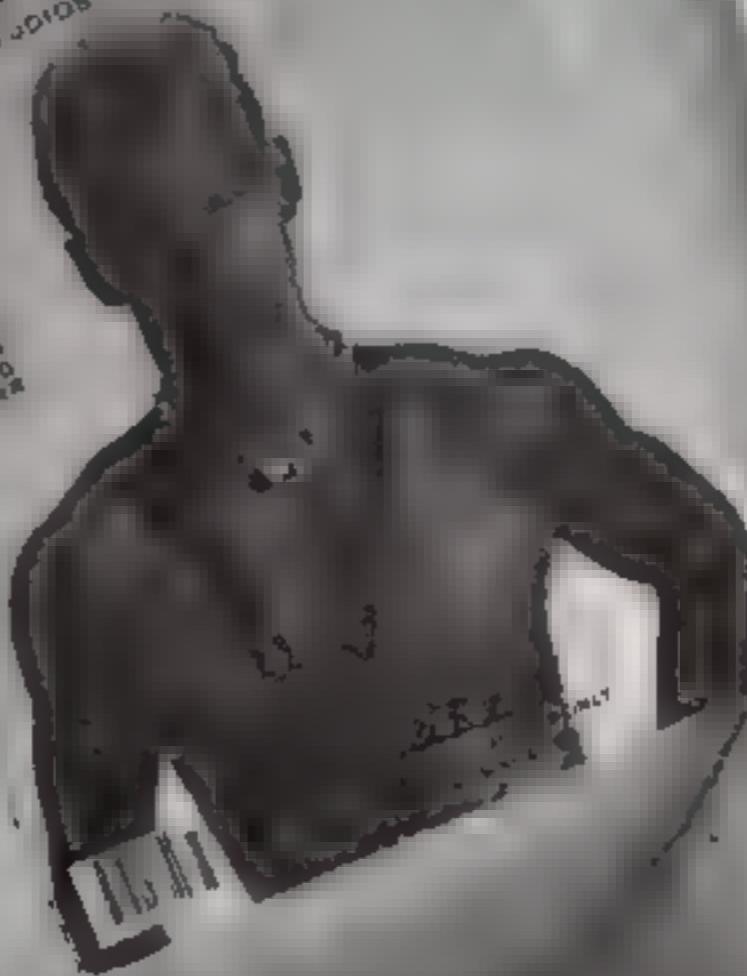
PHOTOS by ZEUS

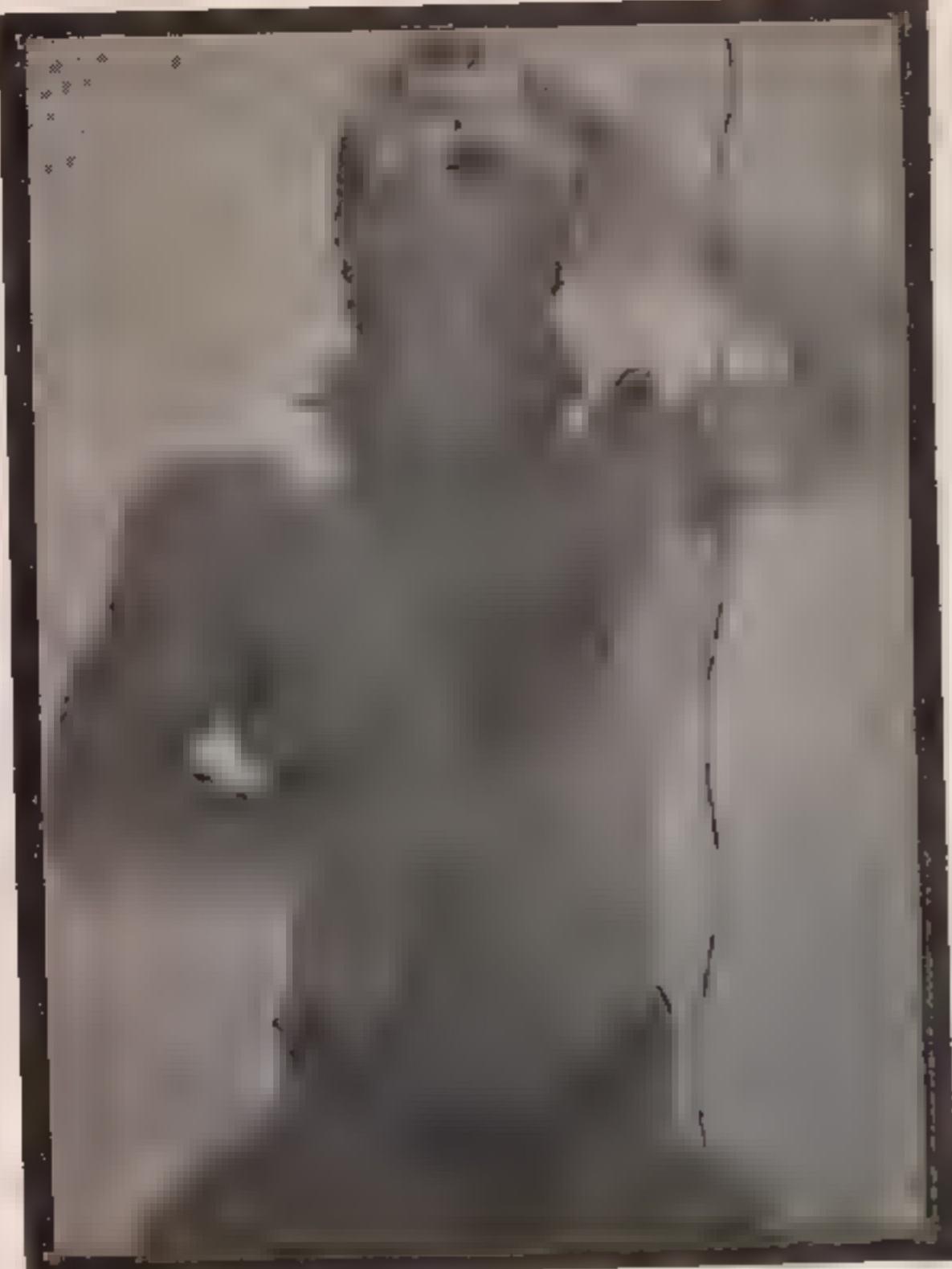


# ODYSSEY

A ZEUS STUDIOS PHOTO JOURNEY

INTRODUCING  
THE  
SCOTT  
ANSWER  
ET AL.  
TOM  
NO  
BLAZER





## A SATIRIC LOOK AT FANTASY PHONE SEX

With the help of Ma Bell and some enterprising entrepreneurs, a thriving new business has been created for all of us who might enjoy fantasy phone sex.

Throughout our land there are fantasy phone lines that, for a fee (paid in advance or charged on a credit card), will aid you in satisfying one of man's basic needs: achieving an orgasm.

You say you are lonely after coming home from the bar without someone in tow? Or you are high on grass at noontime and feel hornier than Joan Collins between husbands? Hosanna, there's an easy solution. You can pick up your Princess phone (or a more butch model) and dial the man of your dreams and he'll talk you into sexual nirvana. You can find many fantasy sex phone lines listed in gay newspapers and magazines in the United States. It's a business which is flourishing and handles customers from all over the world. And most companies operate 24 hours a day. Usually the peak hours when business really climaxes (pun intended) are after the bars close and customers return home in varying conditions, but many horny enough to tackle even Quasimodo.

I decided to investigate the fantasy phone sex business since I had never participated in it; I always like to try something new. I'm very conservative with money but figured, what could I lose—maybe \$25 or \$50 which I would charge to my credit card?

To get myself into a sexual mood, I pulled out some issues of Drummer and mixed myself a martini. To fully appreciate gay fantasy phone sex, it is important for you to visualize (fantasize) the type of man who turns you on. You can, if you wish, just close your eyes and pretend he's on the other end of the line.

I surveyed the ads, looking for one company that would have the type of guy I dig. The names of some outfits intrigued me, such as: Adonis Phone Sex, Man-to-Man Phone Sex, Man-Talk, Cumfort Station, Los Angeles Hotline (whose slogan is "Reach out and touch someone"), Dude Phone Sex and Sandy's Phone Sex and Delt. The company that caught my eye sounded like just what the doctor ordered: Wolfgang's Whip-it Phone Sex

When I called them, I got the boss himself, Wolfgang, and he explained his service. Wolfgang sounded like an ex-Nazi SS officer. He said he was uncut and dressed in full leather. With a strong, dominant voice and a pronounced German accent, he mentioned that he specialized in verbal abuse. Oh, boy, just what I like. Our conversation went something like this:

Me: "Hi, this is my first time calling, so bear with me."

Wolfgang: "Not to worry, slave, the Whip-it line never fails."

Me: "Could you crack your whip a little louder, Wolfgang?"

Wolfgang: "Just imagine my cat-o'-nine-tails as it connects with the flesh on your plump thighs."

Me (Wondering how he knew my thighs were plump): "Tell me more, oh, great Master."

Wolfgang: "Now get on the floor and imagine you are licking my Tony Lama boots."

Me (Ye gads, he must be successful at this stuff if he can afford Tony Lama boots): "I'm getting a hard-on just thinking about it."

Wolfgang: "Get up, filthy pig, and peel off your leather."

Me (Nervously, I slide out of my L.L. Bean loafers and drop my festive, burnt-sienna pantaloons): "OK, Master, I'm standing here clad only in my Calvin Klein leather jockstrap, waiting for your next command, Sir."

Wolfgang: "I like your obedience, slave. Off with that jockstrap."

Me (I unfastened my jockstrap and let it fall to the floor—my jockstrap, that is; I'm now holding my "pulsating pacifier" in my left hand—I've always been a southpaw): "You are so demanding, Master. I am unworthy to serve you."

Wolfgang: "Shut up, slave, before I put your manhood to my vice. Get down on the floor."

Me (I swear I hear the squeak of the jaws of an ancient vice opening): "What are you doing next?"

Wolfgang: "Never mind. Are you on the floor?"

Me: "Yes, Sir, I'm squatting on my Kurman rug."

Wolfgang: "You don't have a leather rug?"

Me: "No, the closest thing to it is my Rubbermaid bath mat."

Wolfgang: "Well, pretend it's rough, uncured damascene leather. Is the feel of it tickling your fancy?"

Me: "It's doing more than that, it's leaving indentations on my ass. But it's turning me on."

Wolfgang: "You must be punished I will whip you mercilessly."

Me (Wolfgang is frenetically cracking the whip and cursing me, I mix myself another martini and recline on my Castro convertible): "Oh, Master, flagellate me with reckless abandon."

Wolfgang: "You son of a leather mongerer, you are sorely testing my patience. How would you like my fist up your ass?"

Me (Now my blood pressure is up; my testicles are twitching, too): "I wouldn't want that, Sir. Even a finger hurts my anal canal and scrapes my hemorrhoids."

Wolfgang: "You must know pain to achieve a meaningful orgasm."

Me (Wondering exactly what he means): "How much has this call cost so far, Sir?"

Wolfgang: "One hundred twelve dollars American or 254 Deutschmarks."

Me (Climaxing immediately on this painful news): "I'm c-c-cumming, Sir. Oooh, it smarts."

Wolfgang: "It hurts you to achieve an orgasm?"

Me: "No, I just sat on my tit clamps. They're so cold."

Wolfgang: "You will call again?"

Me: "Yes." (Thank God I have MCI.) "Good-bye, mein leather Führer."

Since this was my first experiment with fantasy phone sex, I felt somewhat inhibited. I did climax (but at such a cost). I am, I must admit, interested in trying it again, though. Hopefully, I will enjoy it more and talk less. I couldn't help but wonder afterwards though if I might not have been cheated by my "leatherman." What if he was wearing vinyl?

—Jack Edwards

DRUMMER 102

# REPORT

DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION BY BILL WARD

SEND YOUR ENTRIES TO DRUMMER REPORT  
PO BOX 1234, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1234



## POSITION OPEN

Veteran policeman Richard Harrison, III was fired from his job in Gainesville, FL after he took part in the strip-search of 24 middle school students.

Girls were searched by a female physical education teacher, but the boys were taken by Harrison to a storage room, one by one, and ordered to strip to their underwear and forced to submit to a full body search.

The cause of all this? A reported theft of \$10, the money was not found. Talk about cheap thrills.

## SAD ABOUT SMADS

Referring to the government's recent crackdown on SM-oriented magazines and personal reasons, the editor of SMads informed Drummer that they will discontinue publication with the January 1987 issue. Mail will continue to be forwarded to advertisers until the end of March.

SMads started in June 1973 and traveled with the owner in his moves from New York City to Houston, TX and finally to Los Angeles. SMads will be missed.

## BEEFCAKE COVER-UP

Playgirl magazine has announced that it will not let it all hang out! No more cock-frontal nudity—beginning with the February 1987 issue. Playgirl execs seem to think that sales will go up with the cover-up, but most of the people we've talked to say they will stop buying the magazine if there is no meat. That last issue should be a collector's item.

## A BIT OF THE BUBBLY

The distributors of Gay Times in the U.K. refused to handle a recent issue because wholesalers objected to what they termed an indecent front cover.

The photo in question was

chosen to illustrate a feature on the work of photographer Erwin Olaf Springveld and, oddly enough, the issue with the offending cover carried a major report on the rising tide of censorship which is hitting gays and especially gay publications in the U.K.

A modified cover was hurriedly printed to wrap around the original.

The New Zealand gay publication *Out!*, in defiance and celebration, used the same photo on their August issue.

## MENTOR MENTION

A new condom invented by Mentor Corp. of Minneapolis is reportedly to provide greater protection against exchange of body fluids and therefore more protection against sexually transmitted diseases such as acquired immunodeficiency syndrome.

The new two-part condom is called "Mentor" and has a safety shield adhesive that not only prevents it from accidentally slipping off during the sex act but also forms a watertight barrier to keep semen in and fluids out. The condom and its applicator hood unroll together, but the outside sheath is removed before sex, and a special adhesive seals the condom to the skin.

The material we received raises but does not answer the question of how the condom is removed. Ouch!

## LIVING IN REDNECK COUNTRY

In October 1986, the first residents arrived in Stonewall Park at Rhyolite, NV. Plans for the restoration of Rhyolite include rebuilding many of the old buildings that once comprised a booming mine town of 10,000.

Living arrangements for fifty residents, to rough-it, have been made and project supporters are in hopes of one

hundred fifty new residents in the next few months.

So far no problems have arisen, but the gay township's first town meeting had expected appearances by members of the Klu Klux Klan. The confrontation did not take place although the KKK did advertise for support and demonstrators in at least four Western states.

The Nye County Sheriff's Department and the Nevada Highway Patrol were ready to insure that no violence occurred, but Nye County Commissioner Robert Revert stated, "This is not San Francisco. This is redneck country. When they get to the county line, they cease being gay—they turn into gays." Prostitution is acceptable to me, homosexuality is not, Revert said. "I don't think they can walk down the street safely."

Donations for Stonewall Park at Rhyolite are tax-deductible and channeled through the Rhyolite and Bullfrog District—Death Valley Historical Society. For information on current business opportunities and/or homestead information, call (operator assisted) "Rhyolite Toll Station #2," or write Stonewall Park at Rhyolite, PO Box 3220, Rhyolite, NV 89003-1220.

## HOT FLASHES

Dr. William Norcross of the University of California at San Diego said, about hot flashes in men, that they are not unique but occur in men with less frequency than in women and may be mistaken for the symptoms of a heart attack, according to his recent report in *Western Journal of Medicine*.

The symptoms are intense sweating, heart palpitations, fainting spells and flushing of the face, neck and trunk (Sounds like my last hot scene.)

Hot flashes are linked to de-

creased production of sex hormones in both sexes, but in men the condition is not biologically controlled. The largest number of men susceptible to hot flashes are those who have had a testicle removed usually for cancer, or those who have had multiple hernia operations. This same group of men is at highest risk of heart attack.

## INTERNATIONAL MS LEATHER

The San Francisco-based Ms. Enterprises, in association with Up Your Alley Productions, is presenting the First Annual International Ms Leather Contest to be held Saturday, March 21, 1987 at Club QVB in San Francisco.

The contest was created to enhance a positive image of women in the leather lifestyle. Contestants may enter either as an individual or be sponsored and will be judged in four categories: leather image, physical appearance, attitude and personality, and stage presence.

MSL is hosting the Ms San Francisco Leather Contest, to be held January 24, 1987 at High Chaparral in San Francisco. The winner will represent San Francisco at the International Ms Leather contest.

Proceeds from First Annual International Ms Leather will benefit the AIDS Emergency Fund, Coming Home Hospice, AWARE, AIDS Alternative Health Project and the Women's AIDS Network.

For information on how to host a contest in your area write to International Ms Leather, 1519 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94103. The use of "International Ms Leather" is with permission of, but not associated with International Ms Leather Inc.

Drummer will course be covering this important historical event for the leather community.

**WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY**  
40-year-old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive, expand my limits. Novice in WS, bondage, C&BT and servitude. I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50+ male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me. I want to serve for life. I am 5'11", 180 lbs., chunky, hairy butt B" cut, large balls, tattooed. Write me please. Daddy—I am eager and waiting to serve Box 5093LF.

#### NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Shackled, tied, bound, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a large soft foam ball as torturous titclamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve fibers. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothed-parachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weight. Buttocks reddened, burn, & blister as an eternity of paddling swats them into tortured firmness. Your asshole, stretched from its d-lobbed perch, now yields to one after another then darkness. Escape failed in 50 a on Tom's and round you lie the 2nd rays of the sun. KMS of leather-circled testicles dry as they melt to a plate of hot wax. Master, yesterday's date is tomorrow's. What will I do? Will you escape before you're 41 year old WM Daddy gives the head, old who will not o and commands. You need son Cum. The tape recording of your agony will be a dominant factor. You never serve anyone Master and pay my own travel expenses within 200-mile radius of New York. We'll go down to you for home pain and business trips to Virginia, DC, MD plus Atlanta, Birmingham, Denver and West Coast. Will begin each scene by giving you complete health checkover, you'll start—and stay—heathy. Bottoms must have dungeon or payroom lined up at their own expense. Send age, height, weight and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless. 6'4", 205 pounder at Box 5034LF. Save your pictures. You'll be interviewed before Corager agrees to top you.

#### TIRED OF THE CITY

Country "boy" wants to come back home to self-employed country man or country-based trucker who is hairy, big-dicked, bearded, naturally top, fun-lovin'. Dad who needs a boy-minded young man as follower/boy/partner not slave. You support us, I keep you happy or you whip me. I'll smoke beer. Photos answered first. Box 5043LF.

#### LOOKING FOR LOVE

In all the wrong places—spread-eagled and red-cheeked by SM aces—condom-trapped tongue inside sluds who dig sitting on face—harnessed and hot-waxed for slave scenes and kinky embraces—hog tied for the sleaze needs of raunch groups and drenched with the traces of everyone looking for ova. White only. Bob. 20s. husky uncult. Hot photo. descriptive letter to Box 5097LF.

#### NAKED AND IMMOBILIZED

Professional B shape GWM interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration as either top or bottom. Am extremely healthy, financially secure and travel often. Most any scene considered. Box 1274 Petersburg, AK 99833. All answered (LF5576).

**DAD SKS RESPECTFUL SON/LOVER**  
Good-looking GWM 37 5'5" grey (balding), moustache, muscular. You Responsible, hardworking, spiritual in-shape, into leather, boots, Levi's, VA WS, being dominated, etc. No drugs. This dad is tired of bullshit boys. If ready to respect, serve, work hard and be loved, respond with photo, letter, phone to Box 5610LF.

#### LOOKING FOR LEATHER PUNK

Dominant Master, 38, 160, well built looking for leather punk, 20-30, with goody body and decent looks. Applicant should love leather, discipline (mental and physical), bondage, shaving, torture, public exhibition. Send letter outlining sexual and lifestyle desires with pic to Box 5598LF.

#### EGOS I DON'T NEED

35 yrs, 5'11" weighing in at 235 lbs. So you think you're sexy, gorgeous, a beefy muscled hunk. You're nothing. This description fit you? Try the un-body I'm the real thing. Big guy—Master. Photos get answers. J Carroll, PO Box 2479, Kensington, MD 20895.

#### L.A. NIPPLES LEATHER

Handsome this year. 39, attractive GWM 3'6" 170 lbs. Brown hair. Moustache. Seeks other well-built, unshaved men for extended type sessions and no rules. Safety and sexy except for the discipline. Especially beefy and hairy. 200+ leather uniforms and S&M pads. Hairy, verbal and non-verbal. You must be the good looks, moustache & bearded leather and uniforms and experience in S&M are basics. Be a good guy, a good body and a good sex. I am a dominant in leather and photo. Suite 53, 712 Wilshire, Santa Monica, CA 90401. I travel extensively.

#### ARE YOU MY DADDY?

I've been looking everywhere, for so long for my daddy. My daddy is handsome, hairy muscular and he has a big dick, and his name is Sir. Though I've never met him, I know he'll want to pinch my tits and put his hand in my butt. I'm sure he'll spank me often and occasionally whip me, and he probably has a lot of other interesting ideas about how to treat his boy that I haven't even thought of. But he for sure knows how to treat his boy with that beautiful blending of discipline and affection that'll make his boy just want to please his daddy. Boy is 37 5'9" 140 brown/bl smooth and lightly muscled. If you're my daddy I sure hope you'll call soon. I want my daddy (415) 465-9767 (LF5607).

#### COCK TORTURE

Looking for depraved C/T scenes. Into piercing, mutilation fantasies, piss hole stretching, electricity. I have a cock with a PA and pierced tits that also enjoy weights and clamps. Also enjoy long fisting sessions. I'm 5'3", 150 lbs, 40 and into leather. Planning a trip to SF and want to stay and play? I have sleeping accommodations available. Mitch, PO Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94101 (415) 861-7898 (LF5648).

#### POW SCENES

Leather Master/camp commandant requires military types to undergo POW scenes at prison farm. Requirement under 6 over 21 good shape able to be interrogated at least 3 days or more. Write LMB, PO Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068.

#### WANTED, HOT GUYS UNDER 25

To be tied spread eagle and tortured until you beg to stop by hot 22-year-old WM. mean and sane. From light to heavy. How tough are you? Photo phone to Suite 4261, 303 W 42, NY, NY 10036.

#### ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline fetish? Let's explore each other's fantasies. The time is now. Relationship is possible. I am 25, GWM attractive, 6'145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photo/pic to G.H., 495 Ellis St., Suite 204, San Francisco, CA 94102.

#### WESTERN NY ONTARIO

32 yo. slim WM, looking to make friends with a man who wants to work/play with me, mutually exploring/expanding our world of SM, BO and leather all in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility. Please write to me with your thoughts and how I can get back to you. Box 5392LF.

#### BOOTS AND BONDAGE

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and foot service for your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to treads/cleat soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas. 5'2" 6', 180 lbs. Box 4411LF.

#### LET'S FIGHT!

Tough hairy fighter wants the same. No rules. No holds or blows barred. Man enough? Challenge me. (415) 885-3218.

#### LEXINGTON/CINCINNATI AREA

40 yo GWM seeking 18+ GWM little family. Us. Vanilla/heavy asswork, many tails, piercings, big nutsack, a turn-on, heavy pain & torture, safe sex, leather, electro-torture, sharing, etc. (up later) very hairy. 5'10", 180 lbs. Travel weekends. Photos exchanged. I have little family too. Equality important. Box 5664F.

#### FIT TO BE ABUSED

Slave seeks no nonsense cop, master who knows what they want. Should be into cigars, motorcycles and abusing a slave in any way. Master is over 6'100 lbs off. Will answer all photo with get mine. Will relocate. Box 5618F.

#### SADIST WANTS MASOCHIST

Squirm under pain and brainwashing. Send skin-topless photo, letter at once. Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433.

#### SAFE SEX MIND FUCKS

Be monitored through letters, personal tapes and videos. Submit to disgusting commands and sex games share in mail fantasies. Send photo and letter of submission, safe and hot. Box 5640.

#### NEED HARD SPANKINGS

Good looking Michigan college student wants to complete education over your knee—or in any other position. Want long hard spankings and more with good-looking top. Photo in Tough Customers issue #2 (TC1138) Box 5628.

#### PESKY COLT SEEKS MASC. TOP

Country boy, 30, 5'9", 160, blue eyes and brown hair/moustache. Looking for dominant/muscular big brother. Injured colt seeks long-term relationship with physically and mentally fit topman/coach. Into leather/uniform and western realities. The right man could tame this boy. Moustaches a plus. Photo and phone with detailed letter will return same. Scamp Box 5627.

#### BAREBACK WHIPPING

Top 45 220 lbs., wants young bottoms who need heavy discipline. Also want to work with other tops. Torture and execution fantasies and shaved heads a turn-on. Write with photo & phone. Box 5626.

#### WANTED: ON-CALL SLAVE

Looking for GWM slave. 19-40, slim, for on-call slave. Must be able to report when called. Most limits respected. Send recent photo & limits & telephone #. No drinkers or drug users. Am WM, 174 lbs, 6'3", t-wl answer all with photo & phone. Just a letter takes longer. Address letter to Sirs, Box 5660LF.

#### MASTER HORSEMAN WANTED

To break and train this potential man/animal for total barnyard servitude. You must be a cowboy/rancher, sadistic, with appropriate boarding facilities for this unbroken stud. I am WM, 37, 34" W, 47" C, 8', 185 lbs, bearded & tattooed. Desire to be animal/slave/pet for right man. Photo & phone get quick results. Will travel nationwide. Box 5642.

#### LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC, CA and FL one time a year and travel OH to Nebraska, Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive but can be top for right stud 30s. 5'10" am into Fr, Gr FF, spanking, light SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF.

#### QUIET—MASTER/DAADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easy going but I'm very health conscious, together loving, looking for a special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. Dad is that special type who treats his partner with the respect and TLC he needs but must get back the respect and submission a dad deserves. Dad is looking for guys 21-36 who are in need of a father/master image, good friend or more. I am dominant in light S&M, 5'10", 180 lbs, very hairy, hairy and other fantasies as dependent on my master. As far as I'm concerned, I'm a good and gentle and kind as we can be. I am a slave to my master. He must be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonjew. I am located in New York but travel around the country. If interested, send photo and letter to Box 4411LF.

#### ASSUME THE POSITION!

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist son. Under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimpy, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the areas best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Thom, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

#### LOOKING FOR BIG BROTHER

Small brother looking for big-dicked jock/sleaze brother (under 30) who is into caring, dildos, bondage, also S&M and your help financially. I will relocate. Am 5'4", brn, hairy, balding and moustached (at times bearded). Totally substance-free. Safe Fr, Gr, WS, FF, verbal "motivating". Send letter, description, desires, photo, phone to PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102-0335. Can travel /host. (LF4538)

#### HEY BUDDY

Knowledgeable enough to give it like a man, confident enough to take it like a man. That's me 32 yrs, 5'9", 157 lbs, healthy, hunky, hairy, balding and moustached (at times bearded). Totally substance-free. Safe Fr, Gr, WS, FF, verbal "motivating". Send letter, description, desires, photo, phone to PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102-0335. Can travel /host. (LF4538)

#### CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes, and sweats at manual labor, a tough man especially when his hard-muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons, a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy. Box 5190LF.

**BALL PAIN**

Intense gut-wrenching ball pain yours, mine, ours. From heavy to heavier to . Soft moans to uncontrolled screams as our brains explode in agony Box 5625

**OBEYENT COCKSUCKER**

Would like to be your servant Sir I am longwinded, masculine-acting cocksucker. Also an excellent well organized housekeeper and good driver. Put a collar on this GWM 46 6'3", 200 lbs., brn/brn, clean-shaven novice and train him as one of your animals. Light SM, VA, spankings Northern CA, but free to travel No FF scat, drugs or anal sex Box 5624

**MERCILESS MASTER CRAVED**  
by unworthy white s ava. 34 best buttsucker and boot sole worshiper in the world. Punish me eternally with pain torture, humiliation, degradation for daring to offer my inferior being into your total control. Your commands obeyed instant i receive Your first letter. No limits. Repeat no limits. Box 5618

**HAL LAMB**

Born 22 Oct 1963. Miss you! Call me Michael (415) 964-1888

**HOT BULLWHIP STUD NEEDED**  
Strip me! Rope me! Flog me! Animal (918) 743-5219

**BOTTOM SEEKS TOP**

Retired bottom searching for experienced top Prefer L/L type wish live-in with top who wants to own bottom Hopely in lime top would love bottom Slave has tried all scenes, heavy into assplay all types, bondage hoods, light discipline W. S. sale sex Prefer East US but would consider other place Send photo and what you expect if really interested Box 5186F

**WANTED**

We are looking for a boy who wants to service two daddies totally. We are mid-30s kinky and steazy but in great health. You're 30+, white and ready to begin. Write a lengthy detailed letter and describe your experience and desires, totally. Enclose phone number, a nude photo (if possible). Will answer all and arrange an interview. We're ready, are you? Box 5603LF

**DADDY'S BOY, 24**

5'9", 140 lbs. brn/grn, seeks big, masculine daddy 36-55, into leather S/M all creative safe scenes. Overweight a plus PO Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101

**OBEYENT SLAVE WANTED**

Opening for sincere honest, devoted breakneck fast responsible, obedient slave. Must be willing to live with, be taken care of and obey two leathermen together 16 yrs. We're into care, feeding, domination, discipline. Dungeon equipment, lifestyle, orders provided. Move your ass and write, enclosing recent photo, detailed description Masters Larry (6'2", 168 lbs bl/bl muscular) Mike (5'6" 155 lbs br/bl mean top) PO Box 1104, Sandy UT 84091 (LF4086)

**SHIT PHOTOS**

Dirty-assed lard freak wants to exchange filthy raunch shots of your shit-custed asshole and vomit dumps manure piles, and your hot shear feast sessions. You will get mine in return. Real pigs and piglets get matched in action by good-looking Dad type. 48, husky build huge lards. Like em' your but age no barrier. Let's get down and dirty Box 5577

**I-95 TRUCKERS**

and others. Get serviced by masculine white men. Richmond area Box 5592

**MIDWEST HOLES WANTED**

To fuck fist, stuff, whip ME Leather top, 38, 150 5'7", bearded, good health, looks, body & stamina. You, needing 1 new or experienced, open or closeted. Forward photo, Experience, specs & # Box 5413LF

**PRIVATE STABLE SEEKS STOCK**

Slim, attractive, passionate/cruel, affectionate, demanding Master (36, 5'9", 140 brown/blue beard, thick 7" cul, fair-skinned smooth health oriented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free livestock to create mutually beneficial city/rural lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. **REQUIREMENTS:** Self knowledge, openness, 200% dedication, sexual skill, intelligence health, industriousness, teamwork. **PREFERENCES:** over 36 years, tall, big build foreskin, bearded hairy, heavy hung muscles, earning power. Description, recent photo, SASE guarantee reply Box 5277LF

**MASTER SEEKS SON**

Dominant, good-looking GWM 41, 175 6'2" needs son craving dominance and affection. When you are good, you will be rewarded. When you are bad, discipline, spanking, TT BD, shaving. Let's expand your limits and my fantasies. Write with photo to Occupant, PO Box 61 Arlington, VA 22210 (LF5270)

**CIGARETTES AND WHIPS!**

Cigarettes and/or whip fetish? Learned young? Enjoy teaching? Need give or take bareback med to heavy flogging and/or smoke torture? More than one cigarette at a time? T/B C torture? A group is forming Occupant, Box 115 100 Valencia St, San Francisco, CA 94103. No dues.

**HOT, LEATHER TOPMAN**

GWM 34 yrs, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown-blue moustache hairy pacs with big rock-hard nipples. Looking for similar hot tops/bottoms to 40. I'm a stable well-educated healthy professional. Interests include photography BB, hiking En, dy mutual tilwork long, hot J.O. sessions, jockstraps, toys and safe hard workouts Can be a hot Dad for the right man. Especially into juncuts, cowboys, Asian men. No drugs or fems. Send a hot photo and/or phone to Box 4675LF

**BOOTS, BIKE, BLUECOLLAR WORKERS**

Full-time bluecollar worker by day & occasional part-time cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles bluecollar men. Maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men muscles from hard work not pumping iron in a gym. No drugs paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers rock videos, opera & high-tech preppies & clones Slut is 36, 6'1", 220 lbs, blu brn Box 2702LF

**CHAIN-GANG SLAVE**

Master WM 40s, heavy build demands a slave WM 20s-40s, who is well-built very affectionate, humble, obedient ready for full-time permanent chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand. Expect hard labor in heavy chain from a harsh slave owner. This position is not for the insincere. No drugs, FF scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF

**HEAVY TORTURE**

Your only purpose is to scream and writhe and suffer for my entertainment. Hard, hairy bodies preferred. So I smooth ones accepted and soft ones considered if you are really into being tied down and TORTURED. Electricity

Looking for..

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SLAVES FOR SALE BOOK 9.95

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
+ STATE ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
I am 21 or older  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
MasterCard VISA  
Exp. \_\_\_\_\_

## SONOMA COUNTY

WM. 44, 6' 190 lbs SM TT C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!! Box 5150

## BREECHES

Older GWM, 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34 wants young WM or Asian) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible B&D. Advise phone to Pierce, 305 Franklin St. #34 San Francisco, CA 94102

## NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortie 5'4" GWM brown/blue 135 lbs interested in meeting versatile man over 6'. Interests include but not limited to, leather bondage, tattoos, piercing, motorcycles, computers. Laundry bottom, but who knows? Object long term relationship. Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY or Box 4136LF

## SUBSCRIBE TO DRUMMER

**GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE**  
Two... You're private home with pool seek personal slave in nude slave house. You are into total scenes. Clean shaved bondage discipline and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as important as your attitude. Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slowly and safely expanded as the relationship grows. You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SCENE. MASTER love You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good slaves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed letter about yourself and how to contact you for interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity you've always fantasized about. Box 5188LF

**NAUTILUS AND SM PARTNER**  
Newcomer to SF seeks friend & partner and boots for Nautilus workouts and whipping up trouble. I'm WM 43, cut 6' 62" 205, into whipping BD SM ball work, TT SS Fr SS Gr Nol into WS scat FF flogging, piercing, prods, drugs, damage, uncults. Can be M or S. Box 5557

## LEATHER FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN DEAR SIR

**MASTER SEEKS SLAVE BOY**  
for extended torture/bondage sessions. my S.F. training facility. Must be Caucasian under 30 (younger the better), slim, clean shaven. Be prepared for total immobilization. TT C&BT heavy flogging of your dildo-plugged butt, much more. Not for "leather costume" bar faggots. Master is Caucasian, 42, 5'11", 185, 7% Personal interview required before acceptance, so don't waste my time with J/O bullshit. Can arrange a lowrance for satisfactory boy. Send application (photo, accurate physical description, experience). I'm requested, phone to Paul Dean 633 Post St., #515, San Francisco, CA 94103. Above presssed me daily, others get ed.

## EXPLORATORIUM

Demanding Master, 6'2", 220 lbs., 35 yrs. old, competitive muscle man, seeks those into S/M reality not just fantasy. Trainer is ruggedly handsome, tattooed and esoteric with fully equipped soundproof dungeon. Raunch, spit, sweat, electrotorture, needles, knives, pits, beatings, verbal abuse, brutal prison rape, hanging, branding and interrogation are a part of what you will endure when confined in my dungeon. The Master desires those with a firm commitment to please. Call me, but no bullshit. This is the real thing, so don't waste my time if you can't cut it. You will be taken to the limits of physical/mental failure and then the training begins. Fee. (415) 282-8834.

## EXECUTIVE DADDY

41 200 lbs., 6' BB, seeks smooth athletic boy for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

## PAIN TR PS

Do you need to suffer? The Man seeks experienced masochists for unusual explorations into pain trips and going past the point where the head and body say NO! This is not a larceny or sensual S/M trip. Whips, A-ligator clamps, Cigarettes, Beatings w/4" Ivory rattan cane, Bruises, most likely. But safe and sane. No damage or permanent marks intended in torture for torture sake. C/B torture and intense bondage/tr torture a specialty. Bottom must be honest and able to take a pig. No sale words. Sincere letter w/photo to The Man, POB 4622 SF CA 94101

## IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S PROBABLY NOT AVAILABLE

### HEY BOY!

Your daddy is looking for you  
Call (916) 391-9755.

**MASCULINE BUTTBUDDY WANTED**  
Exceptionally handsome, hung, oversexed, smooth WM 38, with kinky butt seeks similar to explore sensuous fantasies. Must be versatile, hung, huge, experienced, healthy, discreet. Secretly you dig giving/receiving enemas, need steady buttbuddy and love giving head. Monogamous relationship possible if sexually compatible. No bar types. Box 5557LF

## ASS EATER

Stick your butt in my face and make me worship it. Love Latin and white asses riding my tongue. WM 6'1" 185 lbs 30 black hair and beard. T/T, W/S. Box 5498

## HORNY TOPMAN

GBM 30, 5'10", 180 lbs BB seeks attractive/submissive GWM (German and literary boys a plus). Your buns must look fantastic in Speedos/Levis. If you don't know how they look ask a friend. No drugs, and I'll break you of that smoking habit too. Ready to serve? Prove it and include a photo. Box 5591

## DADDY'S WAITING

If you're young and desperately want to try the joys of bondage and pain but are just too nervous or shy. This daddy can help. Very handsome, tall, hung and mid-forties. He'll give you slow understanding, careful but complete training, using only safe sex. You'll never have a better way to start. Any race. Picture with letter. Box 5685

**EXCEPTIONAL YOUNG SLAVE**  
28, 5'9", bm/blue, seeks exceptional Master 21-35. This leather-worshipping handsome buck needs taming. Scat piss, foot worship, OK. No Greek no chubs! Lite SM OK. Your pic gets mine. Want a g/f for a B x 558

## OCCASIONALLY

this creative Old Bondage Master likes his slim, young slaves to fuck/suck/tease/torture each other in bondage. Apply 6-9PM only (415) 467-5128. Sincere novices OK. No J.O. telephonies. The Colonel

**HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM, SIR!**  
Sir! I am here to serve you as your bondage slave. I've been experienced in bondage, assplay, cocksucking, some SM and am willing to be trained to expand myself. I am 35, 5'10", 175 lbs, good-looking and ready to please you. Sir! Photo appreciated. Sir! Box 5650LF

## DADDY MASTER

sought by tall hot muscular man mid-30s. Box 5643

## ADULTHEIR IFORNIA

## HELP ME INTO SM

Self torture sucks WM, 6'2", 170, cul, 7% needs experienced Master or top for nipple ball, cock work, munching, electro-torture (mutual with shaft, balls tied together a real turn-on). Bondage increments. Hot wax, shaving, clothespins. Box 5184LF

## HUNGRY PIG

I A mutual raunch pig looking for hot chunky, slobbery pig buddy to share hole into mutual F. Gr condoms, sweaty armpits and ass-cracks. Uncut & plus. Sale scal scenes

I CBT leather weights, chains, like extra hairy backs and butts. Am 31 bi/bi & 185 lbs. Ital an, moustache. Hard pack. Legs arms—work out regularly into L.A. life of beach, outdoors/new music scene, movies/garden/dinner. Seeking a relationship with above type person. Send letter with phone # Box 5629

## SON WANTED

WM Topman-Dad, 45, 5'8", 145 lbs seeks completely-bottom son under 30. No SM abuse, beatings or test of wills. I want a thoroughly-submissive, trim, quiet, obedient, affectionate, home-type Daddy's Boy who's on a serious, heavy Father-Son trip. Boy can expect bondage and to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy will be my houseboy and not expected to work full time. I am aware. I'm not a sugar daddy. I'm a Topman, a Master aiming to possess, dominate, love, take care of, play with, and fuck a docile, dependent boy who knows he can't make it on his own and needs a Daddy. Prefer short (5'6" and under) slim, even scrawny boy with smooth body and hairless but. This size boy not mandatory. Attitude and submissiveness more important than height. Slightly handicapped or unemployable boy okay. I'm searching for a real special kind of boy. Where is he? Reply with phone number. Relocation taken care of. As an or Latino welcome. Box 4551LF

## GANGFUCK FRENZY

I mean you spy this wow candyass slacking cans or whatever. Sweet face. Unreal Bod. Yeah! You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude, a spot, and force a scene where panicked appeals get stilled by hot studded dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts. Ain't nothing beat slapping, bucking into resistant bucking toyass to your buddies' head-bouncing facefucking rhythms. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve ... Man! Oh! Man! Hey Gangbanger does all of that incredible stuff walking around pumping up your cock to twitching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and benefit our action. L.A. Openings. Box 5342LF

**LET'S STOP TRAFFIC**  
+m 28, 6'2", 180 lbs, and above average all-around. Sound arrogant? So what. I want a Master, not a mouse in leather drag. I want commitment and trust and the envy of all who know us, or see us together. I want the best things in life. Does that mean you? If you're young, strong, healthy and find your leather-sex life cooler than it could be, I need you. And having said so, I'm shut up. Send photo, phone and a piece of your soul to Matt. Box 5129LF

## OBEDIENT BLOND BODY BUILDER

needs contact with dominant aggressive man. Safe sex. Verbal abuse and humiliation. Enjoys calling the shots over 6'2" 185 lbs jock late 20s, blue eyes, masculine. If you're 30-50 have a mean streak and aren't afraid to show who's boss, I need badly to try to satisfy your needs. Need arrogant type who's just not happy until he's called "Sir." Photo gets mine, but attitude and temper most important. Serious. Discreet. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

## DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad 41, 6'3", 240 lbs., hairy seeks son. Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it. However, Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your well-being. Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow up and let him about yourself. Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934LF

## MASTER WANTED

by WM, 34-year-old, blond, blue, 6'1" tall, 130 lbs, a bit overweight and small-endowed. I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT/F WS SM BD FF VA, flogging, shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos, gags, hood, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke, mummification, amy. Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age, race, endowment, looks does not matter. All I ask is that you are dominant, if there is a Master wanting this slave, please call (213) 856-4324 or write Occupant 1205 North Harper NB, West Hollywood, CA 90046. When calling, please ask for Bob. (LF5009)

## MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle rider into good clean fun on/off bike wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy riding n So Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

## TOP FF WANTED

by WM 27, 6' 180, new to FF and other scenes. Seeks patient hot man to show me the ropes. Hollywood send desc and phone to Box 5614.

## 165 LB., SOLID, 6'

Masculine Leo. Self-confident, intelligent, experienced, into fantasy fulfillment. Seeking relationship based on mutual trust and honesty. Masculine attitude and versatility a plus. Experienced in S/M, B/D uniforms, FF. No scal, penises, or butt shitters. All replies answered. Rodger, 248 No Sierra, Solana Beach, CA 92175. (LF5361)

## LEVI SLEAZE

WM 36, 6'2", 175, trim, bearded looking for creative, raunchy crotch action in filthy skin-tight Levis, boots, leather. Into sweat, piss, etc. Underwear nylon uniforms. Much verbal abuse and exhibitionism. Seek friendly, mag native, jaded men 30-50+ in bulging, drooping 50's for sensuous, sweaty all-night raunch scenes. Live n S.B. Motel. Mans w/knife. A. Safe sex only. Photo phone B x 5624

**WHITE MASTER (TOP) NEEDED**

White slave bottom, 34-5'11", 195 lbs., husky hairy wants to serve white Latino top Master. Am into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, G/p, F/f/p (front/rear), S/M B/D, toys, W/S & more. Please, sir—sincere only—send orders & info to s.ave at PO Box 6706, L.A., CA 90067 (LF5349)

**ATTR DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON**

Trim silver fox, 50s, 5'9", 140. Cauc., smooth, uncut, needs bondage, TT, CBT at hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruel streak (not brutal, cruel) who has love/hate feelings about Dad. Letter & pic to "Dad," PO Box 69824, L.A., CA 90069.

**NAZI VICTIM**

Lean bootlicking queer (part Jew), youthful 35, craves 1940 SS camp scene. Seek Aryan Master(s) to conduct experimentation involving isolation, sensory deprivation, immobilization, brainwashing, controlled breathing. No body fluids. Deadly serious Box 5564.

**ASS-EATING ADDICT**

Wants to meat clean-shaven, healthy leatherman in San Diego area for mutual rimming sessions in my sling. Is also into toys (bring your own!) and shaving. Let's give our butts a workout. GWM, 40, 165 lbs., blond, hairless. Box 5647.

**BOTTOM READY**

Young, 45, into B&D, S/M, have toys and playroom. Prefer younger experienced top. No calls between 11 PM & 9 AM (818) 843-5428.

**ITALIAN BODY BUILDER**

Very masculine & sexy Italian body builder strictly bottom, seeks verbal abuse, humiliation, doggy training & emasculating scenes on phone (213) 850-6598.

**YOUNG SLAVE AVAILABLE**

Good-looking 5'10", 150 lbs, 25, blond inexperienced slave seeks into I get good looking master for sale relationship. Interested in domination not fantasy or senseless brutality. If you're man enough PO Box 4307 Costa Mesa CA 92628.

**VICTORVILLE BONDAGE MASTER**  
WM, 30, 5'1", 190, seeks men into B&D, TT, C&B, ass play and fantasy trips. Will train novice slaves. So get off your ass and on your knees and write NOW! No photo, no answer. Box 5636.

**HANDSOME BOTTOM**

Looking for hung tops to explore many possibilities with. Let's achieve our fantasies. Call Lee at (819) 297-8400.

**SEEK DEPENDENT BOY**

Seeking boy under 30 who knows he cannot make it on his own. Permanent relationship. Daddy in 30s, extremely hairy all over body, balding belly 200 lbs (just like a daddy should look). Son smooth under 5'9", totally submissive, affectionate, obedient, quiet, dependent, homebody, nonfeminine. Daddy will control your life, possess, take care of, play with dominate and love boy. I'm no sugar daddy son will be expected to work as well as service daddy. No SM abuse; maybe occasional light bondage, verbal abuse. Son will be loved and disciplined. Submit nude photo, letter. Tell Daddy why you need him, what you expect, why Daddy should consider you for his son. Box 5616.

**NO EXCHANGE**

Seeking bluecollar guy in Levis and lace-ups over 35, beer gut okay, who would get turned on by forcing a good-looking mature exec to tongue clean his sweaty boots, pits and tow-hangers. Box 5437.

**PISS & SHIT**

WM, 35, 6'4", 200 lbs, hairless ass with juicy pink hole, seeks slave, 18-40, for toilet service. Erect, thirst-quenching cock. Firm, tasty turds. Box 5460.

**RAUNCHY SOX-FEEDER**

has need of Raunchy Sox-Eater Hot, handsome Black Master, early 40s, enlists the service of a young, greedy, hungry-mouthed White slave-dog animal. Master imposes to keep his slave-dog's mouth humble and obedient, stuffed and used, dirty and raunchy from servicing his sweat-lathered feet, dank, smelly, unwashed, dirt-encrusted soxs. Drop me a line w/ pix. Boxholder, PO Box 60331, Los Angeles, CA 90060-0331.

**SLAVE DANNY**

Will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sir! (LF4091)

**VALLEY DADDY**

6'2", beard/moustache, hot handball bottom, needs expert top. (818) 982-4296 after 6 PM and weekends.



"AND THEN I'M GONNA TAKE THIS BIG FAT... OH, GOLLY, I GOTTA GO NOW, MISTER, MY MOMMY JUST CAME HOME!"

**LET US WATCH**

Good-looking GWM couple 37 & 34 seek other masculine GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. We want to watch your long, private, intense sessions in CRT, TT, FF, WS, B&D, hot wax, clothespins, SM. No scat. Your pleasure/pain trips are our turn-on. Letter/phone Box 5608LF.

**SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY**

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks race build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must have the right attitude. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 and 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd. #326, Encino, CA 91436 (LF5202).

**TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS**

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots, all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mir-

rors and video. Mike and/or Tony (213) 777-0122 PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

**BEIRUT TERROR**

Bound like a mummy, head to toe, in wide plastic packing tape, then jammed into the trunk of a car. Victim/hostage is good-looking WM, young 35, tall/lean, who craves masked man (men) with overpowering ways. Box 5579.

**CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY**

Good-looking, tan, athletic, trim jockboy 6'1", 160 lbs., 26 years old. Enjoy wrestling, swimming, cycling, working out. My tight ass needs to be used. With right guy(s), willing to submit to almost any scene, including 3-ways, gangbangs, and rape. I like guys in uniforms (cops, military, leather and sports) speedos and jocks. Want bondage, discipline and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really like to suck cocks and be fucked long and hard! Clean and healthy Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF.

**HEAVY BONDAGE**

45, 185, 5'11", handsome, hairy hot moustache. Serious bondage bottom needs prolonged sessions. I enjoy being gagged hooded, bound chained etc. Safe-sex only, please. Limitations. No drugs, FF, scat, or lasting marks. Box 4997.

**HAIRY UNCLUT DADDY**

Versatile, hairy, uncut stud into mutual pleasuring through ploughing and milking. Interested in training those who want to explore the world of mutual w/ uncut 6'1" stud, daddy, hairy from head to foot with 8' plough and deep furrow. Tit, ass and cock work guaranteed. Box 5472.

**SLAVE/SON**

under 30 sought by older, experienced loving, health-conscious Leatherman with fully equipped training room. Sincere, hard-working, non drug or alcohol abuser who wants to be something special and appreciates support in reaching educational goals, career goals should call M ka (303) 692-8021 PO Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218. (LF5506).

**YOUNG WHITE-ASIAN**

For lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM 49, top uncut, mountain climber, tennis run. (303) 972-4177.

**COCKSUCKING BOTTOM****WANTED**

Attractive white top 26 wants cock sucker up to age 30. You will be expected to serve me socially and sexually. Teasing, spankings, humiliation, risky semi-public scenes to let games but no scat. Long sessions of cock sucking with heavy verbal and moderate physical abuse is your reward if you are an attractive queer boy and need to be treated as such. I am your man. Send letter with your des. req for consideration. Box 5304, Loveland, CO 80538. Discretion assured. I play safe.

**KEVIN GUYTON**

Lick my badge! Where are you? Last saw you in Denver you lived in Aurora, 1977. I'm in San Francisco, please write. I'm rich, I'm working! Brent W Box 5050.

**CONNECTICUT****BLACK MASTER NEEDED**

Attractive white slave desires black Master for a long-term relationship. Will travel New Eng. and NY, Penn., NJ 5'10", 165 lbs, brown/brown, moustache. Box 5594.

**ROPE, CHAINS, BONDAGE**

Bi-WM, 32, 5'11", 178, hairy biker, jock, looking for dominant leather biker or policeman into restraints bondage, wrestling, forced oral sex or no sex. Mid-Conn. area. Box 5634.

**DC-METRO****DEDICATED LEATHERMAN**

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, Bl/Bl moustache, goatee. SM BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: PO Box 2341 Manassas, VA 22110 (LF4696).

**K.S.**

Handball enthusiast experienced in wide variety other games (usually as TOP in SM) seeks others whose activities also affected by HIV virus. Am intelligent, balanced, self-confident, flexible, articulate, widely traveled, muscular, dark-haired, bearded 40s. Much more turned on by physical sensuality (either playful or intense) than role-playing or head-trips. Have mid-case Kaposi's Sarcoma, apparently controlled by AZT, but otherwise in excellent health and condition. Want a match? Ball's in your court. Box 5199LF.

### HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular hairy GWM 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy, hot, hairy muscular GWM, dominant top-man and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

### HOT STUFF

Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine, muscular bottom with sensitive tits, seeks dominant, muscular, masculine, hairy GWM topman for hot workouts, possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

### BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/MD/VA area WM, 40, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular; no drugs, nonsmoker, healthy safe sex only, independent loner, together, earthy. Seek similar Master for the dark & all torment of SM dominance/submission, pleasure/pain, whips/nakedness, use/abuse, humiliation/service. Ex-special warfare military experienced in discipline, obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima The Brig, Beauty's Punishment 9½ Weeks, Story of O J W PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

### BIKERS/LEATHERMEN

Seeking a leather biker jockstrap stud A man to share the open road with. No such thing as too much leather. Am primarily top but will swing w/ the right stud. Boots and uniforms a plus. CHIPS ESP LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO IS HONEST WITH HIMSELF AND WITH ME to enjoy a one-on-one, man-to-man, safe-sex experience that can only come from the open road seeking out a buddy for friendship & riding partner. Boot lickers esp. encouraged to apply. East coast riders a plus but am reasonably free to travel. All will be answered. photos get mine. Am not looking for just another bike rider (you know who you are). Send all replies to Box 5099LF

### LEATHER STUD

Good-looking, professional, 40, 6', 155 lbs., lean, defined body, very masculine, new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely. Box 5064LF

### WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond, early 30s seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy, private country setting, close to Washington, DC more. Total health conscious. Requirements: willingness to please, 25-35, straight looks, decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & farm work, Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered but convince us. Are so interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle area—we're ready when you are. Box 4596F

### SON LOOKING FOR DAD

WM, early 30s, in search of a Dad. Me, very Gr/pass, into dildoes, spanking, FF jockstraps and mild S/M. I am looking for that one person to share my life with. No heavy pain and no J/O calls, please Allen (202) 332-7017. Dad your son is ready. (LF5025)

### FIND A REAL MAN IN DEAR SIR

#### FUCK ME RAW

and I'll suck you dry. Classy good-looking GWM 26, 6', 155, brown/blue, seeks masculine, hung studs that are strictly topmen. Nude photo to 212 N Howard St., #201, Alexandria, VA 22304.

### UNCUT VIKING

blond, well-trimmed, wants his large foreskin on big cock played with by imaginative top under 35. Also into heavy assplay and tits. Box 5587

### MASOCHIST SLAVE

Please Sir make th's sweating pig w/eatne in agony and cringe with fear terrorized by your techniques of torture. Use of it only limited by your imagination and desires. Train it to serve Me/N anytime, anywhere. They desire. Pig is 41, 5'11", 155 white and his body and brain are YOURS SIR. Box 5639

### ASSMASTER

Experienced only Required by two WM pigs. Rate, (305) 731-4525

### ANIMALS

WM wants to meet topmen experienced in scene. PO Box 15551 Plantation, FL 33313

### ENEMAS WANTED

Newly out WM, 50 yrs. old, 5'9½", 170 lbs, brown/brown, seeks experienced enema spanking CBT rubber master. Love to wear red sneakers and be total sexual slave. Large hot enemas first. Please PO Box 36669 Orlando FL 32819. 0669. All answered

### RAUNCHY MOUTH

GWM, body builder 28, needs to eat your shitty brown hole—no limits! Also W/S titwork, Greek. You 18-40, good build. Phone/photo Boxholder. Box 3182 Orlando FL 32802

### BOOT LICKING SLAVE

seeks the taste, smell and feel of leather Slave, 36, 5'11", anxious to be tied, collared, plugged and shackled by strict leather Master Sir, this totally submissive crotch-worshipping slave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please Sir let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4946)

### CENTRAL FLORIDA

WM needs leather guidance and discipline. Seeks Master/trainer in full leather to teach the "ropes." Also intoocks, 501s, cockrings and toys. No FF WS, scal. fols or tems. Respond with photo and your qualifications. Box 5219LF

### TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE

Novice slave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his slave. I need training in BD, SM, shaving enemas, and how to serve a Master (and his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominate, 22 to 38 physically fit, don't have a beard, and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, please write to this eager-to-please slave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply. John, PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 5051LF

### NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

Central East Coast novice seeks introduction and training in leathersex. Totally inexperienced 39, WM, 6', 180 lbs. needs basic training in S/M. Would discuss limits. Am on fitness program. Eager to learn and expand. This is a sincere offer. Please help me! Safe sex also. Box 5358

### NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 46, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or fms. Total commitment, one on one. Must relocate to West Coast, Ha. Want younger under 35 preferred smaller man. But all answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

### MACHO MASTERS WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and desirous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight, bi or butch gay men who are big, rugged hairy. Any color or nationality as long as they like their sex hot and funky in leather, leather or jocks. Write Box 5471

### ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10", 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911 Key West, FL 33041

### DAGIA

ATLANTA B/D DADDY WANTED by college student, 21, 5'6", 135 lbs, dark hair, brown eyes, bearded and moderately hairy (but will shave if the right daddy wishes). Son wants relationship with bearded daddy under 50 with paternal instinct, who can dominate, punish and nurture. Box 5560LF

### FISTFUCKER/

PUNCHFUCKER A/P seeks male with HUGE hands Box 5520

### HORNY GUYS WANTED

GWM, 30, 5'8", 170 lbs, very versatile and flexible. No scars, except sandy hair, brown eyes, hairy chest, no moustache. Chest hair is very attractive sex. Hair all over body, 150 lbs, salt-pepper hair, blue eyes, moustache, goatee, hairy armpits, hairy legs, hairy feet, hairy scene, especially experienced from Ft. Lauderdale. Like leather, sex, socks, toys, etc. Welcome. Phone exchange. All replies answered. FSC PO Box 78125 Atlanta GA 30358-1125 (404) 636-1848

### CHICAGO 2017

HOT BLOND COCKSUCKER! Hot hung bottom seeks aggressive tops. e-mail (312) 594-5310

### GOOD-LOOKING SLENDER WM

27 dressed in full leather, seeks other tops or bottoms into leather scene. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. I'm open-minded, willing to try anything once. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to SM, BD, whipping, paddling etc. We can work out your mildest to wildest fantasies together. Photo appreciated but not necessary. Can travel IL and surrounding states. Box 5582LF

### BONDAGE FANTASY

Masculine, fit, healthy, good-looking GWM 33, seeks hung masculine men for sale but erotic bondage fantasies. Fantasies include Fr a/p, titclamps, tickling, foot licking, JO and spread-eagle immobilization while we drive each other crazy with plenty of sadistic TLC. No pain or anal sex. Safe sex only. Chicago area, reply with photo and contact information to Box 5633

### AN IMAGINATIVE BOOTLICKER

J/O grease, leather precum, split dirly talk, dildoes, enemas and colon tubes. Grab your phone, your crotch and let's talk about it. Jon (312) 728-5585

### SADIST SEEKS MASOCHIST!

Serious experienced master 34, 6', 190 lbs. seeks younger, serious slave for permanent lifestyle! Good body, proper attitude is all important. Selected slave will take care of my home, learn to obey all house rules, and live to please his master. Only serious need apply. BB is a definite plus for the life you will be leading. Call (312) 261-3912 or write BOB PO Box 3633, Oak Park, IL 60303.

### 5 YEARS AND

We've fucked, sucked, sweated, pissed on stretched balls, stuffed, beaten asses, chewed, pierced tits and shot loads of hot cum. Dad 25, 6'2", 210 tattooed, pierced. Rope leather whips and piss. Boy 27, 5'10", 155 great dick, hungry hole, just right for stretching. Looking for a butch uncle to pull tricks on Dad. Chicago. Box 5569LF

### ASS-LICKING FART SNIFTER

Masculine, good-looking GWM, 31, needs humiliation degradation, rid cule, verbal/physical abuse (no heavy part) from older guys any age/weight, but must be masculine PO Box 146402 Chicago IL 60614-6402

### NEED HUNG TOPS

Novice, 42, 5'4", 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry submissive body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me, spank me, fuck me, deep, hard, repeatedly w/ condoms. Groups OK. Expand my limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts w/ bends, pass me around! Toys, titwork, shaving, B/D. No scat, FF damage. Want explosive Tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25-45. Leather a turn on. Reply to Box 109DM 3952 N Southport Chicago IL 60630 or call (312) 472-1871 Ask for DV (LF5215).

### FORMER MASTER

Has-been PRO-wrestler type (big bearded balding 210 lbs., 8'4") gang-banged into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D, VA, TT, buttplugs, dildoes, etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOOFUCKHOLE. Bull Twat prefers smaller, aggressive, authoritarian Masters, but any take-charge stud served. Use me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for humiliation and degradation. Box 5249

### BOTTOM BOOKS TRAINING

Chicago bottom needs experienced masculine top man to further my sexual education. I am WM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond/blue eyes. Needs further training in SM, FF, bondage, tit torture, dildoes, W/S. Please, Sir, use my hungry deep throat and hot, eager ass. Will service one Master or groups. Please write with description of how I can please you. Box 5483F

### EXPERIENCED TOP

#### CHICAGO SW AREA

Former Hellfire member. Present member of GMSMA. I'm in 40s, white and prefer my bottoms/slaves younger and into everything, which would include an excellent cocksucker, WS, fisting, TT, CBT, electricity, bondage and whipping. Safe sex first. Have complete dungeon. Send photo, letter and phone to Big Ed, Box 5651LF

### SHEEPSKIN/LEATHER

Bottom seeks top Master/daddy to wrap him in sheepskin then bind him in leather/rubber for TT, B&D, Gr/f, FF, dildoes. Long hot safe sex sessions. PO Box 478842 Chicago, IL 60647

### TITS & WHIPS

Into tits, whippings, leather piercing, enlargement. Let's get together for pain and pleasure. Karl, B36 Whee or Woodstock, IL 60098 (815) 338-9137

### STRAIGHT/BLUECOLLAR TYPES

Especally big, bearded bears. Little guy 30, boyish into boots & garters, leather, rubber, ong, ohns, t-work, JO, condoms, smelly, sweaty jocks, socks, gloves, ace bandages, gas masks, Daddies, t-locks, SAFE SEX only! Like straight looking action guys. Husky, verbal, cigar smokers, "eerguts, beards, mustaches. Photo Box 5348LF



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VERY BEST  
AVAILABLE!

YOUR  
CHOICE

995

HOT  
TALK  
TAPES

## THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss and most of all, hot masculine attitude.

## THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent temptation

## THE DADDY TAPES

A MILLION SOUND PROD.  
P.O. Box 400, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10519

### MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swelling dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

### KID VS DAD— WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick off his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

### RITES AND RAUNCH

There was definitely something ev. about the guy maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick but he was so sure of himself so masculine—well, I did them. Warning. Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Male bonding at its most extreme.

### BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

Imagine it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true: mean dirty muscular, running against his big black Harley. You ask him if he'd instead be getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage his massive chest, his big, hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick... It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your parents do.

### MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss and Mike takes things from there. If you're a reader, if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against you, naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in Marines Overheard.

### HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck. Jake, the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you find out how this tape got its name. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you feel like you're right there to help mouth

### MUSCLE BUILDER ORG

Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout...stripping down to sweat-drenched jock straps...eyeing each other, their hands reaching out to feel the buddy's biceps, brushing against these solid, hairy pecs...and down, down, still further 'till they get hot they don't give a s who walks in. If you get on pumped-up muscle hot man-to-man action, steamy lockerroom with no holds barred, this tape is for you.

### DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself livering beer and sodas at a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta," Richie announces. The bartender hands him an empty beer can. A session follows that into heavy cockslurping, lots of dirty talk, mom games and kinky actionism.

### AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker's only audio tape Al's conditoner repairman who drops in on who's wife isn't. Who could resist Al's famous cock? Sucking a mammoth piece of cock isn't enough and soon the guy's bent over to fuck up his ass. He's too-plus Al's giant at the same time of the hottest and scenes ever recorded.



## TAPE 4 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of Drummer magazine. Mode Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy heavy abuse.

## TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus says it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg he submits to the D's heavy hand and busy belt breath-taking!

## TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen as well as when he tells you how it's and how it's going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward or the reward is merely more punishment only the awfully recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

## THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

I am your big daddy, your commanding officer... in every big man you ever saw in your whole fucking life and started breathing off about... your tongue is going to be my shower... your mouth is going to be my toilet... you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world just cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper... get down that's it - get your face in there. Smell what a man's like between his legs. This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation



**FATHER SON** - A father becomes his son's lover

**MARINE BRIG** - A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the brig

**PORN CALLS** - Two half hour jack off phone calls

**SAILING TO HELL** Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse

**THE CONFESSOR** A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

**THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN** stops a speeder on the road and there are many ways for sex and for speeding

**THE HITCHHIKER** An all cops man is picked up by a female who is looking for someone to passennger to share

**THE HUSTLER** He says the price for a blowjob but it's not that the price is right... just dead meat

**THE WARDEN** He wants cops to come through him with not all the kinky shit if who he enters the

**TV REPAIRMAN** A young man has repairing work to do. He discovers that he gets off better when he performs what he goes to a surfer's house

**WHIP FIRE** A live heavy SM scene between Frank C. Rourke and a slave

**BRANDING PIERCING AND TATTOOING** He knows and why

**INTERVIEW WITH A TEEN-AGED MALE PROSTITUTE** - A young male whore IP-5-2

**MASTER SLAVE INTERACTION** Follow up by Frank C. Rourke of earlier tapes. The Master and the Slave

**SM AND LOVE?** Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

**THE ART OF FISTING** - Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in

**THE INFERNAL THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE** - Its values and what it is

**THE MASTER** Frank C. Rourke is the Master

**THE SLAVE** Frank C. Rourke gives an interview on what he does

**TOYS SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS**



## GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight at first anyway lots of axle grease cocksucking kinky talk

## DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage: spank the rod and spank the boy. It is heavy duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

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**Pussy Boy Slave**

WM 25, needs training from powerful 25 to 40 yr -o d Master Send letter or phone. (716) 694-2805. Pix wanted but not important. Box 5622

**HOT BLOND BONDAGE BOTTOM**  
Get me stoned, tie me down, use me Tops, groups, all scenes. I'm serious 33, 140, 5'8" PO Box 1058, New York, NY 10113.

**HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE WANTS DOMINANT**

GWM. 31, good-looking wishes to serve masculine top(s) as body servant and dog trainee. Do Will receive harsh use Fr heavy bondage, humiliation paddling WS, toys Will give you great fun and a lot of respect and obedience Come sit down on the greatest oral massage you've ever had, for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy trips, boot/sneaker worship deep rimming upon command, raunch holes motorcycle slave, houseboy/servitude/mental role, uniforms enforced chastity confinement, public humiliati on, long-term bondage and frat hazing Want to try frequent scat Regular means or mouth/tongue to let-paper service/head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent mature, masculine and good company Want to find similar in others 1BZ c/o Suite 325, 80 E. 11 St. New York, NY 10003. (LF5201)

**KINKY MAN-TO-MAN ACTION**  
Hot stud 29, 5'9", 180 is looking for some raunch action. I am into kinky safe fantasy trips toilet FF Eager to expand limits Photo and photo please Box 5670

**CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG**  
available to you This sexy hot Scorpio could be your man. WM 39 5'7" beard shaved chest, ass, balls, pierced, but most important, healthy Versatile uninhibited hot pig into mutual scenes including L/L deep FF ass toys B-D W/S, CB/T, boots socks, jocks (especially those requiring washing and cleaning with my mouth/tongue). Also into photos and videos Turn off to fats/overweights and men unable to live their fantasies. Photo/phone to Box 1440, Madison Sq. Sta., NYC, NY 10011 Experience a real man! (LF5575)

**STUD MANHOLE**  
available for serious play Handsome 38, 39, 6'7", 165. GWM. Needs domination (Master Daddy) to be total bottom including bondage CBT TT FF leather discipline This hungry fucker's ready for training Photo/phone to Box 5580

**SLAVE SERVES MASTERS**  
Hot experienced insatiable slave 6' 155 lb. 30, serves Masters with racks stocks, whips, desire long, intense scenes Will travel Photo/phone Box 5637

**SM TITS**  
Leathermen only Top/bottom Kinky scenes. No elderly bottoms in my druggies. You won't regret replying Box 5645

**LEATHER DAD SEEKS PARTNER**  
Would you like to meet up with a healthy 49, 6'1" 168-lb daddy with salt and pepper hair and moustache? He would like to show you a real hole evening in his game room. If you are in good shape Under 35 and looking for more than a one-night stand If you like looking and feeling a man in full leather who isn't afraid to show affection then why not drop me a note with your picture telling me what you're about. If you're interested but new to the scene I am willing to train. All races welcome Box

**JOCK-BOY SLAVE**

White male 31, humpy very masculine 5'11" 190. Former d-lch digger HS teacher coach, military officer Am physically and verbally abusive into dirty Levis and boots, leather uniforms. S&M B&D physical and mental dominance very rough and raunchy use. Has position for jock-boy-slave WM 18-30s, needing man to service You must expect use as man's boot ass crotch slave, punching bag torture play toy toilet Box 5613

**SWEAT-T/T-W/S**  
Looking for dudes who dig sloppy, wet play, torn Levis, piss-stained jocks sweaty feet and ripe-smelling holes I'm top or bottom. You are too hairy dudes and silver duds reply PO Box 754 Albany NY 12201

**TOP FF DADDY WANTED**  
Good-looking GWM. 32 5'8" 130, caring for sick friend needs safe sex FF coddling, kissing, talking, dinner. My place, preferably Celebrate past year Smoke, aroma, recreational drugs OK

Muscles, beard order a plus Photo preferred. Mike, 378 West Bay Dr Long Beach, NY 11561

**CIN. CITY PIG SLOP**

Info. Mud holes, grease pits, slime and slinkin' lithly raunch. Send letter and photo PO Box 128719, Cincinnati, OH 45212

**CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA**

160 lbs. 6'1" 52-year-old, size 13 boot Heavy boot service, leather uniforms subservience. No scat or heavy pain Evenings until 11 PM (513) 423-5119

**DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED**

GWM 35, 185 lbs. 5'11" beard brown hair green eyes. 7" cut A/Fr. P. I. submissive Seeking hot, hung muscled hairy tops 25-45. for SM B&D WS TT C/BT FF shaving enemas Expand my limits, whitel worship your body Sir and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati OH. Box 5514LF

**HUNGRY HOT BUTTHOLE**  
Butch leather stud looking for you to conquer his hot fuck hole. Only real men need apply Are you a real man just tank like so many that I have heard from? It is amazing how many of these so-called butch tops are nothing. PUSSY My fuck hole is so hot that no real men are wiped out after round 0 So if you think that you can handle it write. Sir to Occupant PO Box 932 Cleveland, OH 44101 Me 36, 5'11" 160 lbs, 6'1" 52 yr -old, s 28 13 b heavy boot service, leather, Jr forms subservience. No scat, heavy pain Eves until 11 PM (513) 423-5159

**CIN/DAYTON AREA**

160 lbs, 6'1" 52 yr -old, s 28 13 b heavy boot service, leather, Jr forms subservience. No scat, heavy pain Eves until 11 PM (513) 423-5159

**ASS MASTER WANTED**

Info Fr Gr FF toys shaving real spank ng and tit work. This bottom 31 6' 165, hot and always horny Playroom with sing. Box 5621

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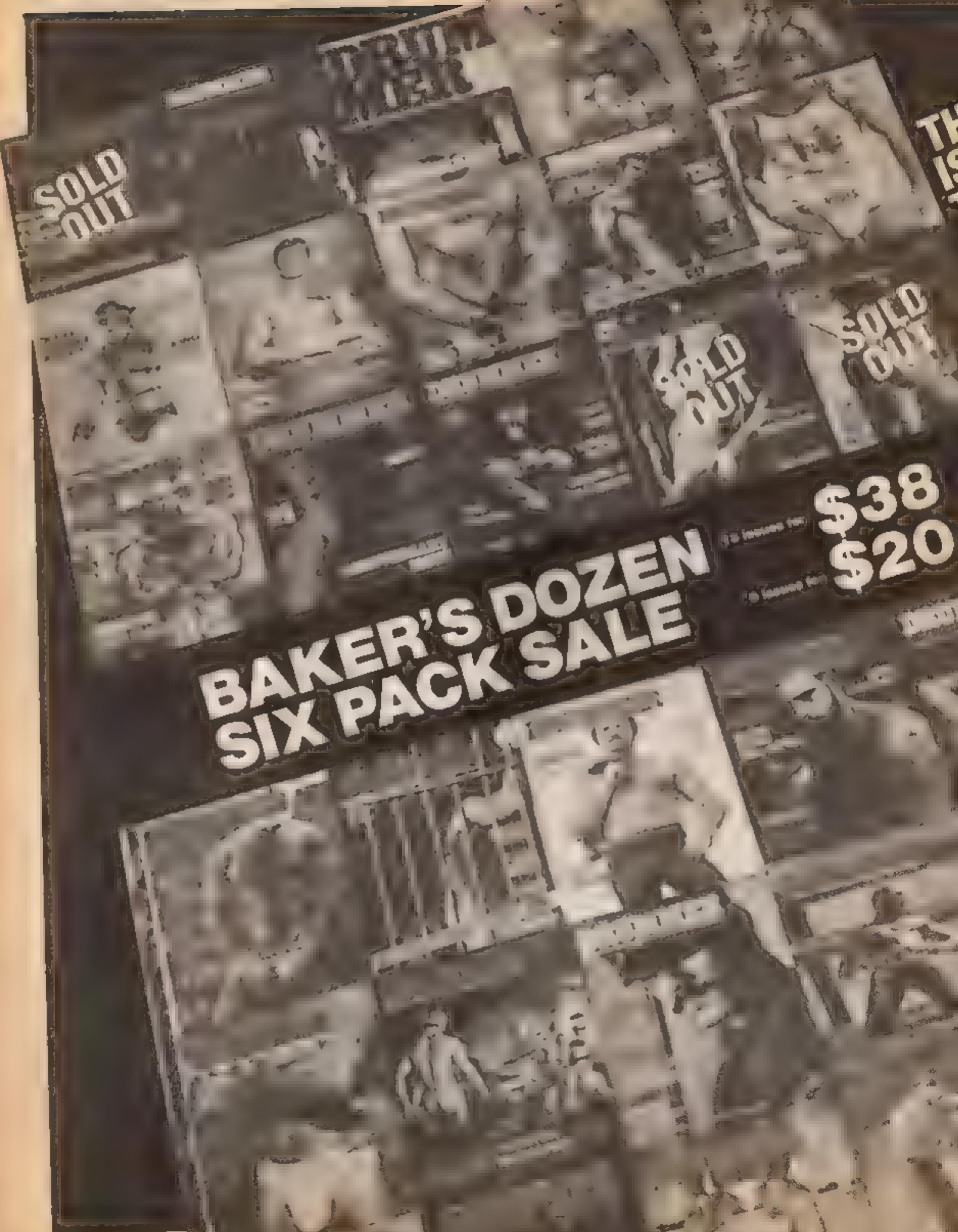


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#### WHIPPING BOY

Bond moustache, 37 yrs, 6' 175 lbs., well-built, raunchy stud offers training/position to playful slim, sane and healthy boy/slave (20-33 years) who is eagerly willing to submit his body and soul to innovative rubber / leather/uniform Master. Explicit application to Box 5453LF Houston area.

#### BLACK STUD WANTED DFW

by submissive W daddy Needs young athletic black man with big dick. Willing to be used for his pleasure. No pain or sh.t. but I'll drink my stud's cum and beer piss while taking his verbal abuse. I will compensate him if necessary. Please send raunchy letter and nude photo. I can travel. Box 5631

#### DALLAS MAN SEEKS FRIENDS

GWM 34, 6' 180 lbs., seeks males my age or younger for friendship and/or sex. Like me, you should be healthy, drug-free, intelligent and enthusiastic. I enjoy aerobics, golf, bowling, photography, film jazz travel. Write with photo, if possible and let's see what develops. Box 4987LF

#### DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT DADDY

Cut and clean-cut. You must be too with smooth bond ass craving loving attention gentle and rough I'm a vigorous youth, 46, good looks and build 5'8" 165 lbs, handle good-looking boys of all sizes. If you value intelligence and affection, spiced with stinging interludes, send honest photo and letter Box 5340

#### UNBAREABLE TICKLING

GWM 30 seeks masculine men who think they can deal with being tied up and having the bottoms of their bare feet mercilessly tickled. PO Box 710446 Dallas, TX 7521

#### D/FW GAY BBS

Gay computer bulletin board system D/FW area only 300/1200 baud 8N1 24 hours. (Metro) 677-1495

#### PAIN

For deserving butt studs only! From this 6'4" bell crusher Bondage whipping torture. You will suffer Photo phone & letter of experience to Box 5635

#### MUSCULAR ASIAN

Houston 32, 5'10", 155, attractive. Looking for someone who is in good shape. Letter with photo and phone Box 5644

#### NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall attractive, 34, 6'2", 170 lbs., creative seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations, no drugs, scat fems or fags. Sir Please reply with photo and phone no. to PEP PO Box 683 Ogden, UT 84402

#### READY TO SERVE

Leatherman seeks to serve other leathermen. Bond blue-eyed and pierced willing and ready to serve. Located in Tidewater VA. Your photo will get my reply Dan from Virginia Box 4988LF

#### FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

##### SEEKING DADDY

I'm 25, 6' 170 lbs., muscular and hung. Recently I graduated from college and am now on a man hunt. I dig leather slings, dildos, poppers, cockrings and big-dicked Daddies. Into any scene containing hot man-to-man action. Send photo and letter to Bob R#1 Box 632 Wytheville VA 24382 (LF4854)

#### CONTINUOUSLY AROUSED

You can get worked over in a session wherein you are kept continuously aroused. If you are in the 20-30 year range, smooth body with well-defined chest. Whereabouts doesn't matter we'll meet. I am in the forties average looking, experienced and intelligent. Send photo address (and phone if you care to be discreet). It may lead somewhere. Box 5058LF

#### HOT FF BOTTOM

Looking for a man's man to enjoy eat times. Forget slave or loslet just one man looking for another one. If you're into intense sex and a personable fella let's meet N. Virginia area. Box 5477LF

#### BEARDED DADDY/MASTER

43, 6' 185 lbs, aggressive. Insatiable (almost) foul-mouthed and affectionate seeks an obedient nonsmoker slave son/lover for a monogamous relationship. If you think you can handle my virile abuse, physical abuse (mostly spanking, but some TT & C&BT) light bondage have few if any sexual hangups and are serious then write and tell me why I should choose you. Although attitude is more important than age or appearance (husky and short are pluses). Send me a recent photo anyway cocksucker with your application. Write Sir PO Box 1095 Richmond VA 23208 (LF5501)

#### I NEED TO SERVE!

Cut 6'7" 5'6" 140 lbs., BI BI needs Master/Daddy for training. Please write soon. Sir Can travel Scott 1111 Arlington Hwy #409, Rosslyn, VA 22208. No talk.

#### VERSATILE TOP/BOTTOM

Purpose to find man who is independent, intelligent, and comfortable with all forms of play, including hard driving, creative, etc. Myself 39, professional 5'9" 150 lbs, moustache, good body and confident. Partner. Man in his 30s or 40s, cares for his body as much as his mind, extremely versatile (from vanilla to launch) and as comfortable with the city as the country. Please respond with letter and photograph, open to mutual exchange. John/Sentle Box 5081

#### SM IS SAFE SEX

##### TITS AND ASS DAD

Seattle area GWM 39 slender, smooth body needs virile, aggressive dominant, endowed Gr/A Dad for permanent involvement. My large, pierced nipples and hungry hole need frequent attention and punishment. Not into attitude games, tricks or bars. Leather, latex, bondage preferred. I'm professional, sincere, discreet and affectionate boy. Travel possible Box 4249LF

##### WHIDBEY ISLAND— NORTH OLYMPICS

I'm a 40-year-old ex-logger 6'1", solid build, 165 lbs with tattoos and beard. I am considered good-looking. I'm into grease, mud, suspension, whips, paddles, TT C&BT and some role playing. I like men who are grubby looking and uninhibited. Age not important but health and shape are. I'm not into FF. If you think we might have something in common how about a photo and some details. I'll respond. Box 4927LF

##### CIGAR-SMOKING BLACKS

need to asswhip and fuck good looking white boy, 30, hairy. Cops especially welcome. I like big dicks, verbal abuse. W.S. uniforms, long cigars and watching guys shit. Prefer Seattle area but can travel. My ass is waiting for your belt! Box 5657

#### WHAT U. ISHIN'

##### SCAT

Totaly uninhibited scat scenes wanted by this bottom-mutual raunch pig. Am 32, 6' 200 lbs. GWM—med Jim hung. Seeks same to 45—hairier the better. Also into WS, FF. Satanism, drink, smoke aroma. Send revealing photo and phone to Boxholder PO Box 07461, Milwaukee WI 53207 for immediate reply (LF5286)

#### SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS

##### DEAR SIR

##### DRUMMER DESIRES

Submit to your Drummer desires. Safely explore your new horizons. Box 4876LF

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When answering foreign ads with box numbers remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

#### EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER

##### WANTED IN U.S.A.

By bootlicking English WM 28, uncut 8", 175 lbs into W.S., SM BB Gr/P, dildos. Want to try FF. Master should be under 45, WM muscular hung, into leather, rubber & toys. Playroom a plus. My experience is limited so you will enjoy expanding it. I'm open to most suggestions. Travel Europe, J.S.A. often. Also interested in hearing from leather rubber masters in Europe. Photo and data led letter please. Sir You won't be sorry! London Box 4908

#### DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

##### AMERICAN IN GERMANY!

Neal Kaiserschulern 35, 5'11", 160 lbs. biker w/ full leather looking for military in Europe. Officers NCOs in uniforms, leather, bikes, bondage, etc. Must be discreet and A.D.S.-conscious. Top or bottom. What I dish out I can also take. It's tough to make contact and we never will, if you don't move ass (if you aren't dedicated to leather and/or uniforms, don't waste your time. If you're one of the few who are, don't lose time—write) Box 5023

#### TEXAN SEEKS HOT EUROPEANS

Leather Fraternity member, 34, 6' 195, seeks young, slab-a men to show me around in Europe. Objective is friendship and will return the favor should you visit me in Dallas, Texas. Plan to visit in October. Itinerary not yet set. Write soon. Box 4987LF

#### DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

##### HYPNOSIS

Australian leather guy 28, needs to correspond and meet with Ruthless Master anywhere who's had experience in hypnosis, mind control brainwashing and other mind games, to break and reduce this slavery for him. Master's needs. Obsessions SM BD TT permanent bondage Uncontrollable SM scenes under hypnosis. Please write Sir, with instructions and orders. Relocation considered. Box 5638

#### SELL & BUY ALL N.D.

##### AUSSIE BOY

23 y/o 6'2", solid, fit short dark hair. Coming to Phila./NYC mid-January for 2 weeks into leather denim bondage S&M etc. Other interests include gym, swimming, biking. Like to meet dominant macho well-built guy, 26-30 into same. Policeman/soldier/sailor/cowboy and a moustache are a plus. Please reply with photo for more details. Box 5595

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#### A "BOOTS" IN HOTELS

or Leather Bars. Want work as a Boot-buck, Boot cleaner, Bootjack, Boot-steal in busy hotels or leather bars. Will service boots or make feel for customers and staff alike without pay. Am fascinated by spurred cowboy boots and English riding boots. Will lick the boot leather with my tongue. Will clean boots first, then lick them all over and shine them. Could also work as "Boots" in the bunkhouse of cattle ranch serving the boots of several cowboys who wear spurred cowboy boots all day. Roger, PO Box 383 Lachine Que Canada H8S 4C2

#### LEATHER FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN DEAR SIR

##### BOSS/MASTER WANTED

Fairly attractive male, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard seeks position as weekend houseboy/slave. Need naked humiliation, VA, spanking, CBT, shaving, ass-work to keep me in line. Please call (604) 883-1845 to give me your orders. Sir or write, #337-1215 Davie St., Vancouver BC V6E 1N4, or Box 5658LF

HOT & LEATHER

**ENCOUNTER WITH SCANDINAVIA?**  
Young English guy living in Copenhagen interested in writing U.S. GWMs with view to exchanging visits. Me 28/180, 165, blue eyed, masculine non-extravert, romantic Scorpio. Discerning in music, company and sex. Heavily into bikes and leather. Natural non-clones (also muscles/lifts...long hair) a plus. Hope to visit in '85. You welcome wherever. Photo a help. Go for it! Box 5815

HOT & LEATHER

##### VISITING LONDON?

Manhole needs a hot fat fanny! W.M. 6'2", 175 lbs, clean shaven, hot & horny w/in a big piece of meat into SM-related sex and good scenes. Also able to give. Am looking for a man who wants to fist, leather & plus. Photo and hot and hard letter to Box 5805

##### LEATHER CONTACTS

Interested in contacting people with the same leather interests to increase our group in this country I'm Guatemalan. Please contact tel 061-8844 or Box 5396LF

HOT & LEATHER

##### DADDY SERVANT

Japanese, healthy, intelligent, clean daddy, 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want sole sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

##### FOR YOUR SM TOYS—SHOP SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO

##### INTO BLACK LEATHER

Japanese, 28, 5'9", 150, bl/br, seeks experienced GWM Leathermen over 30. Moustache, beard, muscular. Please reply with photo in full leather. Box 5589

HOT & LEATHER

**COMING TO SWITZERLAND?**  
Visit this muscular bearded top leather-

man, 50, 5'11", 160, who is in good shape and perfect health (HTLV-neg). You may join him for his regular work-out at the gym and/or enjoy his well-equipped play room if you are approx 28-50 good-looking masculine, preferably muscular and hairy with a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-plowing. Work optional FF, dirty talk and mainly lots of mutual raunchy asslicking. Per rectal health essential. Also Europeans (esp Germans) corresponding to above requirements most welcome. Write with photo to B. Rahm, Hardstr 58, CH-4052 Basel Switzerland (LF5048)

S.F. time only. I am very busy. Leave message on machine if I am not available \$200 minimum. \$5 down deposit required.

HOT & LEATHER

4-21-84

##### HOT PARTY PIG

Fist-fucking (log), versatile in toys, tit play, shaving. 5'9", solid 160, juicy 7% cut, hairy chested. Out only travel. Vic 213) 936-2743

##### PROLONGED BONDAGE

Bondage Master travels to LA & SD often. See Jack's ad in Northern Calif models. (415) 680-8959

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Get it from a Real Man  
39 6'3" 235, Husky Harry Hot  
Jack—24 hours. (213) 469-6020  
Beginners or Brutal

HOT & LEATHER

##### SELECT A STUD

Quality men of all ages, types and



##### I DON'T WANNA GROW UP—I'M A TOYS-R-US KID..."

years old with golden, smooth skin. You will be secured in a well-equipped, enclosed playroom for light to heavy punishment or discipline to your unprotection naked body. You may scream in either pain or ecstasy, but scream you will. I am capable of bloodying your body with my whips or paddles, then totally depriving your hole. I receive pleasure from your sexual torture of those like myself who are young and hot. I will consider special requests. Be afraid fulfill your ultimate fantasy. (415) 821-0297

##### LEATHERMASTER

Discover your bonds with a leatherman really into the sexual. Prolonged bonding scenes a specialty. From 2 hours to 7 days to 2 weeks. Very talented, imaginative and discreet. Jack (415) 920-2460

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Notch daddy w/piercings Husky offers a sale. Is and submissives not and sensory input in discreet caring. AIDS aware. Straight and bisexual men especially welcome. Interest in bondage, erotic floggings and beatings, tit play, oral trips. Mouth of Market playroom. unusual gear. Indulge contracting. Arrangements can be made for long-term restraint. Services replies to Mark Chester, PO Box 42501 SF CA 94141-42501 621-0794 noon to 10 PM

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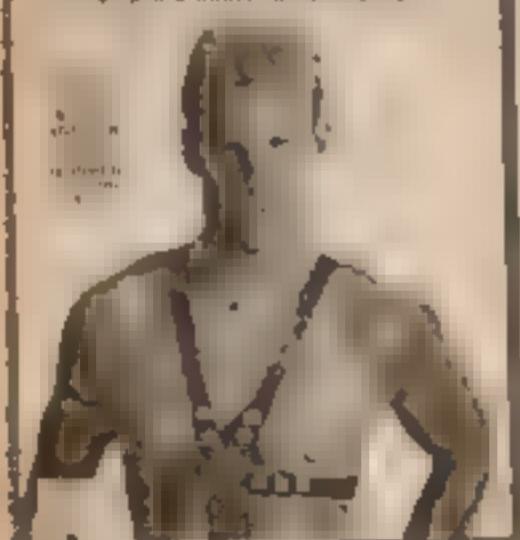


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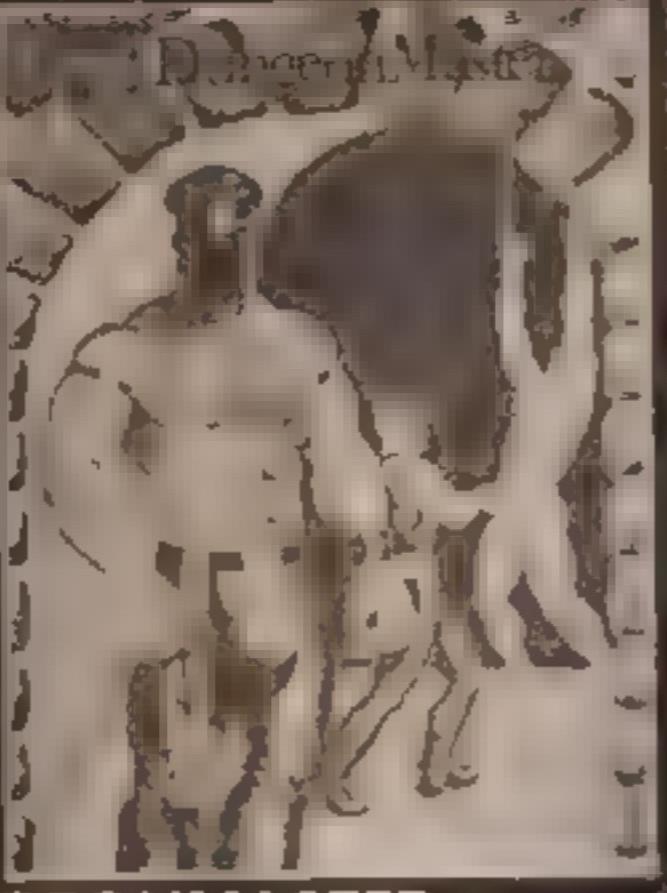
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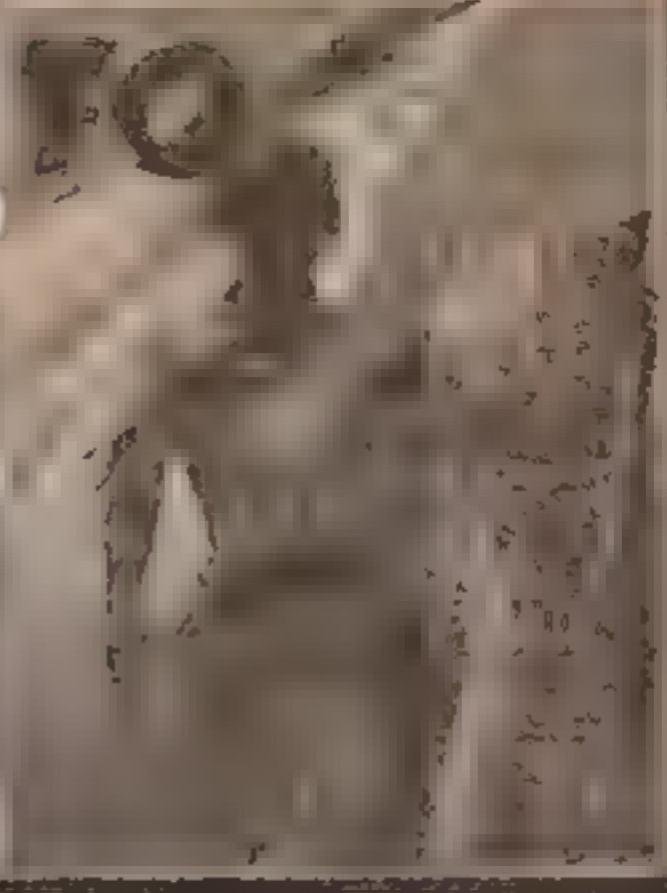
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## VIDEO

### BARE SKIN AND FORESKIN

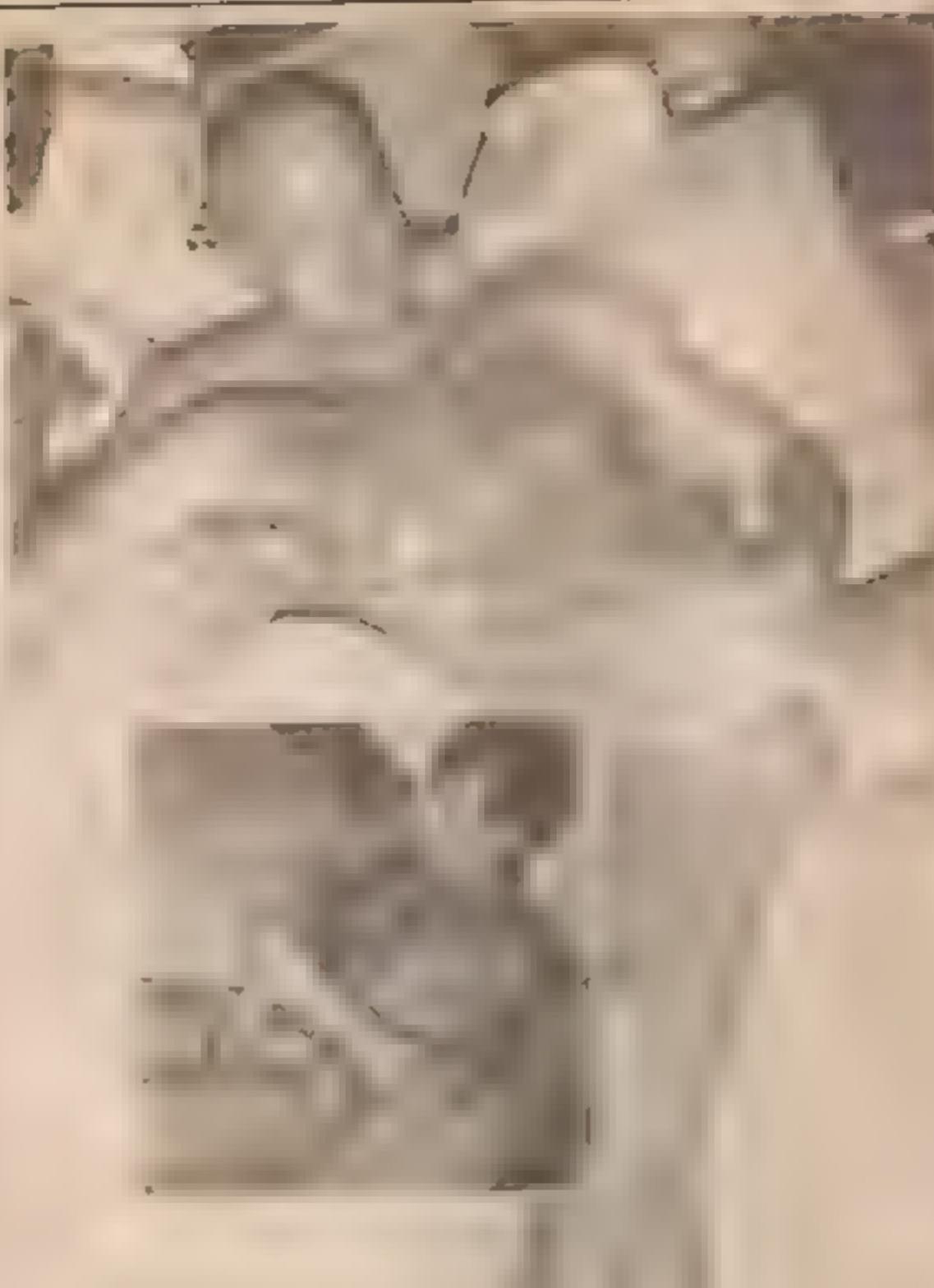
With the help of the publicity offered by our visual and printed media, sexual trends have regularly swept our bedrooms and playrooms, bringing activities of the few to a nascent public all too eager to be courant. In the '70s it was fisting. Then it was daddies. The most recent thrills of sexual fashion have been the absence of hair and the presence of skin. This taste for shaving is more than well met in Katsam Productions' *Shave Slave*, while Adam and Company's *Dock 9* and *ManTalk* bring us foreskin by the yard.

*Shave Slave* is the most complete shaving video I've seen—and one of the most sexually excessive, too, encompassing domination, bondage, enemas, watersports, dildoes, hot wax and spanking in the course of stripping a young man of his hair. Nearly encyclopedic, *Shave Slave* amounts to a manual of instruction as it documents a master/slave shaving session.

The ninety-minute video is not without its faults, however, in both conception and execution. An abysmally amateurish opening must be survived first off. A hand-held camera wobbles sickeningly, the lighting glares, and the strange choice of music is badly recorded. Presenting the credits painted on the slave's hairless body is a good idea, but each shot is held for a tediously numbing length of time. The action, when it finally begins, is still plagued by the gliding camera and bad lights; I nearly turned the video off as hopeless.

Good thing I didn't, for the problems are soon resolved. Color and focus improve to standard, the camera is mounted, and the awful music disappears.

What doesn't disappear, unfortunately, are the frequently disturbing ideas that seem to be an immutable part of the domination scene. Must



**BEFORE AND AFTER:** The handsome Lee Baldwin has a serious change of both look and character during Katsam Productions' *Shave Slave*.

the subject pretend to be straight and be "reduced" to homosexual activity? Must he become a "pussy" when his hair is removed? Why is such psychobabble, and the homophobia it bespeaks, such a firm part of the scene?

Still, if the verbal punishment is ideologically questionable, the activities are the main core of the video, and here *Shave Slave* excels. Handsome Lee Baldwin is the shavee, and husky and forceful Al Lirog is the shaver. Al "wins" Lee in a card game, and is soon tipping the collegiate tie and sport shirt off Lee's body. Handcuffed, Lee receives a booze enema, and quite drunk—this video ain't fiction—is unable to resist Al's mastery. Perhaps more important than being unable, Lee is unwilling to resist, as his hard cock demonstrates. In his

drunkenness, Lee struggles and cries pitifully. But he's tied down and brutalized.

Master Al works Lee over thoroughly, with several more booze enemas to keep him cooperative. Al carves patterns into Lee's hair, brands him with labels of ownership, removes every bit of hair from his body, and intersperses shaving sessions with application of hot torture, slapping, spanking, hot wax, dildoes and whipping before dunking Lee's head into the toilet bowl and spitting in his face.

Lee masturbates throughout, draws continually on his popper bottle, and displays a shapely, rock-hard cock for hours before sitting on several dildoes and allowing his achingly held-back load to provide the finale.

Unlike numerous previous videos which tediously taped

shaving unadorned, *Shave Slave* incorporates creative shave play with the ritual of a domination scene and a surprising variety of sex games for an exhaustive, all-encompassing video. Physically and mentally punishing, the excesses of *Shave Slave* won't be surpassed by another video for a while.

Two new ninety-minute videos from Adam and Company aren't in competition with *Shave Slave*, complementarily turning to the fashionable taste for foreskin for their subject. *Dock 9* is the more concentrated of the two, with wall-to-wall overhang, but the seven fantasy scenes of *ManTalk* find the circumcised man a minority, too.

Adam and Company is hitting their stride with these features. Well produced and taped, they feature sharp color, good cinematography, apt music and, most important, choice men. Their desirable stable of stars is, happily, more mature than the hairless youths so prevalent in porn, and they have a taste for cock and nipple rings, beards and strong sex play, as well as the near-ubiquitous foreskin. Adam and Company, you might say, is the company founded on foreskin.

*Dock 9*, in fact, exists for foreskin, demonstrating in numerous unrelated vignettes the myriad things one can do with it. And, oh dear, this is a sexy movie.

In the first scene, rugged and darkly handsome Max Montoya connects with Jamie Bleu. This pair of pros meet on a personal level typical of Adam and Company. Theirs is a turn-on, not a performance. Like all the scenes in the video, there are many activities—sucking, fucking, JO—but the emphasis is on the foreskin. Jamie describes how it feels sliding in his ass, and licks deeply into its puckered lips when blowing Max.

Scene two is a solo jack-off of a man whose tied-off tits enlarge his nipples to unreal size and sensitivity. His foreskin is tied off too, and it's

humongous. As precum oozes out its rippled mouth, he stretches and pulls it

An unusual change of pace occurs in the third vignette, as a classical pianist arouses a friend with his serenade—and his hefty dick hangs loosely over the piano bench. Their subsequent sex is mellow, tuned to the music. We can luxuriate in it, savor their docking (ahl the titie tune!) as one slides his cock inside his partner's foreskin.

So it goes, novel and arousing all the way, for several more varied fantasies: a computer processor and the night janitor, a young exec, a basement tryst observed through a ventilation grate, and an exhibitionist on his porch. The

former features an unusual pierced foreskin and a black partner; the latter, Mr. Montoya, who's a slicker, sleeker Richard Locke; impishly sly, he's a star.

*Mantalk* is subtitled "A Video Fantasy," and without pretension or the unnecessary padding of so many videos, presents seven fulfilling fantasies as "David" takes phone calls at his phone-sex service. This video caters to dirty talkers, for David never ceases his narration. His low growling may be monotonous to some, but others will find his macho whisperings a turn-on. As with other Adam and Company tapes, almost all the actors are uncut.

In the first fantasy of *Mantalk*,

talk, Melchor lures a pedestrian into his house. Fantasy two is a shaving ritual for a hooded trio—watch the careful shaving of the yearning asshole, and the docking of the two shavers.

"You made me a whore for that Puerto Rican cock of yours," starts another sequence, and this uncut, cock-ringed suck/fuck stars a raven-haired and passionate white boy who writhes when his hole is fingered, dildosed and plugged by his husky PR friend David Ashfield makes a welcome appearance in another scene, his mouth-stretching cock filling his blond partner and seen in exciting camera angles during a good 69 and a sturdy fuck.

Then there's an Italian body builder, a blond neighbor and the narrator himself, whose thick cock is a true sausage, foreskin oozing over its sizable head.

So slip into something entertaining—foreskin fantasies from Adam and Company.

As usual, little in these tapes can be considered safe; remember that video porn is fantasy entertainment and should not be recreated without forethought.

Katsam Productions, 41 Bonaire Drive, Toms River, NJ 08757

Adam and Company, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109/209, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

—John F. Karr

## BOOKS

### UNDERSTANDING YOUR IMMUNE SYSTEM

In these days of increasing interest and concern for immunity, and especially with AIDS breathing down our necks, a concise and well-written book with this title for the nonmedical reader would seem to be not only appropriate but perhaps vital to our health. Unfortunately I don't think the book in question is going to fill the bill.

Written by Marion Morra, a clinical professor of nursing at Yale, and her sister Eve Polis, a free-lance writer, the paperback attempts to communicate the basics of what is known about the immune system to the lay public. Since both authors claim accomplishment in health communications and "health marketing," I was particularly disappointed when the book fell short of communication and tended to add to the confusion, in my opinion. Perhaps the subject is just too complex for this type of approach.

The format relies on the posing of questions and presentation of answers. That may work for some other health subjects, but seems stilted and disjointed in this context. Frequently the questions have no logical sequence or spontaneity, but appear to have been constructed after the fact, to summarize what is contained in the section following.

For example, have you ever asked yourself, "What experimental work is being done with monoclonal antibodies?" or "How long have scientists been aware of the association between vitamin A and cancer protection?" I doubt it, but apparently they had done the research to answer such questions to their satisfaction, and so posed the questions as a way of introducing the subject. I find this irritating and artificial, not the way to inform an unsophisticated public. They also attempt to cover all sorts of topics about infectious disease which have little relevance to immunity in particular. Not that there are so many mistakes in the book, but the method of presenting the information is less than optimal.

Another chronic irritation relates to the obviously poor editing. Some statements or paragraphs appear in several different places in the same book, almost word for word as if the two writers had divided the assignment and did not compare individual versions before slapping the book together. Some quite complex subjects are presented with correct but technical terms without explanation, tending to leave the reader more confused than benefited, I fear. Don't plan on this book for bedtime reading.

There are a few errors which should be corrected if you include this book in your library. Antibodies are not "deplet-

ed" after an infection has been resolved in most cases; the level falls but is usually quickly reestablished with later exposure to the same stimulus. Removal of the spleen, necessary in some cases unrelated to immunity, does not pose a significant threat to fighting infection, contrary to what is said in the book.

There are recommendations for good health which, if taken literally, may tend to increase the public's fascination with fads, such as taking vitamins when already receiving an adequate diet (unnecessary), avoiding exposure to the sun in moderate amounts (healthy, even if skin cancer is associated with sun exposure in some individuals), increasing resistance to infections by eating yogurt (1), associating damage to cells of the intestinal tract with eating of fatty foods, etc.

There is confusion between a vaccine and immune serum globulin; a vaccine consists of all or parts of an organism presented to the body to induce antibodies, whereas immune serum globulin consists of preformed antibodies and will not cause production of active immunity. The use of tetanus antiserum produced in horses is mentioned as a treatment for tetanus, and this has not been used for many years because of severe side effects.

It is also suggested that vaccine against hepatitis B is dan-

gerous because it is produced from plasma of donors at risk for AIDS (although this is corrected in another statement nineteen pages later).

Since it is likely that much of the interest of potential readers stems from concern about AIDS, it should be pointed out that there is little helpful information on that subject in this book, and what is there is probably already known and understood by the vast majority of readers. There is potential danger, in my opinion, to the unwary in diverting them to fads or "alternative therapies" after reading this book. While it is true that much is to be learned about our immune systems and particularly about combatting AIDS, I found nothing in this book that would be helpful in a specific way that has not already been presented in much more understandable language in other publications from gay physicians' groups and related organizations. Because a deep understanding of the immune system will not be accomplished by the ordinary reader, there is likely to be more confusion rather than clarification.

I think it is possible to educate the general reader about the immune system by taking the subject step by step, using ordinary words to explain complicated concepts, but this book does not accomplish that task.

—W.L. Warner, MD

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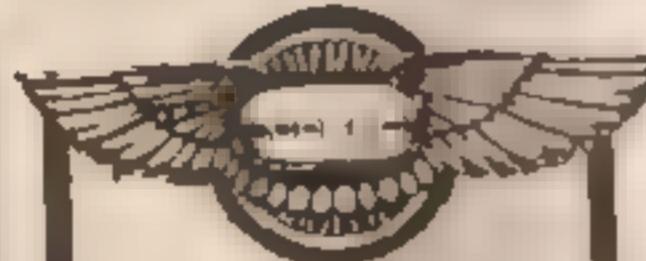
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# MOVIES

## HEARTBREAKER AND BALLBUSTER

It's obvious why Clint Eastwood's *Heartbreak Ridge* was too butch for the Marine Corps. It puts down the "new Marines" at every turn as pussies and nerds, showing we couldn't even have won a little battle like Grenada without grizzled old vets like Eastwood ("I eat concertina wire and piss napalm") leading the way.

Before going into combat he was to train a backup group, the usual assortment of misfits and social rejects, including Mario Van Peebles ("What's white and 12 inches long? Nothing."), "the earl of funk, the duke of cool, the ayatollah of rock and roll-ah." There's only one guy who might be queer and he gets kissed by a girl and likes it before getting his ass shot off. Clint makes his preference clear in several variations of the line, "I'm not here to take long showers with you assholes," but in the opening scene he's telling dirty stories to a young guy in a jail cell as if to warm him up for some action.

A silly running gag is an excuse to make the men exercise without their T-shirts. That leaves them in khaki shorts that are cute but don't show as much basket as the red shorts a rival platoon wears. When they all work up a sweat, it's the next best thing to a wet jockstrap contest. Where do I enlist?

The closest the script comes to a "Go ahead—make my day" is Clint's motto: "Improvise, overcome, adapt." If he's had to do any of that as director of *Heartbreak Ridge*, the polished results don't show it.

## MISSION INACTION

The Mission is enough to piss off the pope. That's the good news.

While the Catholic church is the villain of this eighteenth Century piece, the heroes are Jesuits, predecessors of those who would one day expel Rev John McNeil for his work on behalf of his fellow gays.

But we just review movies, don't we? As such *The Mission*



CLINT EASTWOOD: The baddest of the bad and still the best

is a mixed bag, exemplified by its lead actors: Jeremy Irons gives one of his best performances, Robert De Niro, one of his worst.

Irons takes command of San Carlos, the mission at the top of scenic Iguazu Falls, and wins another convert in De Niro, a Spaniard who killed his brother (Aidan Quinn of *An Early Frost*). De Niro moves into the mission, where an Indian boy (Bercilio Moya) of 12 or so adopts him as a daddy.

The Guarani are a lovely bunch of near-naked savages converted and given sanctuary by the Jesuits. They play the general-audience movie game of "Hide the Salami from the Camera" all too well.

At this point Europeans are taking over South America. The Portuguese claim the Guarani land, including the mission site, and the church gives it to them. That leaves the Jesuits to stand and fall with the Indians in the final battle. Except for an interesting shot of men lying on their backs with their legs up to fire-burning spears (symbolism?) and the fact that the Indians are the good guys, the climax is right out of an old western movie and a big comedown for a film that started with the imaginative scene of a priest going over the falls lashed to a cross.

## YO, ADRIANI!

Our new star of the month is Adrian Pasdar, an ex-jock from Philadelphia turned actor. The 21-year-old hunk made his debut in *Top Gun*, appears in two films reviewed below and has completed a fourth, *Made in USA*. Not bad for a year's work, especially his first year in the business.

In *Solarbabies*, Pasdar plays Darstar, a kind of Indian who would rather be alone with his hawk than play skateboard (rumble hockey) with the other kids in a futuristic, state-run orphanage.

...line was the elixir of life in *The Road Runner*; here it's water. Otherwise you'll notice a lot of similarity, especially in the costuming. As the good kids, the Solarbabies break out and flee across the desert—on rollerskates! They encounter various remnants of civilization wearing remnants of clothing. Darstar's people wear scraps of cloth while the inhabitants of Tiretown wear scraps of leather.

The E-Police—"E" must stand for Evil—are a crypto-fascist organization commanded by vinyl-uniformed Richard Jordan, who uses a torture device which creates the illusion of one's deepest fears coming true. Not much potential as a sextoy, from the demonstration here.

Many of *Solarbabies*' themes and images are borrowed from other movies and seem mired in the '70s. It would have been lousy then, too.

## DADDY ROCKY

Along with *Rocky X* or *XII*, Stallone will either have to turn to coaching or start a geriatric league. Klaus Maria Brandauer accepts his fate from the start in *Streets of Gold*, which is not likely to become a series.

As Paul Newman took a "paternal" interest in Tom Cruise's pool career in *The Color of Money* (written by *Streets*' coscripter Richard Price), Brandauer plays papa to two young boxers, Adrian Pasdar and Wesley Snipes, equipping them to face a team from his native Russia. He holds a grudge because his religion kept him off the Olympic team back home. Like the Nazis they once helped defeat, the Russkies don't like Jews or queers.

Ain't no queers in *Streets of Gold* though—it's set in Brooklyn, not Brooklyn Heights. And the Russian emigre community wants it known they're "not Soviets"—they're Americans now. What a country!

As you know from Burgess Meredith in *Rocky* and Ian Holm in *Chariots of Fire*, the trainer has the best acting role. With Brandauer in the lead, the balance of *Streets of Gold* shifts so the Rocky formula tries to apply doesn't work. By the final fight our sympathy hasn't been engaged strongly enough, the suspense hasn't been built well enough for us to really care about the outcome.

*Streets of Gold* disappoints in other areas too. There are no good locker room scenes, very little skin—they even box with shirts on. There's just one brief, sexy workout where the young boxers do pushups face-to-face — horizontally not vertically.

Brandauer has his boys on strict training rules: "...no parties, no women." This means Pasdar has to ignore his girlfriend, but Snipes never expresses an interest in sex anyway.

Steve Warren

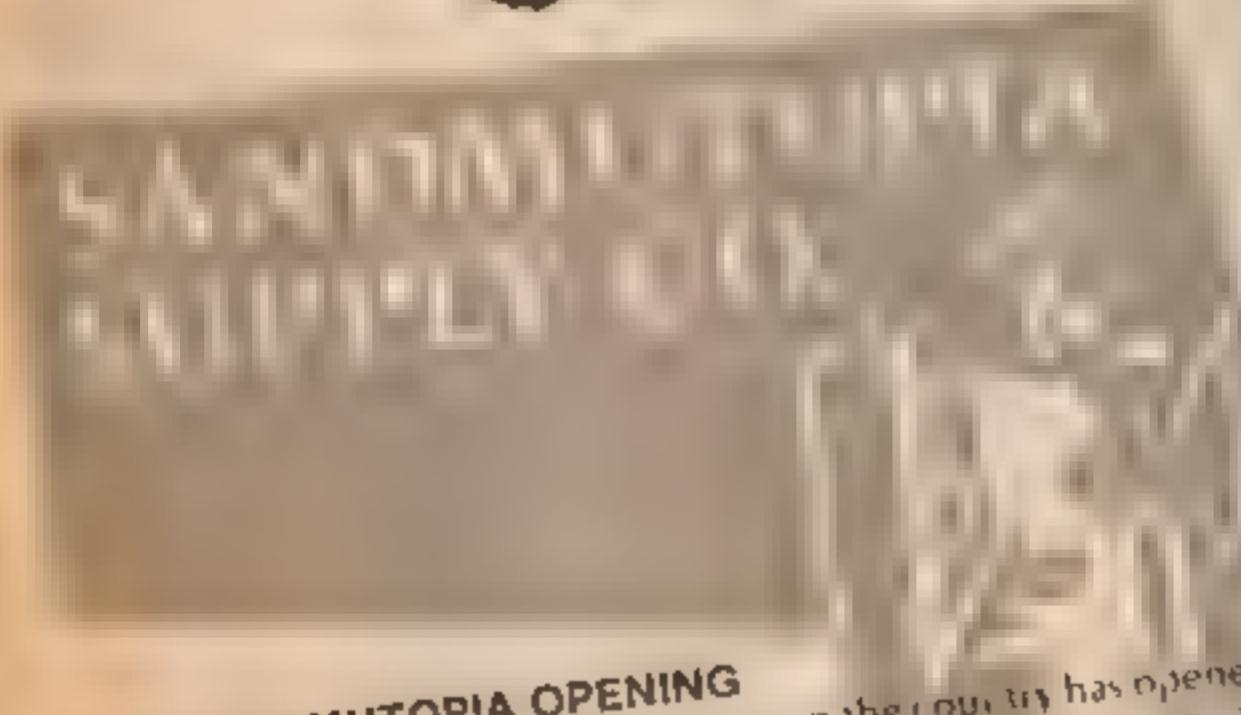
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# Tough Shit



## SANDMUTOPIA OPENING

One of the most unique stores in the country has opened in San Francisco with an offering of books, magazines, tapes, toys, novelties, videos and personal care items for the man who thinks he has seen it all. The long-awaited retail shop, Sandmutoopia Supply Company had its official opening on November 26, 1986.

Sandmutoopia Supply Co., the retail/mail-order branch of Desmodus Inc., has for years offered the unusual, unique and hard-to-find items for advanced SM playrooms.

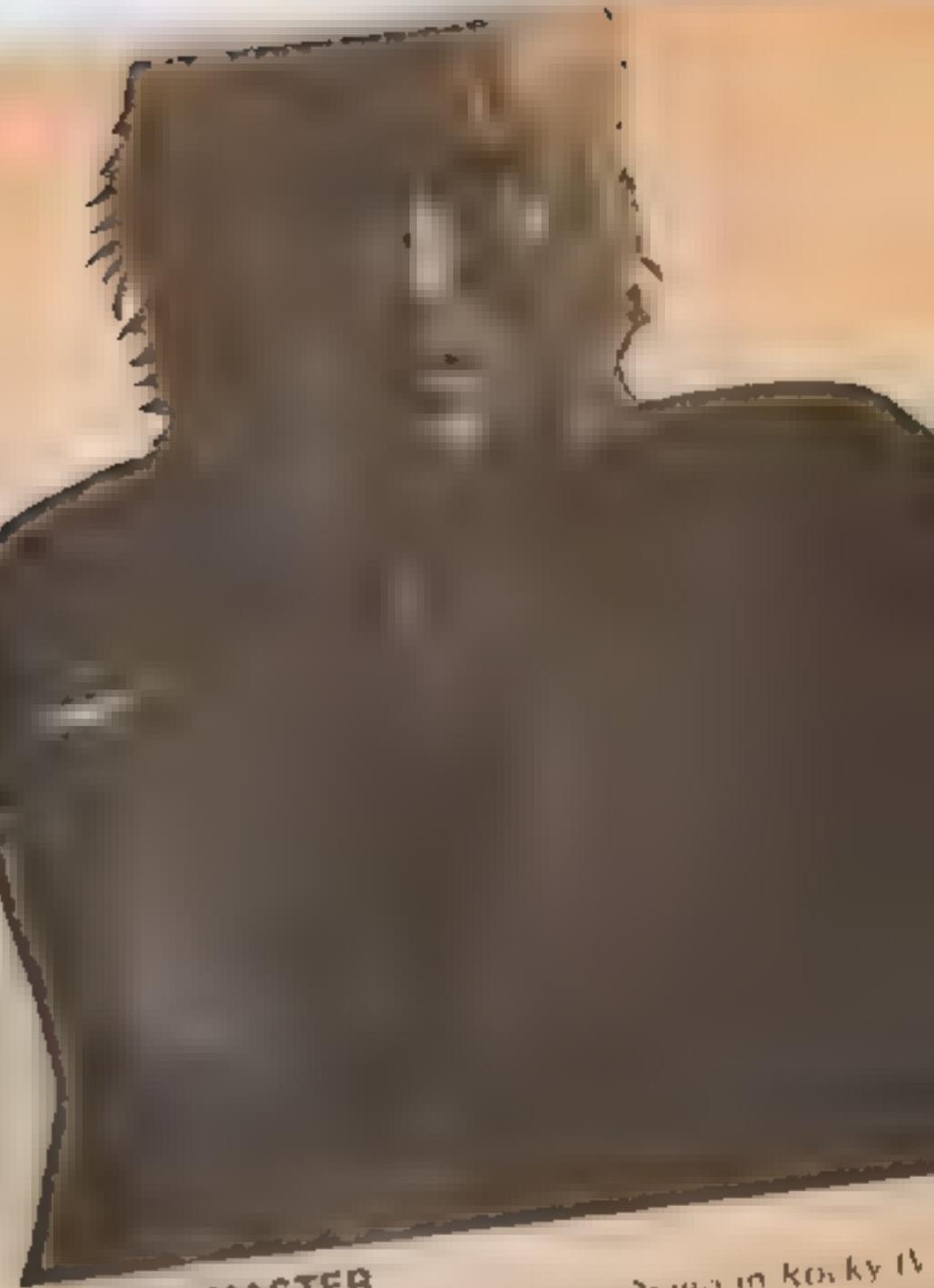
The entire catalog of items carried by Sandmutoopia Supply Co. are on display and available at 15 Harr et Street in San Francisco. You will definitely find items not found in any other store in this country. Real tough shit.

## A TRUE JAILBIRD

An escaped parrot took up residence in a rather odd place recently. San Quentin Prison. The mouthy jailbird which squawked day and night decided to inhabit a tier that was at the time under lock down and kept repeating only one phrase to its unamused captive audience. 'I can talk, can you fly?' Guards and humane officials had to chase the feathered mocker among the rats but managed to net it. The parrot was the envy of hundreds of inmates when officials forcefully evicted him from the prison.

## TOUR OF PLAYROOMS

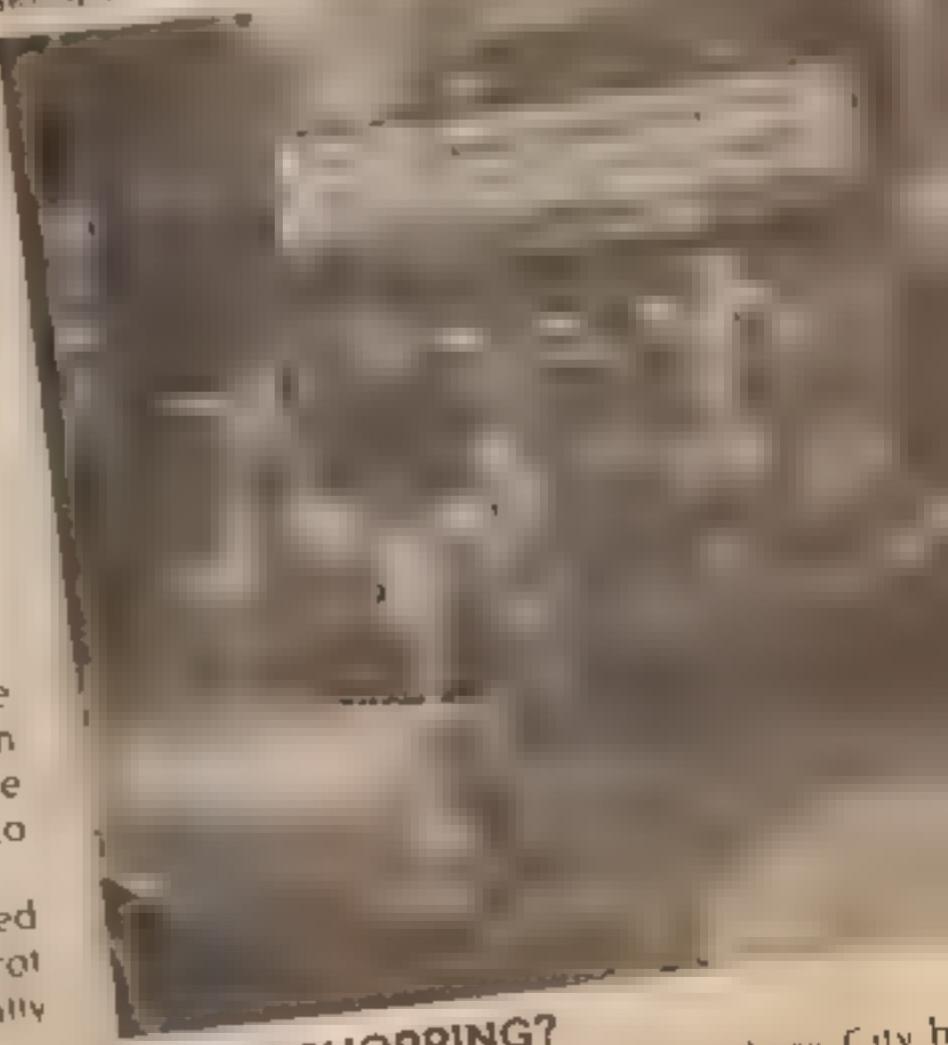
Early in 1987 SigMa will present a 'Tour of Playrooms.' Work has begun on videotaping workshops ranging from the closet corner to the dedicated dungeon. Several other areas for elevation to epic status. SigMa has



## HE-MAN MASTER

Daryl Ponter is best known as Drago in Rocky IV, relative of starlet actress Grace Jones, will star in the cartoon character He-Man in the upcoming movie Masters of the Universe.

Ponter is excited about the role as He-Man but not as excited as his fans will be when they see him skinny in that t-shirt ready to do battle.

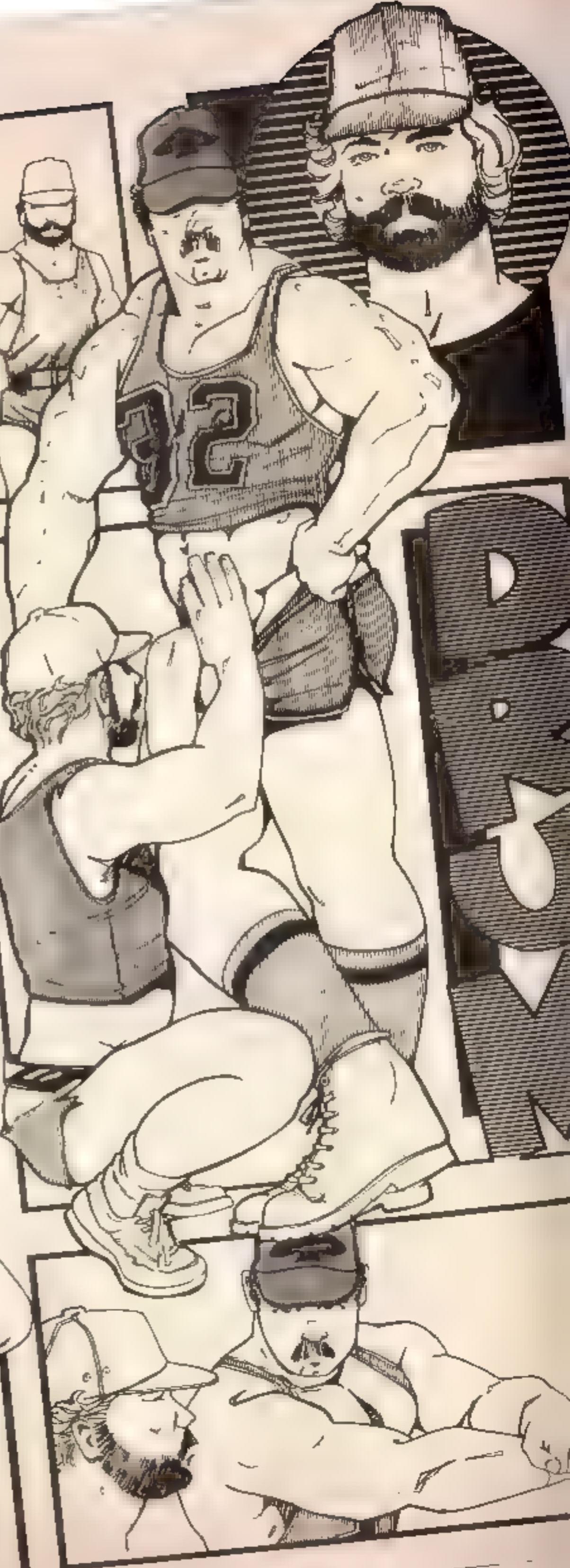


## FAMILY SHOPPING?

A popular maxim is that New York City has everything. Here's proof. The S&M Valentine Street.

## REAL ATTENTION GETTER

Sister Thomas Awu was an American nun until she decided on a sex change operation. Now the ex nun is



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as at least one of  
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missionary in China  
after falling in love  
a holy terror in the  
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DRUMMER



# UNFRIENDLY PERSUASION



PHOTOS by STAN BLACK

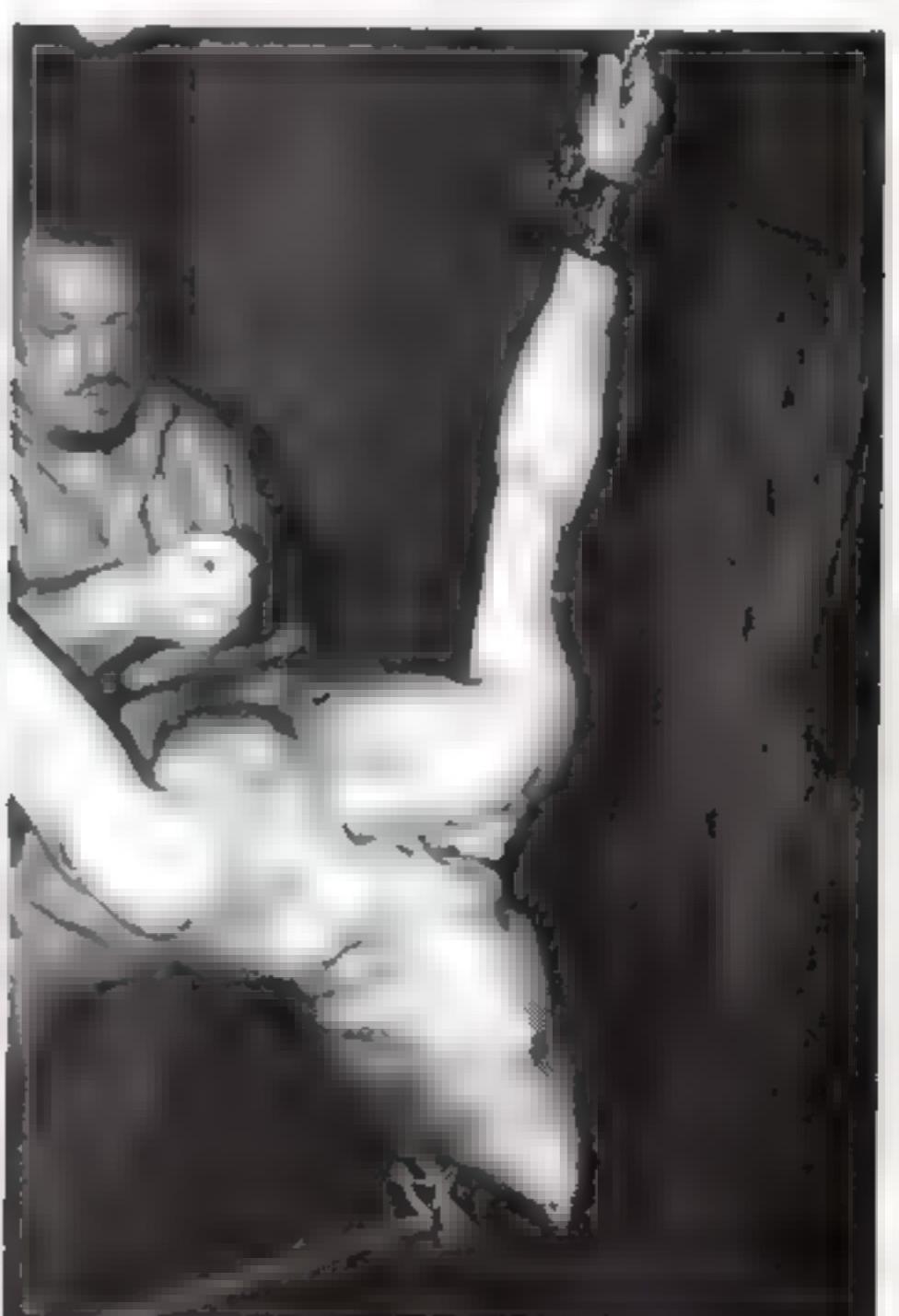
**A**n American newsman, kidnaped by mercenary soldiers, is tortured for refusing to answer his captor's questions. Yes, it could be right out of this morning's headlines, or it could have been left over from your last nightmare!

The pain, however, is quite real. The groans and screams echo through your mind as the punishment is dealt out. Ropes cut into tender flesh as wrists are bound and limbs stretched for maximum restraint. The tormentors are unrelenting and thorough. No punishment is too harsh, no degradation too severe to accomplish their task.

The captive seldom sees his questioners, but he feels their touch, cruel and painful. And the questions, always the questions, unending. Can he keep from telling them what they want? Does he even know the answers? Will he survive if the truth is finally told and believed?

*Unfriendly Persuasion*, a video from Tape Odyssey, is fantasy but contains one of the heaviest torture sequences ever filmed for public consumption. The pain is definitely real, as are the men. Not for the squeamish. □







*Unfriendly Persuasion*, a Steve Morgan  
Production, is available from Tape  
Odyssey, Box 756, 263A W. 19th St.,  
New York, NY 10011 for \$79.95  
(plus \$3.50 postage and handling).

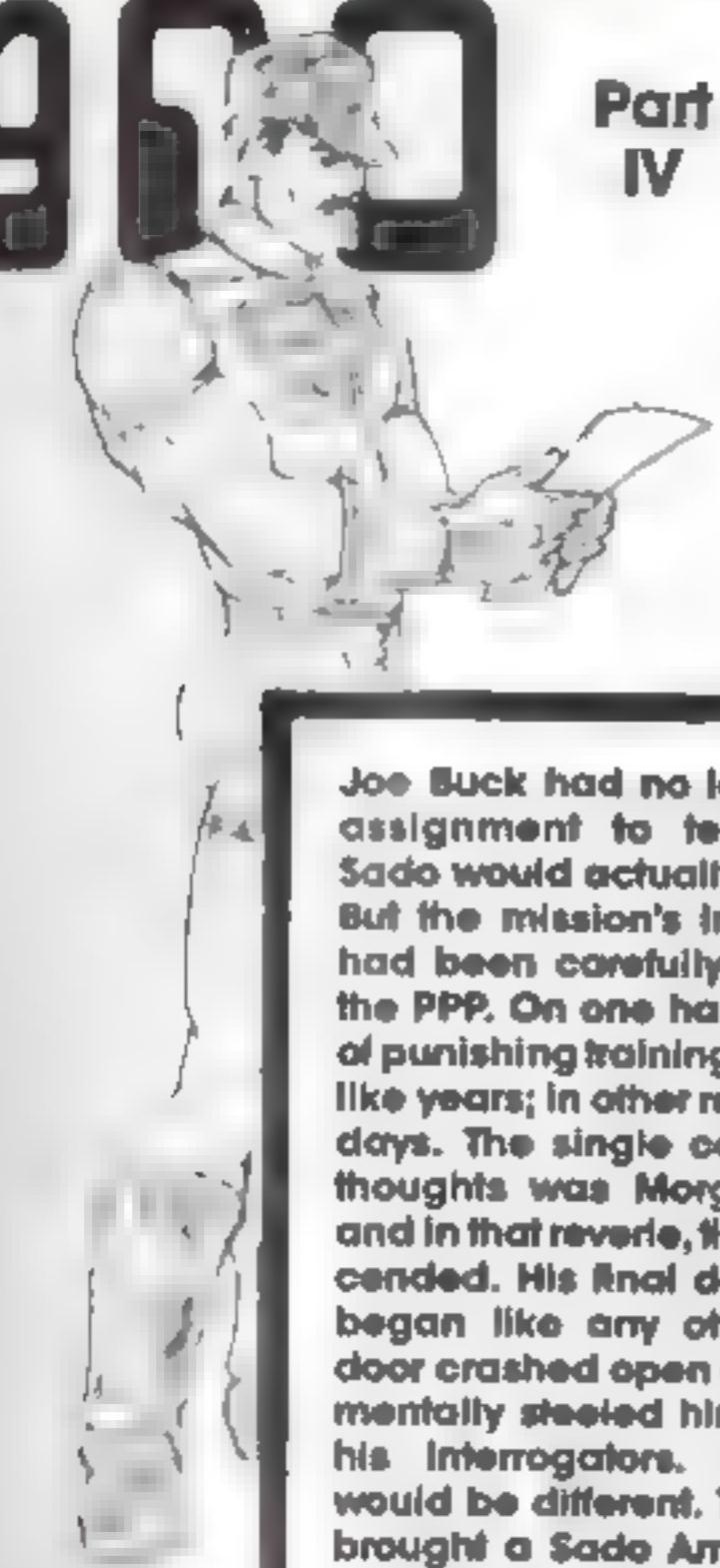
IT'S 2139 AND HELL ON EARTH IS A PLACE CALLED

# SADO

Part  
IV

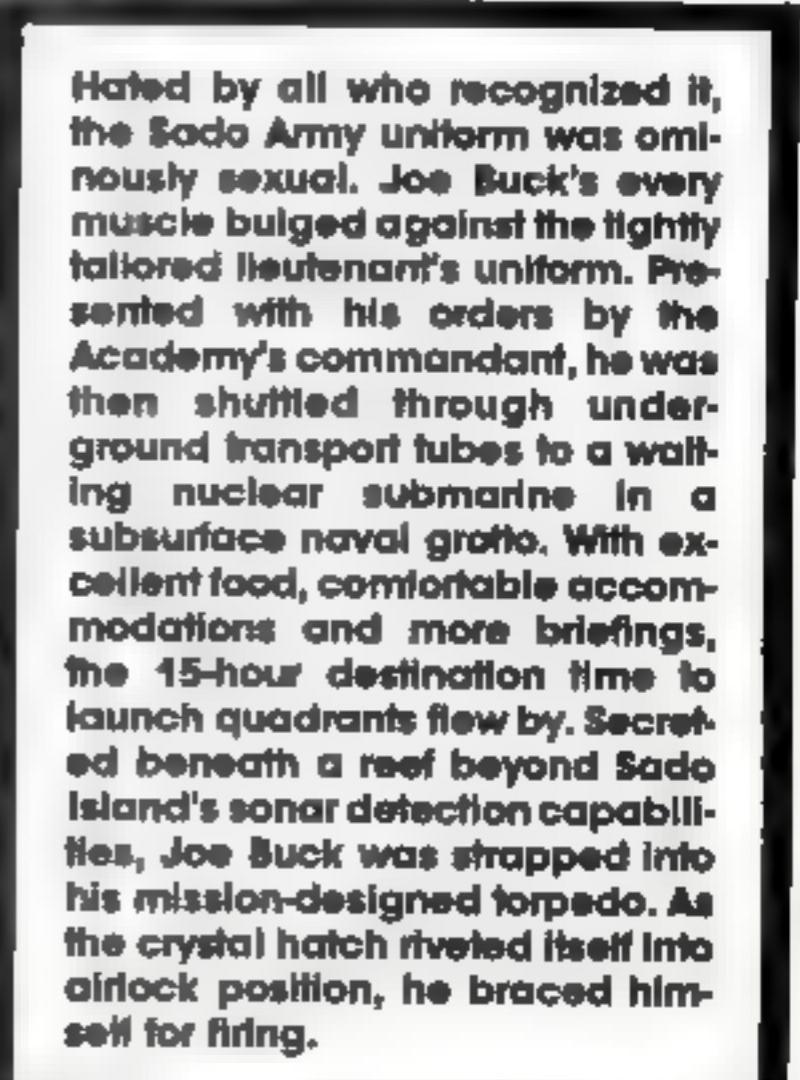
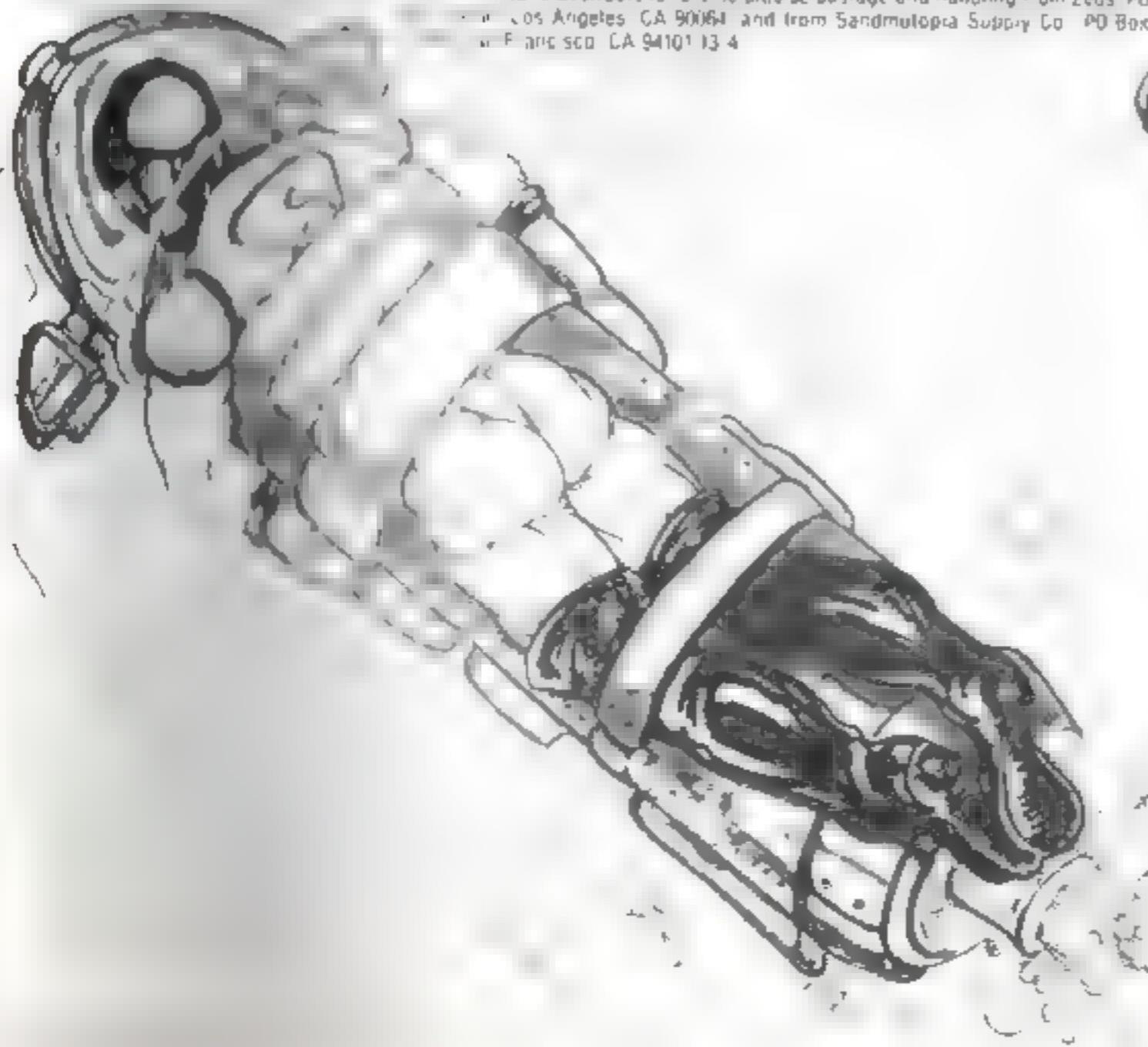
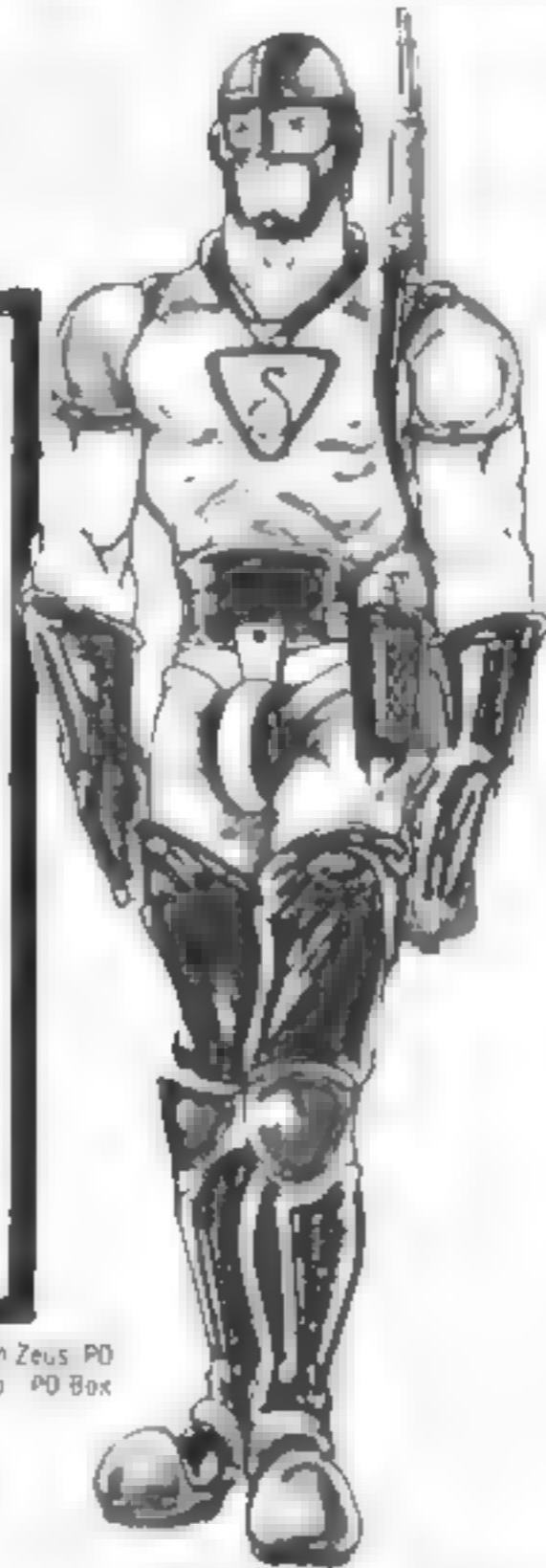
# ISLAND

Story by Mikal Bales, Illustrations by Matt



Joe Buck had no idea when his assignment to terminate Von Sado would actually commence. But the mission's intricate plans had been carefully prepared by the PPP. On one hand, his weeks of punishing training had seemed like years; in other respects, mere days. The single constant in his thoughts was Morgan Greystar, and in that reverie, time was transcended. His final day of training began like any other. The cell door crashed open and he again mentally steeled himself against his interrogators. But today it would be different. Today he was brought a Sado Army uniform to wear. Today he would embark on the most bizarre adventure of his life.

AND is available for \$12.50 plus \$2 postage and handling from Zeus PO Box 100064, Los Angeles, CA 90064 and from Sandmulpica Supply Co., PO Box 134, San Pedro, CA 90101-134.



Hated by all who recognized it, the Sado Army uniform was ominously sexual. Joe Buck's every muscle bulged against the tightly tailored Lieutenant's uniform. Presented with his orders by the Academy's commandant, he was then shuttled through underground transport tubes to a waiting nuclear submarine in a subsurface naval grotto. With excellent food, comfortable accommodations and more briefings, the 15-hour destination time to launch quadrants flew by. Secreted beneath a reef beyond Sado Island's sonar detection capabilities, Joe Buck was strapped into his mission-designed torpedo. As the crystal hatch riveted itself into airlock position, he braced himself for firing.

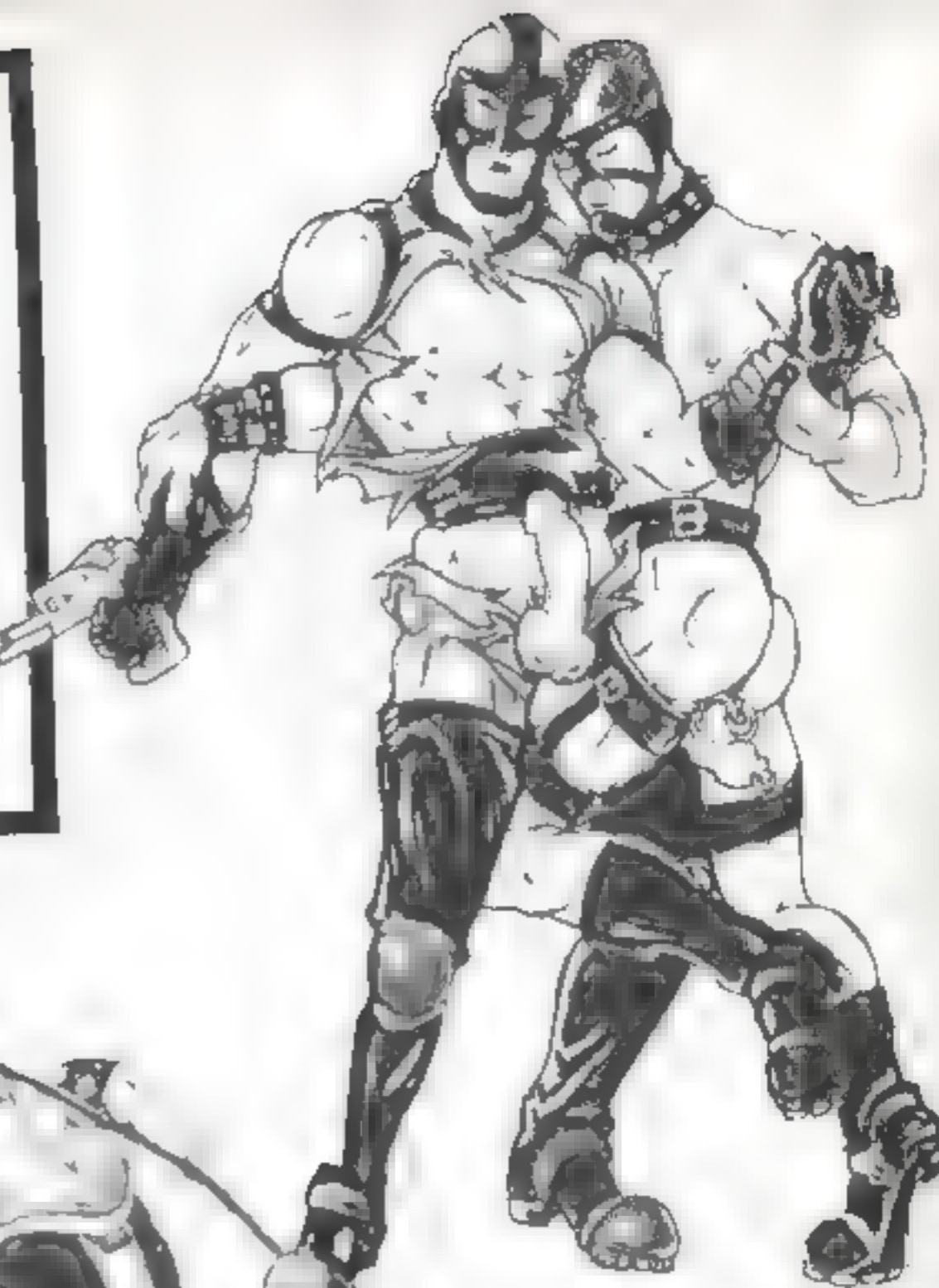
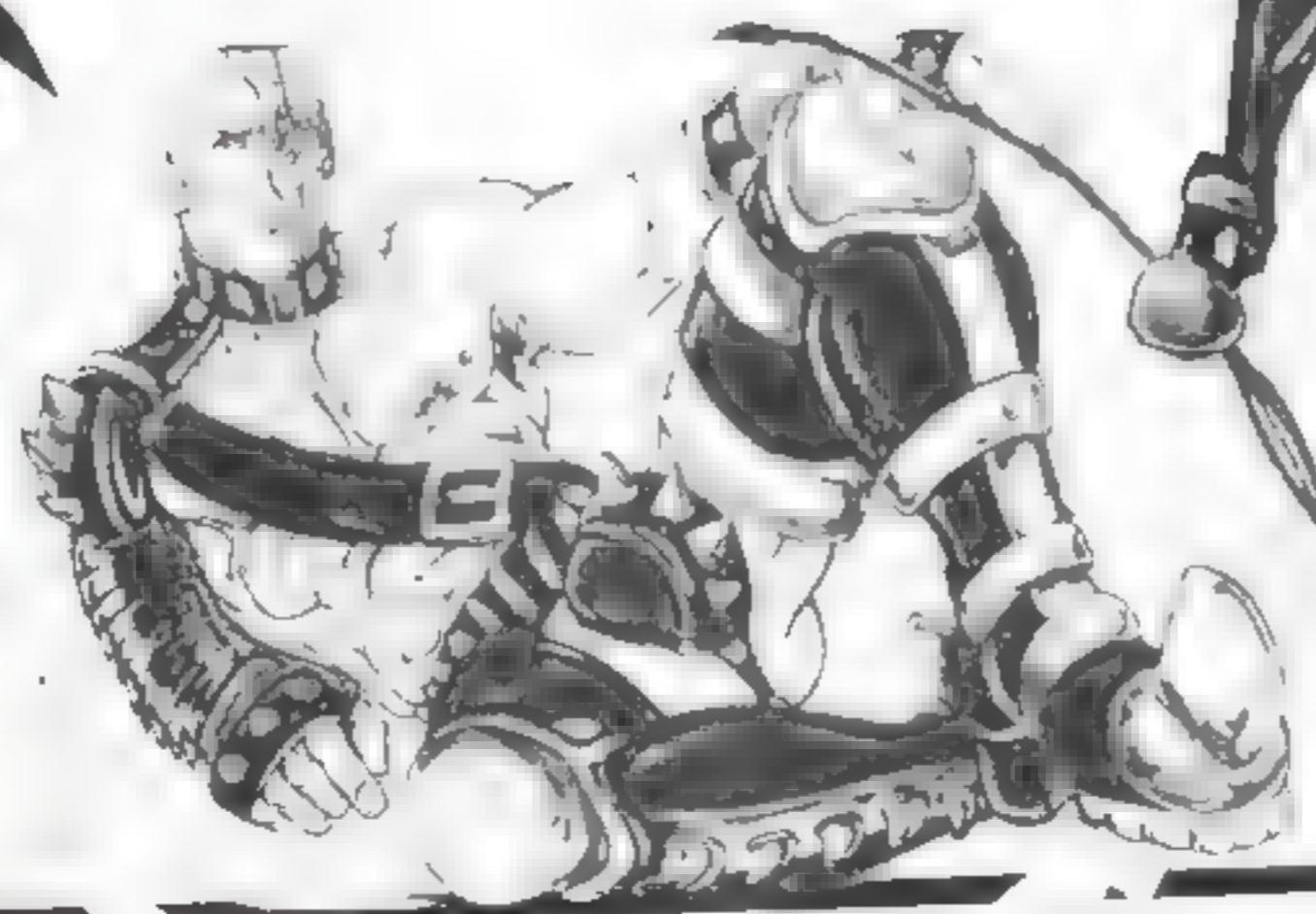


Though he had been thoroughly trained in the Academy's personal torpedo simulator, the few minutes between launch and target impact was a dizzying experience. Once beached, Joe Buck's safety restraints and crystal hatch disengaged automatically and he found himself in a tropical paradise. Scrambling out of the torpedo unseen, he disappeared into the safety of the jungle shortly before his craft silently self-destructed. The shouting of a large group of men in a nearby clearing drew him to a concealed vantage point. For what he saw, he had no point of reference. Forty or fifty men were engaging in an orgy of frenzied, "unauthorized"

Joe Buck stood transfixed at sights, sounds and smells he'd never conjured in even his most forbidden fantasies, fantasies which extended only to vague daydreams of the muscled perfection of Grey fucking his face and ass, over and over. But all these men, Sado Army deviates, in a single Gordian knot of muscled arms, legs, assholes and mouths, surpassed his wildest imaginings. Whips cracking. Shouts and cries, indistinguishable as to whether uttered in pleasure or in pain. Mind-altering liquids being swilled and sloshed over muscled bodies ramming in and out of begging orifices. Joe Buck's thoroughly regimented mind had difficulty categorizing the sight he beheld.



Joe Buck stood mesmerized for endless minutes as his mind reeled with "unauthorized" lust. His hands unconsciously groped his raging cock in its Sado Army uniform's codpiece. Sweat from the Island's intense climate and his own inner body heat caused his soaked shirt to cling to every curve of his heavily muscled chest. From overhanging limbs, he was suddenly told by sentries and overwhelmed. His mighty struggles were no match for his many attackers. Dragged into the center of the clearing, his presence brought a surprised halt to the raging debauchery.



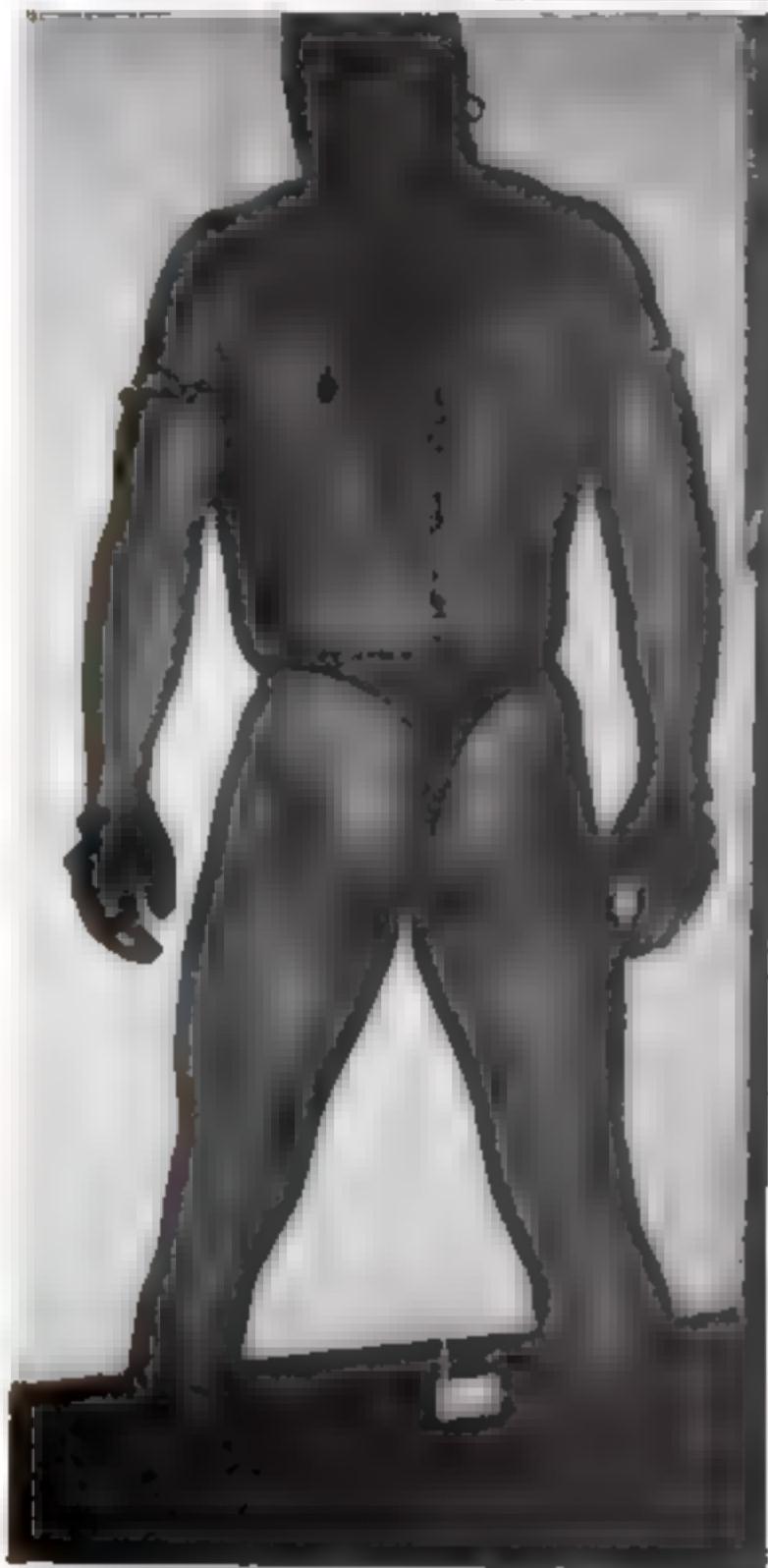
to be continued...

Almost instantly, the revelling troops set upon him like rabid dogs. Buried and suffocating under a dozen ravaging men, Joe Buck's brain reeled. Then, just as suddenly, his attackers were being pulled off of him at the order of the ranking officer whom they called Mongo. The temporary relief Joe Buck felt, realizing he was not going to be harmed, quickly gave way to the fear that he was being saved for the personal pleasure of the infamous Von Sado. Tightly bound, his uniform in shreds, he was led through the jungle at a forced march. Soon the undergrowth parted, revealing a gleaming steel and crystal fortress clinging to the cliffs of a towering escarpment.

The tales of Von Sado's island citadel fell far short of its reality. The genius of its architecture defied the logic of its possibility. Inside the escarpment, monumental caverns of phosphorescent stalactites and stalagmites supported various levels of the city. Small personal flying machines traversed the inner megatropolis in organized air corridors. In the Ultimate Security Block, Joe Buck was positioned in a one-person transport tube, and in seconds was hyper-elevated hundreds of stories, through the ceiling of the caverns and up through a thick layer of onyx. Joe Buck found himself in the center of a vast black hall facing an enormous raised dais.

Assembled in shadows behind great onyx pillars, hundreds of Von Sado Army's elite surrounded Joe Buck in a fifty-foot diameter. Then slowly, through steam and smoke, on the dais arose a massive black throne occupied by the most awesome looking man Joe Buck had ever seen...the infamous Baron Heinrich Von Sado. As the huge throne silently locked into vertical position and rotated slowly to face Joe Buck, Von Sado rose majestically and approached his captive. Still tightly bound, Joe Buck instinctively snapped to an Academy brace, staring straight ahead as Von Sado loomed nearer. Not since his first meeting with Grey had Joe Buck actually felt energy radiate from another man.

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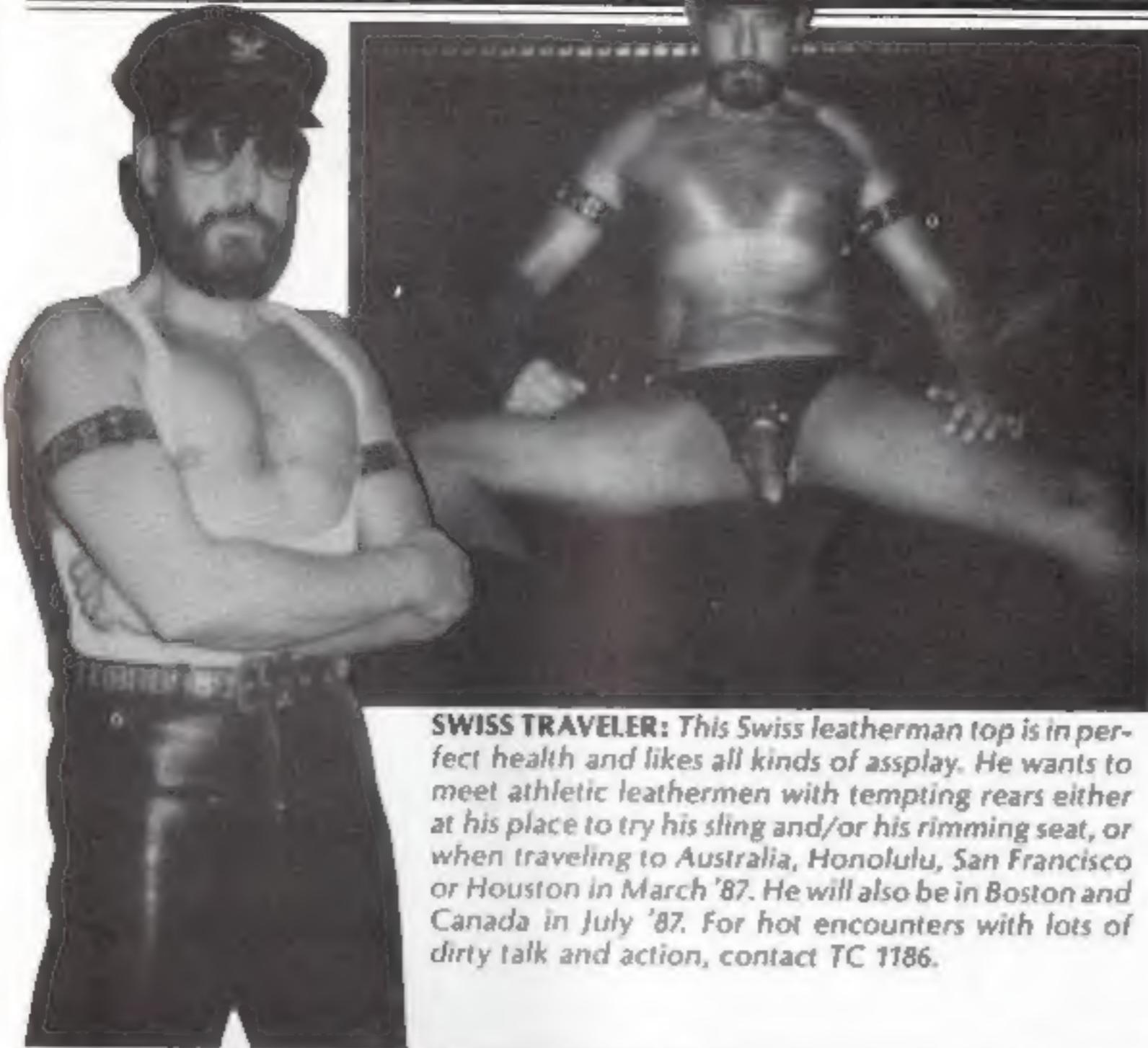
down and use lots of rope to tie his hot crotch and buns where you want them. Although in Australia, TC 1184 travels, corresponds and exchanges photos with other men into wrestling.



**ARROGANT BOY NEEDED:** Hairy, husky, daddy type, 40, seeking a small, smooth really arrogant and mean guy with bubble-butt, who loves to strut his stuff and be worshiped for it. This Chicago dad loves a strap on his ass and will provide complete service to the right dude. No race, age or weight requirements, but he does request a photo. Write to TC 1176.



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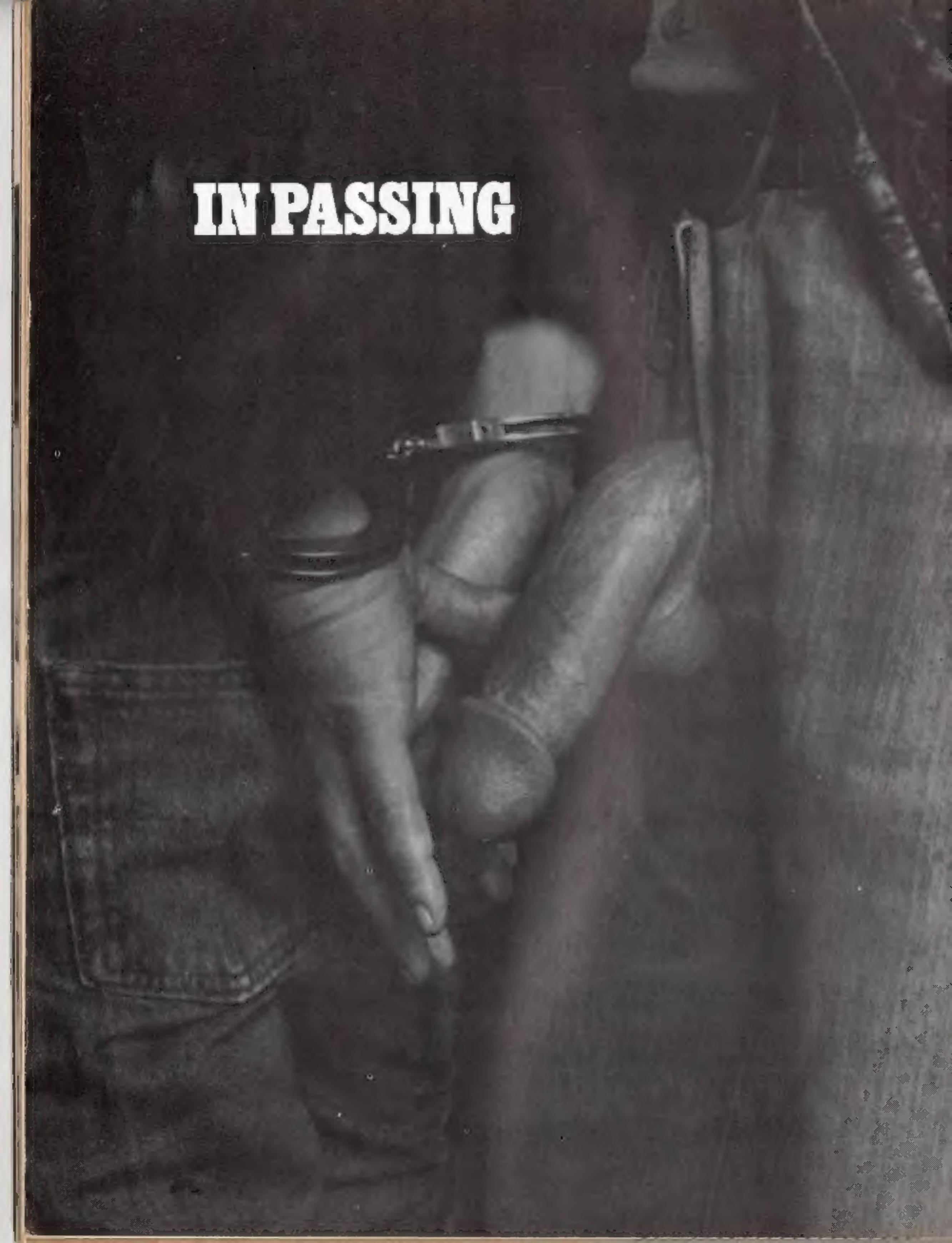


**BOSTON BUDDY:** TC 1185 is looking for someone to utilize his 8", uncut, Italian cock or explore his hot ass. Either Top or bottom, it doesn't matter, but he prefers you be into leather, rubber, W/S, titwork, FF, B/D, SM or related activities.

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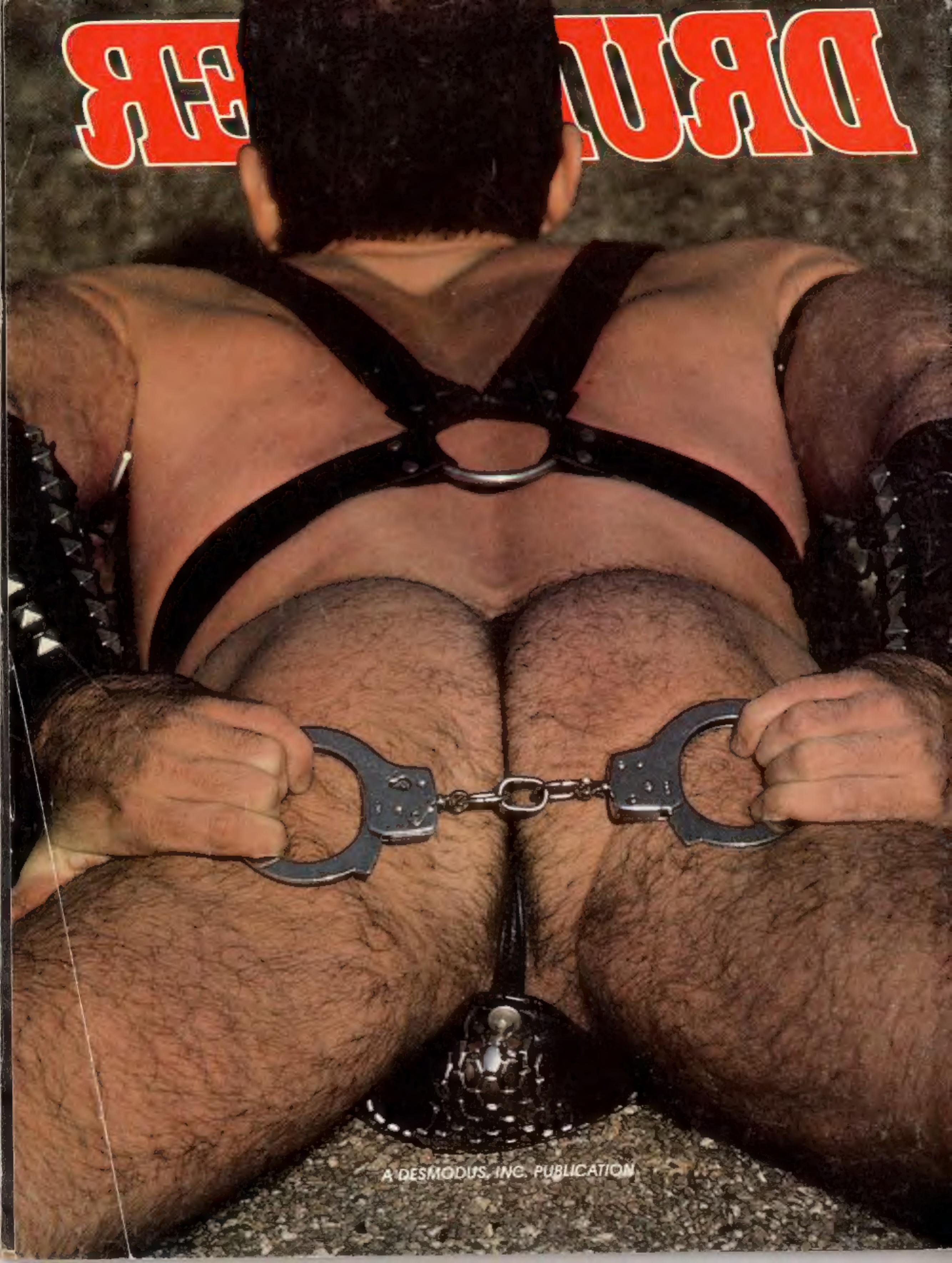
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